My boyfriend can't be this cute | Hyunlix by b0babirb

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Categories: M/M

Rating: Mature

Summary:

He calls it love. The world calls it insanity. Felix should've realised you can't run from someone who never lets you go.

To everyone else, Hyunjin is the perfect, loving boyfriend. Sweet, soft, and always by Felix's side.

But behind that smile is something darker. He knows everything, too much. Knowing exactly how many freckles Felix has on his face. Listening to that sweet angelic voice all the time, even when it's not meant for him. A gallery with over a thousand photos of Felix that he himself didn't even know existed.

No one else can have him. No one else deserves him. Felix is his. And Hyunjin will do everything to keep it that way.

Notes:

‼️Theme: dark romance, psychological, thriller, obsession, horror (18+ only)‼️

Trigger Warnings (MUST READ):

-noncon/dubcon themes
-rape themes
-dacryphilia
-disorders
-manipulation
-dark kinks
-unhealthy obsession
-ocd (obsessive compulsive disorder)
-psychological themes
-obsessive love disorder
-suicidal themes
-horror themes
-sex scenes
-main character death
-hyperfixation
-drug use
-drugging
-somnophilic themes & scenes

Chapter 1: Painting

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

The room smelled of oil and obsession.

Hyunjin's paint brush moved gently across the canvas, a soft sweep here, a delicate curve there. His headphones drowned out the world, filling his ears with a quiet instrumental track that played on loop. The song reminded him of Felix—light, dreamy, too sweet to exist in a world like this.

The canvas before him was nearly complete. Just a simple portrait. Felix's face, angelic and soft, gazed back at him. Every freckle perfectly placed. Every eye lash a stroke of perfection. He could draw this face blindfolded, and still, it would come out the same.

Because he had. Many times.

The room was filled with them—paintings of Felix. Lined up against the walls, some framed, others slashed in frustration. Small ones no bigger than a notebook, and large ones that took up entire corners. Seven hundred and thirty-two canva's, to be exact. He counted.

This one, though... this one was special.

But something was missing.

Hyunjin tilted his head slowly, eyes scanning the painting. His fingers hovered over Felix's delicate throat. The skin looked too bare, too soft. Too... untouched.

A hum left his lips. He reached for the red paint.

He dipped his brush, the bristles soaking up the crimson like blood on snow. And then, with delicacy, he pressed the brush to the

canvas—right over Felix's throat.

He began to paint handprints.

His handprints.

Wrapping around the neck. Slowly, tightly. One after the other. A quiet thrill curled in his stomach as he worked, eyes wide with adoration.

Now it was perfect.

Hyunjin leaned back in his chair, a smile tugging at his lips—gentle and terribly wrong.

"Beautiful," he whispered. "You're so beautiful when you can't breathe."

A knock interrupted the stillness.

Hyunjin's hand froze mid-stroke. The brush stumbled slightly, dripping a single bead of red onto the hardwood floor.

"Hyun? I'm home, can I come in?"

That voice.

His heart swelled instantly. A warmth spread through his chest like syrup over pancakes. everything dark melted into sugar. he turned slowly toward the door, a smile blooming on his face. His angel was here.

Felix.

Hyunjin didn't even glance at the painting behind him. no need to hide it. he knew felix wouldn't see it.

He placed the brush down gently on the table, removed his headphones, and smoothed down his paint-stained hands on his apron.

Then he crossed the room and opened the door.

Felix stood there with a soft smile, hair slightly messy from the wind, hoodie sleeves too long, one hand still raised from knocking. so small. so beautiful. so his.

"Hey, baby," Hyunjin greeted, voice soft like velvet as he opened his arms. Without hesitation, he pulled Felix into him, holding him like a treasure.

"You know you don't have to knock," Hyunjin murmured into his hair, eyes fluttering closed as he inhaled. "You can come in whenever you like."

Felix laughed softly, nuzzling into his chest. "Yeah, I just didn't wanna scare you while you were painting. You get all zoned out."

Hyunjin chuckled. "I like when you scare me."

Because you're the only one that could ever hurt me, he didn't say. Because I already know when you're coming home, he didn't say. Because there isn't a single second of the day where my eyes aren't on you, he didn't say.

Instead, he smiled down at him, brushing a strand of hair from Felix's cheek.

"Come sit with me," he said. "I missed you."

Felix pulled away from the hug with a soft sigh, resting his forehead against his boyfriend's chest for a moment longer before he lifted his head, eyes bright.

"Oh! wait, I almost forgot," Felix suddenly said, his voice filled with excitement. "I got something for you."

Hyunjin raised an eyebrow, a smile forming on his lips. "What's that?" he asked, heart swelling with anticipation.

Felix grinned, stepping back. "It's in the living room. You're gonna love it," he said, already turning to walk toward the doorway.

Hyunjin followed and when they reached the living room, Felix gestured toward the small kitchen counter, where a perfectly

wrapped loaf of banana bread sat, golden brown and freshly baked.

Hyunjin's eyes immediately softened, his lips curling into an adoring smile.

"Banana bread?" He asked quietly, moving toward it, his fingers brushing the top of the warm loaf. "You remembered."

Felix nodded, cheeks flushing with a shy smile. "I know it's your favorite. Thought it'd be a nice surprise."

Hyunjin didn't answer right away. Instead, he turned slowly to face Felix, the fondness in his eyes deepening. Without a word, he stepped forward, closing the distance between them, and cupped Felix's face in his hands.

"You spoil me, angel," Hyunjin whispered, eyes burning with affection—and something darker. "You know you didn't have to."

Felix was barely able to react before Hyunjin's lips gently crashed onto his, the kiss slow and tender at first, as if savoring every second. But the moment Felix's hands found Hyunjin's back, the kiss deepened–needy, desperate. Hyunjin's tongue slid into Felix's mouth, exploring, tasting, as his hands slid down Felix's body, pulling him closer.

Felix gasped softly, hands trembling as they ran along Hyunjin's chest, feeling the muscles beneath the thin fabric of his shirt. He felt the heat between them, the urgency that burned through the kiss. Their breaths mixed, skin pressed together, wet sloppy sounds filling the room.

Hyunjin's hands found their way under Felix's shirt, his fingertips grazing over warm skin, and Felix shivered, the contact sending arousing sparks through his body. He whimpered, needy, his hands sliding to Hyunjin's back, pulling him closer still.

But just as Hyunjin's lips began to trail down Felix's neck, leaving hot kisses along the soft skin, a loud vibration pierced the air.

Felix's phone.

He froze, eyes wide, a rush of reality flooding his mind. His body stiffened in Hyunjin's arms as the phone vibrated again, the ringing filling the room like an unwanted intrusion.

Hyunjin's lips pulled away slowly, his eyes dark with desire, but with a quiet, simmering frustration.

"Don't answer it," Hyunjin whispered, his breath still heavy.

Felix glanced down at the screen. It was his boss. He cursed under his breath, his expression flickering with annoyance.

"I have to," he murmured, pulling away reluctantly and grabbing his phone from the counter.

"Felix, please," Hyunjin's voice was pleading, and there was an edge to it—a warning. His fingers curled into the fabric of Felix's shirt, almost holding him in place.

"I'll be right back, okay?" Felix whispered softly, pressing a quick kiss to Hyunjin's cheek before stepping back, answering the call.

The room felt cold the moment Felix's attention shifted. Hyunjin's eyes darkened as he watched him walk away.

Felix's voice was muffled as he spoke with his boss, but Hyunjin didn't care to hear it. He stared at the phone, the banana bread, and then at Felix's back.

He'd never let anything come between them.

Not again.

Notes:

heres a spotify playlist for this fic:

link: https://open.spotify.com/playlist/0D1BeduUaBCgqr257eqk4K

or

my spotify user: iloveferret

Chapter 2: Day off

Chapter Text

The sunlight leaked in through the wide windows, painting the floors in golden warmth. The scent of rich, dark coffee hung in the air, blending with the faint smell of fresh banana bread still sitting untouched on the counter from last night.

Hyunjin sat at the dining table, legs crossed, a coffee cup nestled between his fingers. He took slow sips, his other hand delicately flipping through the newspaper. his face was calm. eyes scanning the ink on the page.

Behind him, Felix was a whirlwind.

"Where the hell—my bag—ugh, I swear I left it here!" he muttered, running from room to room, then stopping in the kitchen to snatch a cold bottle of water. His phone was clutched between his shoulder and cheek, pressed close as he rushed around, multitasking. "Jeongin—can you tell Mr. Choi I'll be a little late? I'm trying to—ugh, yes I'm still coming in!"

Hyunjin didn't look up. He took another sip of coffee, humming quietly.

Felix fumbled with his keys, still balancing the phone, when Jeongin said something that made him stop cold in the middle of the hallway.

"...Wait. Work's cancelled? What do you mean work's cancelled? I'm almost out the door—"

A pause.

Then a soft, stunned whisper.

"...What??"

Another pause.

Hyunjin turned the page of the newspaper. Calm.

"What do you mean the boss died?" Felix's voice cracked, panic and disbelief rushing in at once. "Last night?! Are you serious?! What the hell happened?!"

His hand gripped the edge of the counter, knuckles white. Hyunjin finally glanced up, gaze steady as he watched Felix from behind the paper. His expression relaxed. Quiet.

Felix slowly lowered the phone from his ear, the call ending without him realizing. His hand trembled slightly, bottle of water forgotten on the floor by his feet. His wide eyes stared at nothing, replaying Jeongin's voice in his head over and over.

He was found in his apartment. Blood loss. Cops say it looked personal.

Hyunjin folded the newspaper with care. Neatly. Like he always did. Then placed it on the table beside his half-empty cup.

"Love?" he called softly, his voice honeyed, concerned. "Are you okay?"

Felix blinked, startled. He turned his head, his eyes meeting Hyunjin's fond gaze.

"I... my boss..." Felix swallowed. "He's... passed. He was—he was murdered."

Hyunjin's eyes widened slightly. A perfect imitation of shock. "Murdered?" he echoed, standing slowly from his chair. "Oh, baby... come here."

felix walked into his arms without thinking, breath shaky. He felt Hyunjin's arms wrap around him tight—too tight. But it felt grounding.

"i just saw him yesterday. he—he was fine," felix whispered. "Why would anyone—?"

Hyunjin's hand gently stroked his back. "People do horrible things,"

he murmured, pressing a kiss to Felix's temple. "You should rest today, just relax, a day off."

Felix nodded slowly, burying his face in Hyunjin's chest.

Hyunjin smiled over his shoulder.

Calm.

Because now... no one at work would be calling Felix so late again.

—

The front door was already open when the officers arrived—kicked in, splintered at the hinges. A neighbor had reported a "weird smell" and "dripping sounds" from the ceiling.

Inside, it was quiet.

Too quiet.

Until they stepped in.

The living room was a mess of overturned furniture and broken glass. Shards of a wine bottle were scattered across the floor like crimson confetti. But the true horror waited just past the hallway, in the study.

Blood.

Everywhere.

Thick streaks of it smeared across the walls in large, frantic handprints. It painted the carpet in a deep, dark maroon, still tacky under the boots of the FBI team. The curtains were soaked—soaked—from where the body had been posed against the window.

Mr. Choi was sitting in his office chair.

Well. What was left of him.

His throat had been slashed open, wide and gushed, nearly to the bone. One eye was missing. The other still open, staring at nothing. His hands were bound behind the chair with barbed wire, biting deep into flesh, exposing pink tissue and veins. His mouth had been sewn shut crudely with thick black thread—messy, rushed, painful.

But worst of all—on the wall behind him, in large dripping letters, written with what looked like his own blood.

"THIS IS ART."

One officer gagged behind his mask. Another snapped photos, hands trembling.

Whoever did this wasn't just trying to kill.

They wanted to send a message.

And the way the body was displayed—like a warning.

Like a promise.

—-

Felix sat at the kitchen seat, fingers loosely wrapped around a lukewarm mug of tea. He hadn't taken a sip. He just stared—eyes unfocused, brows faintly furrowed.

"I still can't believe it," he whispered. "He was... kind of a dick. But still. He was my boss. I saw him every day."

Hyunjin didn't respond at first. He simply stood behind the stove, calmly stirring the tea he'd just made with a wooden spoon, the scent of chamomile and honey gently rising in the air. His expression was soft, peaceful. But his mind was not.

Now no one will disturb us.

He turned around, carefully walking over and placing the fresh cup in front of Felix. "Drink, baby. It'll help."

Felix blinked and gave him a small, tired smile. "Thanks, Hyun."

A beat of silence stretched. then Hyunjin stepped behind him, wrapping his arms gently around Felix's shoulders, chin resting lightly on the top of his head. "You don't have to go there anymore. Not ever again, if you don't want to," he murmured. "Let me take care of you. I'll do the working."

Felix sighed. his chest felt heavy. "I don't know how to feel. I mean, we weren't even friends. But he was alive yesterday, you know? It's... weird."

Hyunjin didn't answer. His lips brushed against Felix's ear.

"You're safe," he whispered. "That's all that matters."

Then, slowly, his kisses trailed down—along Felix's jaw, his throat. Intimate. lingering. possessive.

Felix shifted. "Hyun..."

Hyunjin's hands tightened just slightly on his waist. "Hmm?"

"I... I can't right now. I just need to think."

Hyunjin froze for half a second. But then—

A soft laugh.

He smiled as if nothing stung, gently releasing Felix and stepping back. "Of course, love. Take your time."

Felix stood, heading down the hall toward their bedroom, rubbing his arms as if to shake off the cold crawling up his spine. He didn't see the way Hyunjin's jaw clenched.

Didn't see the way his hands curled into fists.

Didn't see him turn to the table—
SLAM.

The cup rattled violently. Hyunjin's fist stayed pressed against the marble counter, his pinky and ring finger already swelling, turning red.

But his face—his face was still calm.

Still smiling.

Even as his bones cracked.

"I should just... wrap my fingers around that fragile throat of yours... right, angel?"

Chapter 3: Bath

Chapter Text

The sun had already set, casting the bedroom in a warm orange glow. Felix lay curled on their bed, half-buried under a fluffy blanket, his phone held in one hand. TikTok videos flickered across the screen. Laughter and music spilled out of the speaker like a distraction from the sharp edges of his thoughts.

It was 5:03 PM when the soft knock came at the door.

He blinked, slowly sitting up. “yeah?” he called, voice raspy.

The door creaked open just enough for hyunjin’s face to peek through, his smile easy and familiar. “Hey, angel. I’m back.”

Felix’s lips tugged into something gentle. “Oh, hey. I didn’t even hear you come in.”

Hyunjin stepped in fully, arms full of shopping bags. He set them down by the dresser. “I got us dinner ingredients,” he announced. “And bath salts. Coconut strawberry shampoo and that matching conditioner you like. Thought we could do a soak tonight. Wash off all the heavy stuff.”

Felix’s heart pinched. God, he didn’t deserve Hyunjin sometimes.

But as Hyunjin moved closer, Felix noticed something. His gaze drifted down.

A white cast wrap was snugly secured around Hyunjin’s left hand, covering his pinky, ring finger, and most of his palm. Pale medical tape circled his wrist.

Felix sat up straighter, brows creasing. “Hyun… what happened to your hand?”

Hyunjin paused. Then looked down as if only just remembering.

“Oh. That.” He laughed lightly, waving it like it was nothing. “I

dropped a glass bottle at the store—classic me. Tried to catch it mid-air like some anime character and totally failed. Sprained my fingers like an idiot. The lady at the pharmacy helped wrap it up."

Felix frowned. "Hyun, that's not nothing."

"I'm okay," Hyunjin said quickly, brushing it off. "It's just fingers. They'll heal." He smiled again, more gently now. "You're what I'm really worried about."

He sat beside Felix, carefully taking his hand and kissing his knuckles. "Come on," he murmured. "Let me run the bath. you deserve to be spoiled."

And as Felix leaned into his touch, comforted by the warmth, he didn't see the way Hyunjin's other hand twitched—fingers trembling slightly beneath the bandage.

—-

The water lapped gently, steam curling through the air in lazy swirls. The bath was warm, filled with the sweet scent of coconut and strawberry.

Hyunjin sat upright, his backk against the tub wall, long legs stretched out in front of him. Felix lay between them, his back pressed against Hyunjin's bare chest.

Hyunjins arms were loosely wrapped around his waist, chin nestled atop Felix's damp, tousled hair.

Iit was quiet. peaceful. almost too peaceful.

Felix let out a little sigh. "This… feels nice," he mumbled, eyes fluttering shut. "Like… too nice. Like I shouldn't be relaxing this much after something so awful."

Hyunjin's voice was soft. "You deserve to. The world doesn't stop

being cruel just because you need a moment.”

Felix tilted his head slightly, looking up. “When did you get so poetic?”

Hyunjin smirked. “Always been this way, love. You just never let me run your bath before.”

Felix chuckled, “You spoil me.”

“Good,” Hyunjin whispered, kissing behind his ear. “I want to.”

As the warm water swirled gently around them, Hyunjin's arms tightened slightly around Felix's waist. His fingers traced patterns on Felix's stomach, occasionally dipping below the surface of the water.

"You know," Hyunjin murmured, his breath hot against Felix's ear, "with your boss gone, everything changes now. No more early mornings, no more stress."

Felix tensed slightly. He swallowed hard. "I mean we’ll probably get a new boss. It's just… you know? to think someone's life could end like that..."

Hyunjin's hand slid higher, fingertips grazing Felix's chest. "Life is fragile, angel. Precious." His voice was low, almost reverent. "We have to cherish every moment together."

⚠sex scene⚠

His hand drifted lower in the warm water, fingertips teasing along the sensitive skin of Felix's inner thigh. He could feel Felix tense slightly, a shiver running through him at the intimate touch.

"That's it, just relax," Hyunjin purred, nuzzling felix's neck. His teeth grazed the delicate skin there, sucking gently. "Let me take care of you, baby."

Suddenly, Hyunjin's fingers wrapped around Felix’s member, giving him a slowly stroke. Felix gasped, hips bucking involuntarily into the touch. Hyunjin chuckled lowly, pleased by the reaction.

"How does that feel, love?" he asked huskily, thumb caressing over the tip. "Want me to keep going?"

Felix let out a shuddering moan, his head falling back against Hyunjin's shoulder. The feeling of Hyunjin's skilled fingers wrapped around him was overwhelming, sending sparks of pleasure through his body.

"Hyun..." he breathed out, voice strained with desire. "F-feel so good..."

Hyunjin groaned approvingly, picking up his pace. His other hand slid up Felix's chest, pinching a nipple as he continued stroking him firmly.

"You're so hard for me already, aren't you, love?" Hyunjin panted against his ear. "Such a sensitive little thing. i love it."

He bit down on Felix's earlobe as his hand worked faster, twisting on the upstroke. The wet sounds of the bathwater sloshing mixed with Felix's increasingly desperate moans.

Hyunjin's own arousal grew as he pleasured Felix, his cock hardening and pressing insistently against Felix's backside. He ground against him slowly, letting Felix feel how much he wanted him.

"I need you, angel," Hyunjin growled, his voice thick with lust. "Need to be inside you. Feel you squeeze around me."

His hand pumped Felix faster, thumb swirling around the sensitive head, drawing more needier whines.

In a swift motion, Hyunjin sat up, pulling Felix with him. He spun Felix around and bent him over the edge of the large bathtub,making felix gasp, pressing his chest against the cool marble. Water sloshed around their waists, some spilling over the bath.

"There," Hyunjin rumbled. He reached around to continue stroking Felix's aching erection.

Felix flushed deeply, face painted in pink embarrassment from the position. “Hyun wait… we’re gonna make a mess like this–the water will get everywhere–”

Hyunjin ignored Felix's weak protests, too consumed by his own lust. He grabbed Felix's hips, yanking him back until his dripping cock nudged against Felix's entrance.

"I don't care about the mess," he said, voice full with need.

Despite his earlier roughness, Hyunjin paused, breathing heavily. He leaned over Felix's back, nuzzling into his neck affectionately. "Shh, it's okay love," he cooed softly, gentling his touch. "Tell me if it hurts, hmm?"

with tenderness, he guided the swollen head of his cock against Felix's entrance, circling it teasingly. Then he began to sink into the tight heat inch by slow inch. Felix bit his lip, muffling a high pitched moan. Hyunjin groaned at the sensation, savoring each push deeper until he was fully in.

"How's that feel, angel?" he asked, voice soft despite the obvious effort it took not to move yet. His hands stroked soothingly up and down Felix's sides. "You're doing so well, taking me so deep. Such a perfect boy for me."

Hyunjin started to move, pulling out slowly before pushing back in. He set a steady rhythm, hips rolling against Felix's backside, drawing soft grunts and moans fell from both their lips.

"Fuck...you feel amazing," Hyunjin panted, fingers digging into Felix's hips.

"Ngh, H-hyun–ah—" Felix gasped, instinctively arching back to meet hyunjin's thrusts. The bathwater sloshed wildly around them, some splashing onto the floor.

Hyunjin leaned in close, his muscular chest pressing against Felix's back as he slightly increased his pace. One hand slid up to wrap around Felix's slender throat, applying light pressure.

"You’re doing so well, baby.” Hyunjin muttered softly in Felix's ear,

punctuating his words with a thrust. “Hmm, hng, Hyun–” Felix rasped, trying his best to bite back the moans.

His other hand reached around to stroke Felix's leaking cock in time with his thrusts. The feeling had Felix seeing stars, overwhelmed with pleasure. Hyunjin could feel his own release building rapidly, flaming on by Felix's desperate whimpers.

Hyunjin's thrusts became erratic, chasing his rapidly approaching climax. and with a guttural groan, he pressed himself at the deepest point inside felix one last time, spilling his cum in hot spurts.

"Fuck, Felix!" Hyunjin panted harshly, face buried into Felix's neck.

Felix whimpered brokenly, his own orgasm crashing over him. His insides fluttered and clenched around Hyunjin's softening cock. Now a sweaty, panting mess, Hyunjin slowly slides himself out. He plants one last kiss on Felix’s nape before whispering, “You did so well for me, angel.”

Chapter 4: 4. Painting room

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

The apartment was quiet, except for the soft murmur of the K-drama playing on the TV.

Felix lay curled up on the couch in his favorite pajamas—oversized, pastel blue with little white clouds patterning the fabric. A fluffy blanket covered his legs, and his hair was still slightly damp from the earlier bath. His skin held a faint coconut-strawberry scent, his cheeks warm and flushed from everything. he felt light and peaceful.

In the kitchen, Hyunjin moved skillfully, pouring chicken soup into a ceramic bowl. The scent of garlic, ginger, and slow-cooked broth filled the apartment. he hummed quietly under his breath. the cast on his hand slowed him down, but he worked through it—because Felix deserved this. he deserved everything.

"Almost done, angel," Hyunjin called softly. "Do you want toast on the side?"

Felix turned his head lazily. "Mmm, yes please,"

Hyunjin smiled. Gosh he looked so cute.

Everything felt normal, comfortable, safe.

Until—

The faint, distant sound of sirens.

Felix barely heart it at first, eyes still glued to the screen. but then—red and blue lights danced across the curtains.

He sat up slightly, blinking. "Hyun...?"

Then:

A knock.

Firm. loud.

"Seoul Police Agency. Mr. Hwang and Mr. Lee, please open up."

felix froze. the blanket slid off his lap. he turned slowly toward the door.

In the kitchen, Hyunjin stood perfectly still. Spatula hovering mid-air. steam rising from the pot.

And on his face—that same soft smile. still calm. still smiling.

Felix's heartbeat wasn't panicked—just... heightened. He rubbed his fingers together nervously as Hyunjin set the spatula down on the kitchen counter with the same grace he always carried. no rush. no panic.

"Don't worry," Hyunjin said softly, walking past Felix with a calm that made the tension in the air feel even sharper. "It's probably about Mr. Choi."

Felix nodded, eyes on the flashing colors spilling through the blinds. His throat felt dry.

Hyunjin clicked the door open.

Seven men in navy-blue police vests stood in formation, their badges flashing under the hallway lights. Their eyes were sharp. some kinder than others. one was chewing gum. another had his hand near his waist holster.

"Good evening," one of them started, voice firm but polite. "We're with the Seoul Metropolitan Police. We're here regarding the ongoing investigation into the death of Dong Choi."

Hyunjin tilted his head slightly, keeping his expression neutral. "The

restaurant owner?"

"Yes," the officer continued. "Due to some irregularities in the autopsy report, every employee at his work is currently being considered a person of interest. We have a signed warrant for a full premises search."

Felix's breath caught in his throat. "A... full house search?" he said aloud.

One of the officers—a tall man with thinning hair and a buzzcut—nodded. "Standard procedure in high-profile cases."

But something about that felt off. A full search? For everyone?

Still, hyunjin just smiled gently. "Understood," he replied. "May I ask how long this will take?"

"As long as needed," the buzzcut officer said gruffly. "We'll try not to disturb too much."

Then another voice piped in. "You and your friend just sit tight while we work."

Hyunjin turned toward him with that same eerie softness. "Boyfriend," he corrected, smile still playing at his lips.

The officer—visibly younger, his jawline sharp and his badge pinned a bit too high—visibly recoiled.

"right," he scoffed. "boyfriend."

Then, under his breath, barely audible but sharp enough for Hyunjin to hear—

"Fags."

Felix's brows creased.

Hyunjin's expression didn't change.

But the air in the room did.

One of the other officers—a younger one with dyed brown hair and a kinder face—snapped his head toward the man. "Park—what the hell man? Shut the fuck up."

Officer Park rolled his eyes but raised his hands like he was the victim. "Just sayin what everyone's thinkin."

Hyunjin stepped aside with graceful ease, gesturing toward the apartment with a casual tilt of his chin. "Please, come in. we'll stay in the living room."

The police entered, booting their way in.

Felix sat back down, heart tight in his chest. He tried not to stare at the door as the men spread out through their home. Footsteps echoed down the hallway, into the bathroom, the bedroom.

Hyunjin walked back to the couch, settled down beside him, and gently placed a hand over Felix's knee. He didn't say anything. Just sat, calm and still, as if this was just another day.

But then—

That same cop—Officer Park—walked back into the living room.

He stopped short in front of Hyunjin, arms crossed, eyes locking on the cast wrapped around Hyunjin's hand.

"What happened to your hand?" Park asked, voice edged.

Hyunjin replied in contrast, softly, "Accident. At the market."

Park raised a brow. "Funny. You don't seem the clumsy type."

Hyunjin just tilted his head. "We all bleed the same. Even graceful people break sometimes."

Park huffed a laugh, then looked between the two of them. "So... what's it like?"

Felix looked up. "What?"

"Y'know." park grinned, eyes glinting. "Playing house. One of you works, the other plays wife. Cute."

Felix's jaw clenched.

Park leaned forward, speaking low. "Bet it's all sweet in public, huh? But behind closed doors..." He glanced at Hyunjin's hand again. "Who gets rough? C'mon, I've seen it. Almost everyday we have twinks crawlin to us, whining with black eyes–complaining about getting raped when theyre literally leaking."

Hyunjin's broken hand tightened.

Park's eyes snapped to Felix.

"Bet you're the needy little bitch that screams when he doesn't get it. Or worse—begs for it. The kind of guy who complains when getting 'forced' though probably on your fifth orgas—"

"That's enough, Officer Park."

The commanding voice cut like steel through the room. The lead officer—tall, older, visibly annoyed—stepped into the room, eyes flashing with restrained anger. "Get out. Now."

Park blinked. "Sir—"

"I said get back to the car. Now."

Park rolled his eyes. Then scoffed. Gave one last look at Hyunjin. Then Felix.

And walked out.

Boots heavy behind him, and the apartment fell into silence again.

Felix sat frozen, heart racing. chest burning.

But beside him, Hyunjin—still calm. though under his cast, his fingers were only breaking more from how hard he wast clenching his fist.

He slowly reached for Felix's hand, lacing their fingers together. as if nothing had happened.

"They'll be gone soon," Hyunjin murmured, pressing a kiss to the side of his head.

One of the officers paused mid-step. His eyes locked on the only closed door in the hallway—the one at the far end, slightly aged with chipped edges. He tried the handle. Click. Locked.

He turned, calling into the living room, "Mr. This door's shut."

Hyunjin looked up from where he still held Felix's hand, eyes flickering toward the hall. "Which one?"

"The one on the left. It's locked."

Hyunjin's brows lifted slightly. "Oh... that's just my painting room."

The lead officer walked past the officer who found it. He reached the door, tested it himself. Still locked.

"You said painting room?" he asked, glancing over his shoulder.

"Yes," Hyunjin replied smoothly, standing up. "That's where I keep most of my canvas work. Nature stuff. Landscapes. It's usually open —I must've locked it by accident."

Felix glanced up, confused. He'd been in that room many times. He'd seen the paintings of rivers and foxes and mountains that Hyunjin would disappear for hours to make. But he'd never seen it locked.

Not once.

The lead officer's brow furrowed. "We'll need to inspect it, too. routine."

"Of course," Hyunjin nodded. "i'll get the key."

He turned, gliding toward the small key hook by the coat rack. But before Hyunjin could walk back, the radio clipped to the officer's chest let out a sharp crackling buzz.

"Squad 11, urgent call. Domestic violence at Itaewon central district. Squad 15, back them up—severity Level 4. Immediate departure requested. Over."

The lead officer paused. His jaw tightened. Then turned toward his men.

"That's us. Pack it up."

"But sir, the—"

"I said pack it up. That room isn't going anywhere." He turned toward Hyunjin. "We'll follow up another time. But thank you for your cooperation."

Hyunjin nodded politely. "Of course."

The police officers left out one by one, boots tapping through the hallway and out the front door. Hyunjin watched closely, too closely, before carefully shutting the door behind them.

And just like that, the apartment was quiet again.

Hyunjin turned the lock. turned back toward Felix. their eyes met.

Felix opened his mouth—then closed it again.

"...You've never locked that room before."

"I know."

"So why...?"

Hyunjin walked back over, setting the key on the counter with a gentle clink. He smiled.

"I must've locked it by accident."

Felix stared at him. "Hyun..."

"It's just art, baby," Hyunjin murmured, leaning down to press a soft kiss to Felix's hair again. "I paint a lot of things. You've seen most of them."

"...Most?"

Hyunjin's smile didn't falter. "Don't look at me like that."

Felix didn't reply. But deep in his chest, something felt blurry. He glanced down the hallway again.

And he didn't notice—Hyunjin's eyes weren't on him anymore.

They were on the hallway too.

–

Meanwhile, inside the art room, still sealed behind the thick door, was a large canvas, leaning casually against the wall.

Behind that canvas, pressed into the wall, was a thinner, more hidden door. The kind you wouldn't notice unless you knew where to touch. Right on the corner frame. If you applied just the right pressure.

Click.

A small panel would shift open.

Inside:

Warm light. walls lined with portraits—all of Felix.

Felix laughing. felix crying. felix bleeding. felix in sleep. felix bent over in moonlight. felix in silk. felix from angles he never posed for. felix bathed in obsession.

Each brushstroke delicate. tender. worshipful.

Some canvases half-covered by cloth.

Some unfinished. Some—damaged.

And in the very back, near the small wooden desk—that painting he made not so earlier. Felix, with red handprints wrapped around his neck.

Notes:

a/n: so so so so sorry for the late update, hope you enjoyed ;-;

Chapter 5: Thud

Chapter Text

Officer Park.

3:02 AM.

The rain showered the cracked windows of the corner road station. Inside, warmth clung to the air from the cheap heater in the corner, mixed with the greasy scent of chicken-flavored chips, instant ramen, and wet uniforms.

"Bro, I swear—she sent me three vids back to back," Officer Jang snorted, passing his phone around the desk. "She was in a hotel. a mirror hotel. you can see everything."

Officer Kim leaned in, snickering. "No fucking way. wait, wait—is that her roommate? goddamn, double feature."

"I swear you all are gonna catch charges before we even hit 21," Park said, laughing along as he stuffed a handful of snacks into his mouth, cheeks puffed like a chipmunk. "at least blur the faces next time, you dumbasses."

"Pfft. says the one who literally was put in time out last night," Jang shot back, tossing a chip at him.

Park barked out a laugh. "I put a man in handcuffs last night too, thank you very much."

The four of them sat clustered near the front desk, their patrol jackets hanging off the backs of mismatched chairs. the station was small, barely larger than a gas station—just a boxy concrete room with flickering ceiling lights, a single coffee machine that rattled like a dying engine, and stacks of old case folders shoved into plastic tubs under the counter.

They had the night shift. and nights like these—quiet, rainy—were perfect for wasting time, cracking dumb jokes, watching cursed

dark web videos passed around in illegal group chats.

"Yo did you see that one clip in the GC? The one with the girl in the red hoodie?" Kim asked, tone suddenly dropping low. he opened his telegram app, fingers tapping quickly. "I think it's from here—like Korea. the title was in Hangul."

Park leaned in lazily. "Wait, wait—lemme see. Is that the one where she's tied in the subway car?"

"Yeah. that one. look, it's pixelated but you can see her mouth moving, screaming, I think—"

"Fuck, dude," muttered Officer Min, the quietest of the group, rubbing his forehead. It was a clip of a brutal gang rape that was posted by an anonymous user. Park and Kim chuckled as they watched the clip intently, whispering slut shaming slurs to the bleeding lady displayed on the phone.

"You're gonna get us flagged by Interpol." Min interfered.

"Please, like we haven't already been on that watchlist," Park scoffed. He yawned, throwing his head back dramatically. "We're just small fries anyway. they only go after the guys making money off it. we're just watching. like, passive viewers."

Kim grinned. "Exactly. It's like looking at crime scene photos. pure curiosity."

"It's not curiosity if you're palming your crotch from watching such filth." Min stated, not even bothering to look at the boys.

A short silence followed. rain slashed harder against the windows, thunder rumbling faintly.

"...some of this shit's starting to feel cursed, man," Min added under his breath, eyes scanning the doorway as if something might walk in.

Park snorted. "Oh my god, don't be a fckin' pussy, Min."

Another stash of laughter. the heater hiccuped, clicking off for a few seconds before restarting with a wheeze.

They passed around more trash snacks, occasionally glancing out at the blurry road outside. A car hadn't passed in over an hour. the neighborhood was mostly residential, half of it under construction. this spot was a dump. but it was safe. dead. nothing ever happened here.

Until—

THUD.

Park blinked. He turned around.

Nothing.

"...Yo. You guys hear that?" he asked, squinting toward the back door.

"Hear what?" Jang mumbled, mid-chew.

"Sounded like—someone hit the door or something. Like, metal on metal."

"Probably the wind," Kim said, not even glancing up. "you're getting twitchy again."

Park rolled his eyes. "yeah. whatever."

But a chill had already crawled up the back of his neck. He reached down to adjust the strap of his holster.

A minute passed. another crinkle of plastic. another joke.

THUD. THUD.

louder. closer.

Park stood up. "Okay, that you heard, right?"

The others paused.

"...The fuck was that?" Jang muttered.

Park didn't answer. His eyes were already locked on the back hallway.
the one that led to the main door.

Another thud.

And this time, it echoed.
like a palm slamming against cold steel.
twice.

Park's hand hovered near his holster.
the rain outside got heavier.

silence.

no more thuds.

The four of them sat frozen for a beat, eyes darting between each other, breaths shallow, the stale warmth of the room suddenly feeling like a coffin.

"Yo... someone gotta check it out," Jang finally mumbled, voice barely a whisper.

"Hell no," Kim said, shaking his head like it was poison. "not me. I'm not goin' out there to be some ghost story."

Min nodded, rubbing his palms on his knees. "I'm not sticking my neck out either."

Park stared at them all, unimpressed.

He scoffed, voice low but loud enough to cut the tension. "You guys some serious-ass pussies."

"Hey—" Jang started, but park cut him off.

"Nah. fuck it. i'm going. I didn't sign up for babysitting scared little kids."

He swung his chair back with a scrape and stood up, grabbing his holstered gun off the table without looking.

His boots hit the floor steady, slow, like he owned the place.

"You all better watch my back," Park muttered, flicking open the door that led to the back hallway.

The door creaked open, letting in the cold air and the heavy rain.

He stepped out, gun raised but loose, eyes scanning the black, empty street.

No cars. no lights. just the dark road disappearing into the shadow of the small forest behind the station.

The rain washed over him, soaking through his jacket and dripping down his face.

He took a slow breath, the cold biting at his lungs.

nothing.

Just silence.

Park muttered, "Where the fuck did that noise come from?"

He exhaled through his nose, fog rising as the cold air clashed against his body heat. he stood in the middle of the narrow area behind the station, just a few feet from the patch of forest that framed the edge of the property.

The rain soaked him to the bone now, beads running down his face, blurring the edges of his vision.

Nothing but wet wind and black trees.

Until—

THUD.

His heart jumped.

The sound came from behind him.

He spun, pulse hitching as he raised his flashlight, the beam slicing through the rain.

There—just by the edge of the dumpster—a flash of movement.

He squinted, taking a cautious step forward, gun raised beside the light.

Two glowing eyes blinked up at him.

A raccoon.

Chubby. mud-caked. staring at him.

"Bruh," Park muttered, exasperated.

He jerked his arm forward, gun swinging just enough to make the raccoon squeal and scurry off, claws skittering on wet concrete.

Park let out a short laugh, shaking his head.

"Fucking wildlife," he chuckled to himself, relaxing his stance slightly.

But as he turned back toward the door—

His body locked.

Standing dead center in the station's rear doorway—was a figure.

Still. tall. Looming.

drenched head to toe, but not shivering. not even moving.

Park's blood ran ice cold.

His flashlight trembled slightly as he raised it again, the beam catching—a face.

Warm brown eyes. an unnervingly sharp smile. long black hair stuck to pale skin like wet silk. dripping. calm.

The guy from the apartment. that tall faggot with injured hand.

but there was something... off. something wrong in the way he stood—shoulders too still, head tilted just a touch too far, like a puppet hung on invisible strings.

Park's throat worked. "What the fuck—"

He didn't even get to raise his gun.

Something cold jabbed into the side of his neck.

A hiss.

Needle.

His eyes widened, body jolting—but already too late.

A rush of numbness spread from the puncture, washing over his limbs like icewater.

The world tilted.

His knees gave out.

The last thing he saw was that same smile, closer now—and the man crouching beside him, eyes soft, almost affectionate.

"I was hoping you'd come outside," he whispered, voice as smooth as the rain.

Park's vision tunneled. his gun slipped from his fingers. darkness closed in, slow and syrupy.

Then—nothing.

Chapter 6: Dildo

Notes:

> ⚠ CONTENT WARNING – PLEASE READ CAREFULLY ⚠
> This chapter contains gore, graphic rape (extreme/non-consensual content), torture, and drugging. It is deeply violent, disgusting, disturbing, and not suitable for sensitive readers.
>
> This is your first major content warning, so I'm making it loud and clear. The scenes ahead are brutal, vile, and emotionally distressing. If you are triggered by sexual violence, body horror, or psychological torment, please consider skipping this chapter or exiting the fic entirely.
>
> These themes will return in later chapters, potentially in more intense ways. your mental health matters. please proceed with caution.

Chapter Text

Officer Park.

Unknown time. unknown Place.

The world came back in fragments. flickering light. the hum of something mechanical. cold air, damp walls, iron pressed against skin.

Park's eyelids fluttered open, only to squint against the glare of a single overhead bulb. His arms were suspended, wrists cuffed tightly to the iron beam behind him. The floor beneath was concrete, stained and cracked. A drain sat in the middle of it, rusted over. The air smelled like musk and copper.

His mouth was sealed with thick black tape, suffocating his scream the moment he realised he couldn't move.

Where the fuck am I? his breath came in short bursts. His head throbbed. The last thing he remembered was the raccoon—

no.
the man.
the guy from the apartment.

Just then, footsteps echoed.

Out from the shadowed corner of the basement walked Hyunjin—not in a mask or a costume, not with weapons or bloodied tools. Just in pajamas. Grey sweatpants and a simple white t-shirt. slippers. a cup of tea in his hand.

He looked like he just woke up from a nap. except his eyes were anything but tired.

They were alive. warm. Like he wasn't about to kill someone—just invite them over for a chat.

"Morning, Officer," he said gently, voice soft as cotton. "I made sure to drug you with something safe. Didn't want to damage your insides. Not yet, anyway."
He sipped his tea. "You were heavier than I thought. you know that?"

Park groaned behind the tape, pulling hard against the cuffs. They didn't budge. he looked around the room. tools on the wall. tables covered in black cloths. A camera stand in the corner. a drain beneath him.

Jesus Christ.

"You're probably wondering what's under those cloths, huh?" hyunjin tilted his head. "Curiosity is a natural part of the human mind. Isn't that what you said on patrol once?"
He smiled.

Park's stomach turned.

Hyunjin walked over to the nearest table. he pulled the cloth off with a light flick.

Beneath it... a metal machine, sleek and unsettling. A mechanical dildo, long and jointed, ending in something... sharp. Not a blade, exactly. More like a drill bit shaped like a spike.

Park's eyes widened. He screamed into the tape, shaking his head, twisting in the cuffs.

Hyunjin turned to him calmly. "Oh, don't panic. You get to choose which one you want me to use. I believe in consent."

another flick of the wrist. another cloth pulled.

this time... again, a dildo—except enlarged, monstrously large—inhuman. Sure enough if it were ever used it'd rip the humans insides. It hummed quietly.

"You recognise this shape, right?" jyunjin asked. "A little familiar from those videos your little group watches."

he crouched in front of Park, eyes searching his.

"You were always curious. Let's play a game with that curiosity."

Park screamed louder against the tape, shaking violently.

Hyunjin sighed, sipping his tea again. "Can't really play if you can't speak."
He stood up and gently peeled the tape off Park's mouth.
Park gasped, coughed, then launched into a string of pleading sobs.

"Please!—please—oh god—what the fuck—what do you want from me—" tears streaked down his face.

"I just want to talk," Hyunjin said softly.
then leaned in.
"And show you what happens when your actions finally catch up to you."

Hyunjin's eyes narrowed as Park's screams filled the basement, echoing off the cold walls. His patience wore thin, and with an impatien sigh, he grabbed a pair of scissors from the nearby table.

Park's eyes widened in terror as Hyunjin approached, the sharp blades glinting in the harsh light. "You wanna scream? Let's see how well you can do it without a tongue."

Suddenly getting more violent, Hyunjin grabbed Park's jaw, forcing his mouth open.

"NO-NO-NO-STOP-STAY AWAY-NO-NO-DONT-STOP IT-GET THE FUCK AWAY–" Park thrashed and bucked, but the cuffs held fast. With medical precision, Hyunjin plunged the scissors into Park's mouth, severing his tongue in a spray of blood.

Park's screams turned to gurgling cries as Hyunjin plucked the wriggling organ from his mouth, eyeing it before a slight smirk formed on his lips. "Disgusting." he scoffed. Then he proceeded to shove the tongue in the officer's mouth. "Are you a spitter or a swallower baby?" Hyunjin asked in that whiny seductive tone out of mockery.

Blood gushed down Parks chin as he clamped his hand against each other, desperate for freedom.

"Oh, daddy likes to swallow?" Hyunjin answered for him, shoving the tongue farther down Park's mouth.

"Make some noise, oppa. Cmon, I know youre so horny right now." Hyunjin continued to mock whine—making those desperate needy anime girlfriend voices to humiliate the officer.

"Swallow. Or I'll slit your throat open." he said coldly. He forced Park to consume his own tongue or choke on it.

Hyunjin watched with sadistic glee as Park convulsed, his throat working desperately to swallow the bloody lump of flesh.

"P-ggreas...—shgop!—hursgs!–" the officer gurgled, blood continuing to pool the floor beneath.

Once it was down, Hyunjin tossed the scissors aside and grabbed a lighter from his pocket. He flicked it open, the flame dancing in the dim light. Park could only let out monstrous pig noises as he cried in agony.

"Haha, your actually so pathetic, baby," Hyunjin snickered, holding back his laughter. "Now, these need to come off–" he said, leaning in and fingers wrapping around the officer's belt, which only made Park shake in all attempts to resist, gurgling pleas.

"Oh baby, then how are we going to use my machines? I made them just for you, oppa," With that, Hyunjin happily began undoing the officer's belt, slowly sliding the cargo pants down.

Park couldn't even feel his entire lower jaw at this point. Completely numb. But he wouldn't stop screaming, trying to fight off as much as he could.

Finally, with the pants and underwear off—revealing the tan, smooth legs—though managing to look like a pathetic bitch, Hyunjin let out a satisfied groan. "See? It wasn't that hard."

With a wicked grin, he leaned in and and held the lighter beneath Park's balls, the heat searing his first layer of baby skin. Park's muffled screams intensified, his body writhing in excruciating pain as Hyunjin slowly burned him.

"Feeling good, oppa? Be careful though, don't cum yet." Hyunjin said, bringing the lighter closer to the skin.

"AUHGHGGGGG–! TSPHUCK—! SHROP— ASGGUHHHGGG—!" the officer screeched endlessly

Satisfied with the red blisters forming, Hyunjin set the lighter aside. "It's only a fourth degree burn. Stop screaming like a needy slut."

He then picked up a regular dildo from the table nearby. Park–already tear streaked and catching his breath from the screams, only swung his head wildly, shrieking to be let go.

Of course, Hyunjin paid no mind. He wrapped his fingers around the base of the pink dildo, forcing the officers legs apart and bringing the silicone closer to the dry hole. Park's screams turned to garbled pleas.

Hyunjin shoved the dildo into Park's ass with a brutal thrust, relishing the feeling of tearing through his tight hole. Park's muffled

screams echoed through the basement as Hyunjin immediately began to fuck him mercilessly, the dildo sliding in and out of his battered insides. Blood and lube coated the silicone, dripping onto the concrete floor. Hyunjin's breathing grew heavy, his own arousal growing with each thrust. During all of this, he was thinking about Felix too much. How pissed he was he'd have to deal with this instead of sleeping beside his angel. However the disgusting pig in front of him was making it hard to stay horny.

After a few minutes, he withdrew the dildo with a bloody pop—and shoved it into Park's mouth, gagging him and muffling his cries. "Shut up," Hyunjin snarled, pressing the blade of a knife against Park's chest. "I'm not done with you yet." He traced the tip of the knife along Park's skin, carving into his chest.

His knife sliced through Park's skin, painting his chest with crimson flowers as the officer screamed around the dildo gagging his mouth. Tears streamed down his face, mingling with the blood dripping from his mutilated tongue. Hyunjin then stood up with a groan, stepped back, admiring his handiwork, the knife still pressed against Park's throat.

"Have you picked one you want to use yet?" Hyunjin asked calmly, gesturing to the machines with his free hand. Park's terrified gaze flicked between the devices, his muffled sobs shaking his chest. When he didn't answer, Hyunjin sighed and chose for him.

"Both it is, then."

He harshly kicked the handcuffs bound to the pole–only snapping the wire to the pole so he was still handcuffed. He then harshly gripped the officer's short hair, literally dragging him to one of the machines—the abnormally large one.

"FSHDOP–! IM THGORRY— I THAID IM—"

Hyunjin shoved the officer onto the surgical table, drawing a gushing yelp. He began strapping his wrists and ankles securely, his grip too carefree. With a press of a button, the device hummed to life, a large, realistic dildo protruding from its base.

"Yay haha, it works." Hyunjin grinned, giving himself a small applaud..

Park still hadn't stopped screaming his lungs out as Hyunjin positioned his hips, the dildo's tip pressing against his ravaged entrance.

Hyunjin activated the machine, pressing the start button and it began to thrust, the silicone dildo plunging into Park's torn hole. His screams intensified, his body convulsing as the device relentlessly fucked him. Blood flowed freely, coating the dildo and dripping onto the floor. Hyunjin watched, fascinated, as Park's abdomen began to stretch with each thrust, the machine forcing its way deeper into his gut.

Fuck. Hyunjin couldn't think straight. Paranoia buzzed in his skull like static. What the hell was Felix doing? Was he up? Still asleep? God, if this hadn't been so rushed, Hyunjin would've made that little shit eat his own dick. literally.

He grabbed his phone off the table with a subtly trembling hand, fingers fumbling the passcode like it was life or death. The second the nannycam app loaded, a breath held in his throat—then finally spilled out.

There he was. His baby. Curled up in bed, still. small. soft. peaceful. His chest rose and fell in slow, sleepy rhythm. Hyunjin's shoulders dropped, tension bleeding out of him all at once.

God, he was beautiful. Like a dream barely hanging on.

The thing was—Felix had no idea he was being watched. Not even a clue. Just like Hyunjin had said: there wasn't a single second in the day where his eyes weren't on Felix. And he hadn't been exaggerating.

Over a thousand cameras. hidden. silent. perfectly placed.
One embedded in felix's phone. another tucked inside his office clock. a couple hundred in every corner of their apartment. and dozens more scattered wherever Felix might go.

Felix didn't know. He wasn't supposed to.

If that bastard of an officer had just kept his mouth shut earlier, none of this would've been necessary. Hyunjin didn't want chaos—he wanted peace. Was that really so fucking hard?

Snapping back to reality for a moment, Hyunjin glanced at the timer on the machine. only five minutes had passed. He knew Park wouldn't last the full twenty, not with the state he was in. But that was okay. He was getting a bit too useless now.He didn't need to make art out of his body– you don't make art from pigs. So like he'd done too many times, Hyunjin would just burn him alive.

no one would ever know...

Chapter 7: Work

Chapter Text

Felix.
7:43 AM.
The warmth came first.

A steady heat pressed along his back, an arm curled around his waist, and a chest rising and falling against him.

Felix woke slowly, a soft hum escaping him as his lashes fluttered open. Pale sunlight filtered through the curtains, washing the bedroom in gold. The rain had stopped sometime in the early hours, leaving behind a hush that made everything feel softer.

“Mmgh...” he mumbled, voice deep with sleep. His toes curled under the blanket, head tucking further into the pillow.

Behind him, Hyunjin shifted.

“Morning, angel,” he whispered, voice still raspy with sleep, warm breath brushing Felix’s neck. “You’re awake…”

“Barely,” felix murmured, smiling as he pushed back into Hyunjin’s chest. “m’still tired.”

Hyunjin chuckled softly, pressing a lazy kiss to felix’s bare shoulder. “you slept like a rock. didn’t even flinch once.”

Felix yawned. “s’cause your arms are warm.”

“Mmhm. so you do love me for my body,” hyunjin teased.

“Shut up,” felix giggled, eyes still shut, the edges of his lips curling. “you smell like mint.”

Hyunjin grinned, nose nuzzling into Felix’s hair. “Brushed my teeth while you were drooling on your pillow.”

Felix groaned and tried to wriggle away, but Hyunjin just dragged

him back, throwing a leg over his hip and locking him in.
The warmth was almost addicting. The kind that wrapped around his bones, tangled in his breath.

Hyunjin's hold was loose, but steady…like he knew the exact pressure Felix needed to feel safe.
Felix peeked at the time on the bedside clock and groaned softly.

"I should get up," he murmured, shifting slightly. "Gotta shower…"

The moment the words left his mouth—hyunjin's hand on his waist tightened.
Not much. just a little. just enough.

Felix blinked, turning his head a bit. "Hyun…?"
Hyunjin didn't respond at first. he was staring past him, lips still curled in that sleepy smile. But inside his skull—

Rage.
Pure, white, feral rage.
You're leaving already?
You're moving away from me?

I spent the whole night making sure you were safe. I watched you breathe. I tore that pig apart while thinking of you—

His thumb stroked Felix's waist softly. he couldn't show it. not yet.

"Just stay here for a little longer," Hyunjin said quietly. His voice was stil soft. sweet.

Felix hesitated, fingers brushing Hyunjin's forearm. "Baby, I really should—"

Without a word, Hyunjin rolled on top of him.

Felix let out a tiny surprised gasp as their bodies pressed against eachother, chest to chest. Hyunjin's thigh slipped between his legs,

caging him in.

and then—lips.
Hot. open. desperate.

Hyunjin kissed him like he needed oxygen—like he'd been starved of it.

"Hyun—!" Felix breathed, pulling back slightly, his cheeks flushing as Hyunjin's tongue slid across his lip, parting it. "Wait—what's gotten into you—?"

Hyunjin didn't answer. he pressed deeper, licking into Felix's mouth like he needed to taste him.

like he wanted to devour every trace of Felix's morning breath, every muffled syllable, every part of him that ever tried to leave.

Felix's hands flew up, resting gently against Hyunjin's chest, unsure whether to push or pull. His mind was foggy, lips already slick, tingling from the sudden affection.
Hyunjin kissed him again. slower now. deeper.

"I just missed you," he whispered against his lips.

a lie. he'd never taken his eyes off him.
Felix exhaled shakily, face red. "You're so clingy in the mornings…"
Hyunjin smiled softly. but in his mind—

He was already deleting a few things that could possibly bother his time with his angel.

Feli giggled softly, swatting Hyunjin's chest. "c'mon, lemme get up seriously."
Hyunjin's smile didn't falter. Not once.

Just soft, sleepy, sweet. but beneath that smile his mind was rotting.

No. You're not leaving me.
I held your heartbeat in my hands all night.

I killed for you.
I burned someone to protect the quiet in your lungs.
And now you want to get up? Go shower? What for? You smell like me. Why wash that off?

“You’re warm…” Hyunjin murmured, lips brushing Felix’s throat as he nuzzled in closer. “dont go yet.”

Felix let out a small laugh, turning his head. “Hyun, I really gotta __”

But Hyunjin didn’t move, flinch, or blink.

Instead, he gently pressed his thigh between Felix’s legs, rubbing just slightly against his crotch. Felix stiffened slightly.

“Hyunjin…” he said, voice low with warning.
But Hyunjin just chuckled. that same playful tone. that same mask.

“Don’t worry, angel. I’m just cuddling,” he purred, fingers tracing gentle little circles against felix’s waist.

See? This is what you do to me.
You’re soft and sweet and warm and you act like you’re mine, but the second I loosen my grip—you run.

“You’re twitching,” Hyunjin whispered, kissing Felix’s neck softly.
“Right here…” He dragged his lips down to the spot just below Felix’s ear, right where he knew he melted the fastest.
“I’m not—” Felix whispered, breath shaky.

“Yes, you are,” Hyunjin smirked, hips just barely grinding against him.

Felix squirmed, chest rising. “You’re being weird again…”

That word.
That fucking word.

Weird.
No.
Not weird.
Devoted.

“You think I’m weird?” Hyunjin’s voice still sounded light. but something in it tightened. Just a little bit.

Felix, still pinned, blinked up slowly. “No.. I just meant—like—clingy. you know? you get like this in some mornings…”
Hyunjin stared down at him. the smile slowly slipped.

And then returned, wider.

“I know what you meant,” he said gently. “you always say the cutest things when you don’t know what’s going on.”

His hand slid down to Felix’s hip, holding it just a little too firm now. felix's breath caught. “Hyun…”

“I just want to be close to you,” he whispered.

Too many people keep trying to come between us.
your phone.
your friends.
your little coworker bitch from that café who calls you “Lixie.”
even your own body sometimes.
trying to escape me in the mornings.
running.
I see it.
every time.
I feel it.

Hyunjin lowered his head, kissing Felix again—neck, collarbone, lower. His voice muffled into skin.
“You just don’t understand yet, do you?” he whispered between

kisses.

Felix whimpered, squirming a little, unsure if it was from ticklishness or discomfort. “Hyunjin… I… I really need to use the bathroom…”

Hyunjin lifted his head. “You’ll go after I say you can,” he said quietly. “Okay, baby?”

Felix froze. He could barely even think straight from the way Hyunjin was rubbing against him.
“…okay,” he whispered back.

Hyunjin kissed his cheek gently.
But inside, his thoughts kept burning.

Still doesn’t get it. Still doesn’t know.
I’d carve his name into my ribs if he asked.
But he’d leave me for a shower?

The room was quiet.
Until—
RrrrRrrrRr.

Al buzz suddenly cut through the softness, vibrating against the wooden nightstand like a chainsaw to silk. felix’s phone. the screen lit up bright with a name he didn’t want to see this early. work.

neither of them moved at first.
the ringing continued.
Hyunjin’s eyes flicked to the phone. So did felix’s.
Then the thick silence broke.

“…Hyun?” felix whispered carefully. “can you… let go now?”

It was gentle. but it sliced clean through whatever trance hyunjin was in.

His eyes blinked once. twice.
Then, instantly—he pulled back.

“Oh shit—sorry,” he chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck like he hadn’t just been grinding against him like a demon seconds ago. “Fuck—I must’ve… I think I had wine last night? Or maybe I was sleepwalking again,” He gave a sheepish grin, trying to shake it off.

Felix let out a tired sigh, not looking fully convinced, but not wanting to argue either. “Hyunjin…”

“I’m serious, angel,” Hyunjin said quickly, reaching to brush Felix’s hair back. “You know how weird I get when I’m half-asleep. It’s like…” he laughed softly, “I was dreaming you were trying to leave me and I got paranoid or something.”

He gave a goofy grin. “Stupid of me, huh?”

Felix paused… then finally leaned in and pressed a slow, sleepy kiss to Hyunjin’s cheek.
“I’ll be back in a sec,” he mumbled.

Then he sat up, and reached for his phone. With a sleepy groan, he padded toward the door, rubbing his eyes.
He didn’t see Hyunjin anymore.

didn’t see the way his expression dropped the second Felix turned away.
didn’t see the twitch in his jaw.

didn’t hear how his knuckles cracked one by one under the covers.

oh.
felix had no idea.
the second the door closed behind Felix, he whispered.

“…You picked them over me… again. you just… don’t ever learn your lesson, do you?”

Chapter 8: New boss

Notes:

> ⚠ CONTENT WARNING ⚠
> This chapter contains: self harm, crash out, emotional breakdown

Chapter Text

Felix was gone.

Not forever. just for work. but hyunjin's mind didn't understand "temporary." only abandonment.

The apartment door had barely shut five minutes ago, but already—Hyunjin was spiraling.

His footsteps were silent, bare feet padding over polished floorboards as he made his way through the hallway.

Then he teached the art room. his room.

He opened the door carefully, stepping in. the room was filled with landscapes, nature, and animals.

But it wasn't this art room. Like said before, there was his own art room that nobody beside him knew about, or could enter. quite literally impossible to notice.

It didn't appear on the floor plan. No hinges, no seams, no sound. Just a wall—until Hyunjin touched the right spot and the stone split open like skin.

He stepped in.

The door slid shut behind him with a final click.

No sunlight.
Just artificial white light buzzing overhead.

Paints. Portraits. Dozens of paint brushes—some clean, some caked in dried crimson.
And the walls?
Covered. With his painting of his angel.

Some were small sketches on yellowing paper. Others were massive canvases taller than Hyunjin himself.
Oil. Acrylic. Watercolor. Ink. Blood.

There were dried fingerprints stained across the corner of one frame —dark and cracked now. From the last time.

Hyunjin stood in the middle of it all. except he wasn't really breathing.

His jaw clenched so tight it clicked. his hands tightened. one was still bruised from the last outburst, the knuckles split, bone fractured.

But he clenched it tighter. tighter. tighter.

Until he couldn't take it anymore.

"Why'd you leave me..." he whispered.

His voice was cracked, hoarse. Like it hadn't been used in years.

"Just... just for work...? You're always saying that."
He laughed under his breath. dry. empty. "Work, work, work."

He turned slowly to one of the newer paintings—a profile of Felix sleeping.
It was beautiful. Soft and warm.
And it made him crazy.

He lunged. grabbed the nearest knife off the table. and stabbed.

Right through the canvas. Then again. And again. And again.

"LIAR."

A deep slash.

"You said you'd never leave."

A large tear.

"You said I was your everything."

Two stabs.

The Canvas tore like flesh.
A frame crashed to the ground and shattered.

He was panting now, drenched in sweat, eyes wild and unfocused.
He spun around, faced another portrait.
Then another.

Felix smiling.
Felix blushing.
Felix looking straight at him.

It felt like mockery.

"Stop looking at me like that—"
he whispered.
"No. No—don't smile—like that,"

The room spun.

He looked down at his hand.
Still holding the knife. His grip didn't even hesitate.

He raised the blade to his forearm and dragged.

Not deep. He'd done it before. Just enough. enough to feel it. enough to make it real. enough to paint.

The pain was instant.
A white-hot sting blooming across his skin—but it was nothing compared to the ache inside his skull. Blood trickled down his wrist. Slow. Warm. Pretty.

He let it drip onto the floor.

Then he smeared it.
With slender fingers, he dragged the blood across another painting —
a full-body portrait of Felix standing on a balcony.

Hyunjin's blood streaked down the face. Across the throat. Over the smile.
And finally—across the chest, where the heart would be.

"There," he muttered. "That's mine."

He wiped more blood onto the canvas like war paint, smirking softly. like he had power now. his lips trembled as he muttered under his breath.

"Angel... baby... sunshine... mine... you're mine... I love you... I love you so fucking much... you don't get it,"

He sank to the floor, knees smacking the concrete, blood dripping in streams now.
His head hit the wall. thud. Again. Thud.

He started sobbing.

Ugly. Muffled. Shaking sobs.

"I just wanted to make you feel loved," he whispered through gritted teeth, voice shrill now. "But you keep... leaving me. And I—I can't—I don't know how to stop—"

CRASH.

He knocked over an entire table of paints. bottles spilled and shattered.

He laid there, surrounded by destruction, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Then, slowly, his eyes twitched.
He whispered, "Why can't you just love me the way I love you..."

—

11:13 AM.

Felix stared at the coffee in front of him.

Black. Bitter. Burning hot. Not unlike the thoughts scraping through his brain this morning.

He sighed, stirring it with the tiny spoon even though he wasn't gonna drink it. The café buzzed with noise. clinking plates, soft chatter, the faint drone of the espresso machine—but Felix couldn't tune any of it out today. His head felt fuzzy. His heart? Worse.

He thought, maybe work would be cancelled today.

Maybe, after their boss was literally murdered yesterday, they'd all get a goddamn break.

But no. Not only were they told to report in like nothing happened —they were also getting a new boss. Already.

The whole thing smelled off.

The café was a cozy little bistro tucked in downtown. White walls. Rose-gold light. Handwritten menus in chalk and "aesthetic" plants by the window. The kind of place couples went to brunch or people studied with milk lattes.

But today?

It felt like a grave.

Felix leaned against the counter while Jeongin wiped it down next to him.

"I still can't believe they didn't close the place for even a day," Jeongin muttered, shaking his head. His boyfriend, Seungmin, was stacking plates behind them. "I mean... like, our boss was found dead in his chair. In his house. That's not normal."

"Not even a little bit," Seungmin chimed in.

"And we're just back to folding napkins and pouring americanos like that didn't just happen," Jeongin added, clearly frustrated.

"Didn't the police come to your place? Last night we were completely raided—they said something like checking all employees' houses." Felix noted, turning to them.

Jeongin nodded. "Yeah. Full house search. They checked everything—even under the fucking floorboards. Like, what? Do I look like a serial killer?"

Seungmin gave him a look. "You watch true crime to fall asleep."

"Exactly. I know what not to do."

Felix cracked the smallest smile, but it didn't last long. His nerves were crawling. Jeongin leaned in closer, lowering his voice.

"Guess who one of the officers was?"

"Who?"

"Jisung."

Felix blinked. "Wait—our Jisung?"

"Yep," Jeongin nodded. "He came to our place in uniform and everything. And get this—he said he was at the crime scene."

Felix blinked. "What?"

"Yeah. He didn't tell me much, but said it was disgusting. Apparently, Mr. Choi's face was, like... gone. Unrecognisable. He didn't even describe the rest. Said he'd throw up."

Felix's stomach churned. He swallowed thickly. He hadn't seen Jisung in a week, which was a long time for them—life had gotten busy—but they still messaged. still laughed at memes at 3 a.m.

The thought of Jisung, his best frein since primary, now standing in

a pool of blood like that... It felt wrong. Why hadn't jisung messaged him about it?

"So much for closure," Seungmin muttered, wiping his hands with a towel.

Just then, the café door rang.

Ding.

The bell above the door chimed, loud and clear, slicing through the tension like a knife.

Everyone turned.

He walked in.

The new boss.

Tall. Broad-shouldered. Dressed in a black button-up, his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, arms thick, veined, and sun-kissed. His smile? Warm and friendly.

"Hi everyone," he said with a voice like melted honey. "Sorry to barge in on such short notice. I'm the new manager, but please—call me Chan."

Some of the girls behind the counter practically squealed. Others whispered. Someone dropped a spoon.

Chan laughed softly, stepping fully inside. "I know this is sudden, and probably not ideal timing... but I'll do my best to make this place feel safe. I want to run things with kindness and teamwork, alright?"

Even Jeongin was caught off guard.

Felix stood frozen, eyes locked on him.

Chan glanced around the room, making quick eye contact with each of them. When his gaze landed on Felix—

Felix inhaled.

Chan gave a small smile—one just for him. Felix's chest fluttered.

He quickly looked away, pretending to adjust a menu. But his cheeks were warm, and his hands were trembling a little.

He cursed under his breath. Seriously? Your boss just died and you're blushing over the new one?

Jeongin nudged him. "Don't look now but he's totally eye-fucking you."

Felix elbowed him back. "Shut up."

Chan clapped his hands together. "Alright, let's get started. I want to learn everyone's names, so how about we go around and do a quick intro?"

As people shuffled to gather, Felix's eyes darted to the café window. The sun shone gently outside. A normal day.

Chapter 9: Cancelled

Chapter Text

7:42 PM.

The apartment was quiet when Felix pushed open the door.

Soft yellow lighting glowed from the ceiling. The scent of something home-cooked floated through the air. rosemary? Garlic? Something cozy.

He blinked, adjusting to the calm.

Inside, Hyunjin sat on the living room couch, curled up like a scene from a picture-perfect romance.

Grey sweats, a fitted black long-sleeve covering his arms, soft black hair falling in loose strands around his face. Rectangular glasses rested on the bridge of his nose.

He didn't even look up when Felix entered. Just casually said, "Hey, angel. How was work?"

His voice was warm and soft like always. like nothing was wrong. like his fists hadn't been wrapped around a knife hours ago.

Felix exhaled. He was exhausted. His shoulders slumped as he kicked his shoes off and dropped his bag near the hallway bench.

Hyunjin finally looked over, his gaze gentle as it swept over Felix's face. "You feeling okay, baby?"

felix gave a small nod, approaching. "just tired."

Hyunjin stood, walking over toward him, like he knew the exact second Felix would want to be held.

He wrapped his arms around him, pulling him into a comforting hug.
Felix melted into it, nose tucked into Hyunjin's shoulder.

“You smell good,” Felix mumbled.

Hyunjin chuckled softly. “It’s dinner. I made japchae and that soup you like. Already set the table. you sit down, okay?”

Felix nodded sleepily as Hyunjin guided him over, practically tucking him into the couch like a child. He kissed Felix’s forehead. “Wanna drink? Tea? Wine?”

“Tea’s fine,” Felix said quietly, eyes already half-closing.

Hyunjin nodded and turned toward the kitchen. He moved calmly the entire time, of course, as always.

But his ears buzzed.
Buzzed with the memory of today.

“Don’t look now but he’s totally eye-fucking you.”

He’d heard it.
All of it. from a secret mic he’d chipped in felix’s phone settings.

The flirtatious teasing.
The nervous giggle in Felix’s voice.
The way Felix's voice tightened when the new manager spoke.

He didn’t react. Not when he heard it. Not now. because he didn’t need to. at least not now.

He returned to the couch moments later, handing Felix a steaming mug of raspberry tea with honey.

“Here you go, baby,” he smiled, tucking a blanket over Felix’s legs. “You looked cold.”

Felix smiled, soft and sleepy. “You’re smothering me again.”

“Only the best for my angel.”

They sat in silence for a while. The TV played quietly—some overly dramatic romance scene. Felix's breathing evened out as he sipped his tea, curled into Hyunjin's side.

hyunjin watched him.

eyes calm. mouth smiling. breath steady.

He gently brushed Felix's bangs aside, tucking the hair behind his ear.

"Tomorrow," he whispered softly, "you don't have to go in if you're tired. just stay home. stay with me."

Felix hummed sleepily, not really answering.

–

The movie had long since ended, credits rolling quietly in the background. Felix had already fallen asleep.

His head rested gently against Hyunjin's chest, breath slow, lashes fluttering faintly over his cheeks. he looked so peaceful. so untouched.

Hyunjin stayed still for a while, letting Felix sleep against him. He didn't move. He barely breathed. He just watched.

There was something about Felix when he slept. something angelic. Like his soul was laid bare. pure. perfect.

Gently, Hyunjin shifted. His arm slid under Felix's knees and he lifted him easily, bridal-style. Felix stirred faintly but didn't wake, only sighed and nestled closer.

Hyunjin carried him to the bedroom with silent footsteps, careful

not to jostle him. He laid him down, smoothing the sheets around him, tucking the blanket over his chest. He brushed Felix's hair off his forehead and leaned in, pressing a slow kiss there.

God, he was beautiful.

His fingers hovered near Felix's jaw.
Then trailed downward.
To the hollow of his throat.
To the delicate rise and fall of his chest.

He stopped there. His hand lingered.

He could feel the heartbeat—soft, steady, so alive under his palm.

His breath caught. He closed his eyes, willing the thoughts away. Thoughts he shouldn't have.

Would Felix wake up if he touched more?
Would he understand even then, how much Hyunjin loved him?

No. Not like that.

Hyunjin inhaled sharply and pulled his hand back, flexing his fingers as if shaking something off.

He stood, slowly. Carefully. Backing away from the bed like he was afraid to break it. afraid to wake the sleeping figure that had such a tight grip on his soul.

One last glance. then he turned and left.

The kitchen was quiet, bathed in dim yellow light. Hyunjin moved like a ghost, putting the kettle on, selecting his favorite tea—the one Felix always said smelled like flowers.

He poured the water and leaned on the counter as the steam rose, curling around his face.

Outside, the night stretched quiet and endless.

-

8:07 AM.

The morning light filtered softly through curtains, casting golden shapes on the dining table. The room smelled of fresh eggs and coffee. A calm, perfect morning.

Hyunjin sat at the head of the table, posture relaxed, a fork held delicately in one hand as he chewed thoughtfully. Ham and eggs. His favorite. Felix's plate sat untouched across from him, steam still rising.

Behind him, Felix was scrambling. Rummaging through drawers, tugging on his coat, phone tucked between shoulder and ear as he spoke quickly.

"I.n, wait—I'll be there in a minute. Just—yeah, I know I'm late, just wait out—"

He stopped.

Hyunjin's chewing slowed slightly.

"…What?" Felix blinked, lowering his arm a little. "what do you mean work's cancelled today?"

Another pause. Longer this time.

Hyunjin's eyes flicked up from his plate, curious.

He hummed softly, tilting his head. "Angel?" he asked, voice smooth. "Is something wrong?"

Felix didn't answer right away.

His phone was still pressed to his ear.

He wasn't scrambling anymore.

Just standing there.

Still.

Chapter 10: Cold eggs

Chapter Text

8:15 AM.

“Boss is sick already?” Felix scoffed. “Ugh, I’ve already gotten ready. I even did my hair, what the hell…”

He tugged off his coat with a dramatic sigh, flinging it lazily over the dining chair along with his phone. Hyunjin, still seated at the table, watched silently.

His eyes traced the strands of felix’s freshly brushed hair. The faint crease in his brow. The way his lips pouted in frustration.

So beautiful. Even like this.

“Mm,” Hyunjin hummed softly, finishing the last bite of his breakfast. “At least you can have yours now, Lix.” He smiled, gentle and sweet. “I made your eggs just the way you like them.”

Felix glanced over at his untouched plate. still warm.

He frowned slightly. “Tsk. I’m not hungry anymore.”

A pause.

Hyunjin blinked. “Oh…”

He set his fork down quietly. “That’s okay. You don’t have to eat if you don’t want to. Maybe I can pack it for you later?” His tone was careful. like speaking too loudly might break something.

Felix didn’t answer. He grabbed his mug of coffee instead, turning his back as he sipped.

The silence stretched.

Hyunjin slowly rose from his chair, walking over. His steps were soft, like approaching a wounded bird. “Angel… are you okay? You seem a little off this morning.”

Felix let out a small, sarcastic laugh. “Oh, I’m fine. Just got ready for no reason, poured out my morning energy for nothing, and now I’m stuck in this stupid apartment—again.”

Hyunjin paused beside him, unsure. “You… don’t like being here?”

Felix didn’t respond at first. Then, without looking at him, he muttered, “Not when it feels like a fucking box.”

The words hit Hyunjin like glass in the throat.

He opened his mouth.closed it.

His fingers curled slightly at his sides, but his face didn’t change. still soft. still calm.

He stepped forward slowly, arms out. “Lix… come here. Please.”

“I’m not in the mood,” Felix snapped, brushing past him.

Hyunjin’s arms dropped.

“Felix—”

But Felix was already halfway down the hall, storming toward their room. “Just leave me alone right now, Hyun.”

The bedroom door slammed shut behind him.

And then, stillness.

Hyunjin stood there for a long moment, frozen in place.
Then slowly… he moved back to the kitchen.

Sat down at the table. Stared at the empty plate across from him.

His hands shook.

“Stupid. Stupid.”

The word was hissed under his breath. His jaw clenched tight.

“You idiot. You said you’d make him happy. You swore you’d keep him safe. And he hates it here. He hates being around you.”

His nails dug into his palms so hard it scratched.

But he didn’t cry.

He just sat there.

Staring at the cold plate of eggs.

-

6:11 PM.

The sky was bleeding shades of orange and violet, stretching like a wound across the sky. The air in the apartment was quiet.

Felix hadn’t moved much since earlier. a nap. A few texts in the group chat. Some scrolling. He hadn’t eaten anything the entire day. Not because he wasn’t hungry, just… because.

He sat curled on the bed, legs tucked under the blanket, mind blank as videos passed by his screen. Tiktok after tiktok. White noise.

Then the door creaked.

Soft footsteps.

“Angel?”

Hyunjin’s voice was gentle. like he didn’t want to disturb a wounded animal.

Felix didn’t look up.

“May I come in?” Hyunjin asked, still in the doorway.

Felix exhaled, slow and tired. “You don’t have to ask. It’s our room,” he muttered.

A pause. Then the sound of rustling plastic as Hyunjin stepped in. Felix glanced up just briefly and saw him holding a small bag. Groceries, maybe.

“I got you some things,” he said, moving to sit beside Felix on the edge of the bed. “Was hoping they’d cheer you up.”

Felix stayed quiet.

Hyunjin reached into the bag, pulling out packets of buldak ramen —Felix's favourite—and a container of freshly washed strawberries. “I was gonna make you a yogurt bowl. Maybe a milkshake later if your stomach’s up for it.”

Felix frowned, guilt tightening in his chest. “You didn’t need to do that,” he mumbled, eyes dropping to his lap.

“I did,” Hyunjin answered, not even letting him finish. “I wanted to.”

“I was thinking…” he added, quieter now. “If you’re feeling up for it, maybe we could go out later. Walk a little. Maybe get some yo-chi? That place you like. I know they just restocked the matcha flavor.”

Felix bit the inside of his cheek. He hated this. Hated the way he’d acted earlier. The way he snapped. The way he pushed Hyunjin away like he was the enemy when all he’d ever done was love him too much.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered finally. His voice cracked, barely audible. “About earlier. I didn’t mean to—”

Hyunjin shook his head gently. “Don’t apologise, love,” he said. “You were upset. You’re allowed to be.”

“But I—”

“I love you. That’s what matters.”

Felix’s throat tightened. His fingers curled slightly in the blanket, heart squeezing in his chest like a fist.

“I still feel like a shit boyfriend though,” He turned toward Hyunjin and leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. “Can you forgive me?”

Hyunjin’s smile faltered, just for a split second. His breath caught.

Then he kissed him. On the mouth.

Slow.

Delicate.

But it didn’t stay delicate.

His hand came up, fingers grazing Felix’s jaw, tilting his face just slightly as he deepened the kiss. his lips parting, tongue sliding, careful and hungry all at once.

Felix inhaled softly, letting himself fall back onto the pillows as Hyunjin climbed on top, pressing closer.

The air turned warmer. The kiss turned messier.

Hyunjin shifted, now on top of him, one hand set beside Felix’s head while the other caressed down his waist, thumb circling over the soft fabric of his shirt.

Then came the neck.

Open-mouthed kisses. Slow licks. A gentle bite.

Felix whimpered lightly, smiling against Hyunjin’s shoulder.

“Hyun…” he breathed, voice already a little dazed. “Are we getting yo-chi or not?”

That made Hyunjin stop. His lips hovered over Felix’s collarbone, breath heavy. Then he laughed quietly, nose brushing against

Felix’s throat.

He leaned up slowly, resting his weight on his forearms, hovering above his boyfriend.

But god. The sight.

Felix’s cheeks were pink, his lips kiss-swollen and glistening. His eyes doe, glossy with warmth. His hair splayed across the pillow like fallen silk.

Hyunjin stared.

Unmoving.

“Something wrong, Hyun?” felix asked, voice soft.

Hyunjin shook his head slowly, eyes still devouring him.

“No,” he whispered. “You’re just so beautiful.”

Felix blinked, and then smiled, small and soft.

Hyunjin lowered himself again, but instead of kissing him, he wrapped his arms tightly around him. Pressed his face into Felix’s neck. Breathed in deep.

“I love you so much,” he whispered.

Chapter 11: Fancy wine

Chapter Text

8:02 PM.

The city was glowing.

Neon signs buzzed above stores, casting soft color against the pavement. streetlamps stretched their golden hues over the sidewalks. cars murmured by, and distant laughter echoed from some local vip lounges.

And right in the middle of it all, Hyunjin and Felix walked together, eating and enjoying their frozen yogurt.

Felix's cheeks were rosy from the wind and maybe the sugar rush. He looked happy. Finally. His voice was livelier, eyes glimmering again as he scooped a chunk of lychee yogurt topped with rainbow mochi, sprinkles, popping boba, and a single gummy worm that stuck out like a crown.

Hyunjin on the other hand had the plainest cup imaginable. vanilla yogurt with a few protein granola bites, chia seeds and thin almond slices.

"You sure you dont wanna taste some of mine, hyun?" Felix asked between bites, tilting his cup toward him teasingly. "Yours looks so boring."

Hyunjin raised a brow. "Maybe I'm not trying to get diabetes."

Felix stuck his tongue out. "Maybe I don't want you to die from boringnessity."

"That's not a word."

Felix gasped. "Don't dictionary me right now."

Hyunjin smiled as they kept walking—shoulders occasionally bumping, the city lights reflecting off glass shop windows beside them.

just as they passed a cozy corner block, Felix's eyes widened.

"Wait—!" he pointed. "Isn't that the shop that sells that fancy high-quality white wine?"

Hyunjin immediately glanced at him. "Lix—"

Felix clutched his arm, eyes sparkling. "Hyun… maybe pretty pretty please go there? I'm just gonna look."

"You say that," Hyunjin murmured, "but if we go in there, we'll be walking out with four bottles."

Felix scoffed dramatically. "We can just get one. Please, Hyun?"

"I don't want to spend seventy bucks on some fancy wine only for you to ditch the bottle halfway," Hyunjin said, flicking a spoonful of vanilla into his mouth.

"Hey! You know I finish the bottle every time!" Felix claimed.

Hyunjin deadpanned. "Exactly."

Felix bumped him with his shoulder. "Please babe? please please?"

Hyunjin sighed, the kind of sigh that meant he was already giving in. "Love, I would… but we both know we have work tomorrow."

Felix leaned in closer, eyes pleading. "Cmon, I won't drink any tonight. i just want to… have it."

"…That makes no sense," Hyunjin muttered. "Don't act like you won't try to steal a sip when I'm asleep either."

"If you weren't so restrictive I wouldn't have to!" Felix countered.

Hyunjin paused mid-step. Looked him in the eyes.

"…You promise? Only one glass?"

Felix pressed a hand to his chest like a knight making a sacred vow. “Yes. I swear. Please please, hyunjin?”

Another sigh.

“…Alright. Fine.”

Felix squealed with glee and threw his arms around him right in the middle of the sidewalk. “You’re the best ever—literally best boyfriend in the entire fuc—”

“Okay okay okay stop screaming, people are staring,” Hyunjin whispered, tugging him off playfully.

They walked the rest of the way to the wine shop hand in hand, Felix humming some stupid little tune under his breath, still occasionally bouncing on his feet like an overexcited puppy.

The soft chime of the bell rang as the glass door swung open.

A wave of warmth greeted them, gentle and oaky.m the walls were lined with rows and rows of glass bottles, each one shimmering.

Hyunjin reached over, brushing a hand along Felix’s lower back. He murmured sweetly. “I’ll be right back angel, think I drank too much tea earlier.”

Felix nodded as Hyunjin kissed his temple before disappearing behind the corner where the bathrooms were tucked away.

Felix wandered further in, eyes sparkling at the rows of fancy labels and golden foil caps. His fingers ghosted over a bottle marked Maréchal Pommard 2015, its tag reading $119.99. His face lit up.

But just as he reached up to grab it,

“Mr. Lee?”

The voice caught him off guard.

Felix blinked and turned slowly and there he was.

Bang Chan.

Dressed casually—black crewneck, clean jeans, a long coat. His nose was faintly pink, and he sniffled once.

But still he smiled. And it was the kind of smile that could melt through bone. Very warm and comforting.

“Ah—! Mr. Bang—!” Felix blurted, cheeks instantly subtly flushing as he lowered the bottle.

Chan held a palm up. “Please. Just call me Chan. We’re not at work now, are we?”

Felix laughed lightly, shifting awkwardly on his feet. “Right. yeah. of course.”

Chan tilted his head. “Didn’t expect to see you here. Shopping for something fancy?”

“Ah, uh… yeah,” Felix rubbed the back of his neck. “Just… something light. yknow, for the night.”

Chan smiled deeper. “Something light? That bottle you just picked is a sixteen-percent sledgehammer.”

Felix let out a breathy laugh. “Guess I have a taste for suffering.”

Chan chuckled, then sniffled again, wiping under his nose. “Man. This cold’s kicking my ass.”

Felix’s brows furrowed. “Ah are you okay? Work was cancelled today cause they said you were sick.”

Chan shrugged. “Yeah. Just a little cold. Nothing dramatic. I took the day to rest. figured some red wine wouldn’t hurt. Kills bacteria, right?”

Felix raised an eyebrow. “Pretty sure that’s not how medicine works.”

Chan smiled. “Maybe. But it helps me sleep.”

For a second, there was a beat of silence. Not awkward though.

Chan’s eyes scanned Felix’s face.

“You look good,” he said softly, almost absently. “Relaxed.”

Felix’s ears turned pink. He tried not to stammer his words. “Ah, thanks. you too.”

Chan’s lips quirked. “Hope I didn’t freak you out, showing up suddenly like this.”

“No no not at all,” Felix rushed to say. “I just didn’t expect to run into my boss while shopping for wine, yknow?”

Chan chuckled. “We live in a small world, haha.”

His gaze flicked to Felix’s hands—then his eyes narrowed slightly.

Chan’s gaze flicked toward a shelf near the far corner, then back to Felix.

“I’m actually trying to find an Australian red tonight,” he said with a sheepish smile. “Can’t seem to find any though, haha.”

Felix blinked, brows rising. “Australian? You from there?”

Chan nodded. “Yep. Raised in Sydney, actually.”

“No way,” Felix said, his voice rising a touch. “You’re from Sydney? Me too.”

Chan tilted his head, interested. “Seriously?? Which part?”

Felix smiled, then casually switched to english—an instinctive shift. “Grew up in Seven Hills. Then moved around a little. you?”

Chan blinked in surprise, then let out a soft laugh, switching to english too. His accent felt more natural now. “No way. I lived like 30 minutes away. Strathfield.”

Felix let out a quiet gasp, eyes lighting up. “Dude I remember forcing my mum to take me to Strathfield Plaza. The churros there were elite.”

Chan’s smile turned into a soft grin. “What I said! Freshly fried and everything. Don’t even get me started on the bubble tea.”

“Exactly! I always hated the Westfields ones, though. They always tasted too watery.”

Chan winced with a playful hand over his heart. “Aw, I loved the westfields ones though haha.”

Felix shrugged teasingly. “I mean—no offence. everyone’s got their preferences.”

“Right. But…” Chan leaned in a little, voice pretend serious. “Disliking vegemite? That’s an illegal preference.”

Felix cracked up, hand to his chest. “I could never. vegemite was the best on those croissants from Costco.”

“You’re so real for that,” Chan laughed. “though.. have you ever tried it on TimTams?”

Felix recoiled. “What kind of cursed combination is that?”

Chan lifted a brow. “Hey, it’s actually pretty good. Salty and sweet.”

Felix narrowed his eyes. “I’ll skip on that thanks. Oh my god—remember when a single TimTam cost like a dollar at those cursed canteens?”

Chan groaned. “Seriously? Ours was three dollars for two. I remember I always got those blue thingys that made your tongue change colour. they were like fifty cents.”

Felix snapped his fingers. “I loved those. They were so sour, oh my god.”

Chan chuckled, eyes crinkling. “Wait—do you remember Itsy Bitsy Spider?”

“Stop. Do not remind me. We had to do that for our fricking kindergarten assembly. I had to dress like a bug.”

“Don’t even—” Chan nearly choked over laughing. “It’s actually kinda refreshing, yknow. Talking to someone who knows home.”

Felix nodded, his smile softening. “Yeah I’ve literally not met a single aussie here in seoul. Felt like I left a whole lifetime behind.”

“Literally,” Chan murmured, “Maybe we can swap numbers? Catch up again later?”

Felix hesitated for a beat, then he looked up, gave a small smile.

“Sure.”

Chapter 12: Sensitive

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Drugging & drug use (used for drugged sex)

Chapter Text

Chan chuckled lightly as he unlocked his phone and held it out. "Here—go ahead."

Felix smiled, taking the phone gently. His fingers danced across the screen as he added his number, typing quickly and saving it with a little star emoji at the end. He hesitated only for a second before handing it back.

Chan was mid sentence—"Thanks, I'll shoot you a text later—" when a voice cut in.

"Did you find one yet, angel?"

Felix turned, eyes widening just slightly as Hyunjin appeared behind him. His expression was calm—pleasant, even.

He slipped an arm around Felix's waist like it was second nature, pulling him close.

Felix blinked, caught off guard. "Ah—Hyun, you're back."

Hyunjin smiled at Chan, warm and polite. "And who might you be?"

Chan blinked, just as surprised. "Oh—sorry. I'm Chan. Felix's new manager."

Hyunjin tilted his head slightly, still smiling sweetly. "I know,"

There was a pause.

"Pardon?" Chan asked, his brows pulling together slightly.

"Ah, nothing. Just a guess."

Another beat of silence passed before Felix cleared his throat softly. "Chan just ran into me here. small world huh?"

"Very small," Hyunjin murmured, finally dropping his gaze from Chan. His hand rubbed slowly over Felix's hip. Gentle, possessive.

Chan gave a polite nod, smiling faintly. "Well, I'll get going then. Don't want to keep you both. It was nice seeing you again, Felix."

"You too," Felix replied with a polite little nod.

Hyunjin added, "Get well soon, Mr."

Chan gave one last smile and a slight wave before turning around the corner and disappeared behind the shelves.

The moment he was gone, Hyunjin's grip around Felix didn't ease.

"Did you have fun talking to him?" Hyunjin asked softly.

Felix raised a brow, chuckling. "He just said hi, Hyun."

"Mmh." Hyunjin's lips brushed against the shell of Felix's ear. "You looked really happy."

"Well, yeah. were both from sydney, that's all. it was funny."

"Right. Funny."

Hyunjin inhaled slowly through his nose, blinking once—then twice—before snapping himself out of it.

"Did you pick one you liked, love?"

Felix hesitated, then glanced back at the shelves behind them. "Yeah—actually, two. They both looked kinda good and... you know how I am."

Hyunjin nodded. "Of course." He stepped forward, hand slipping

away from Felix's waist and reaching for the bottles. "Which ones?"

Felix pointed them out. Hyunjin inspected the labels with quiet focus. "A white burgundy and a sweet dessert wine," he murmured. Then glanced at the price tags. "Ah. Fancy taste tonight, angel."

Felix gave a sheepish smile. "We said one, I know. But—"
Hyunjin smiled gently. "No, it's fine. If it makes you happy, then it's worth it."

They moved to the counter together. the register beeped as the clerk scanned both bottles, wrapping them in that fancy soft paper with golden detailing.

"Four-hundred and thirty-eight dollars total," the cashier said.

Felix winced with a playful hiss.

Hyunjin just chuckled, pulling his wallet out and tapping his card without hesitation. "Don't worry, baby. Just make sure you enjoy it."

Felix looked up at him—eyes soft, guilt flickering behind them for just a second. "Thank you, Hyun."

Hyunjin leaned in, brushing a small kiss against his temple. "Anything for you."

They stepped out into the cold night. The city glowed around them —streetlights flickering gold, soft wind brushing through Felix's hair, buildings dressed in neon from nearby cafés and signs.

Felix clutched the small wine bag in one hand. The other intertwined with Hyunjin's.

Hyunjin didn't speak.

He just watched.

It didn't matter that something was still clawing beneath Hyunjin's ribs. That something about chan's presence still ached behind his eyes.

Because right now?

Felix looked happy.

And that was all that mattered. Atleast to him.

-

Back in their cozy apartment, the quiet hum of the K-drama filled the room like a gentle blanket. Felix rested his head against Hyunjin's chest, the steady beat of his heart a calming rhythm beneath him.

Their legs were tangled, Hyunjin's fingers tracing lazy patterns on felix's back.

The glow from the TV painted soft shadows on their faces, warm and golden.

Hyunjin's voice broke the comfortable silence. but there was something different in it. something hesitant, almost fragile. "Angel... you're not going to leave me, right?"

Felix blinked, pulling back slightly to look up at him with a teasing grin. "Why are you suddenly asking that, Hyun? What? all pouty because I just talked to another guy?"

Hyunjin's fingers tensed just a bit as he tucked a stray lock of hair behind Felix's ear. "I don't know," he admitted quietly. "I guess... sometimes I worry. you know, about us."

Felix's smile softened. His thumb traced Hyunjin's jawline. "Hyun... I'm not going anywhere. stop being such a drama queen."

He leaned in, lips brushing over Hyunjin's in a soft kiss... that quickly deepened, warm and urgent. First, it was their lips mushing together, then their tongues mingling together.

Felix shifted, sliding onto Hyunjin's lap, chest pressed to chest, the heat between them sparking instantly.

His hands roamed, fingertips teasing beneath Hyunjin's shirt, while Hyunjin's arms slid under Felix's, exploring the bare skin, his touch hungry yet gentle.

Felix's hips moved deliberately, grinding softly against Hyunjin's growing arousal.

But just as things heated, Hyunjin pulled back, breathing a little faster.

He pressed a finger to Felix's lips, smirking subtly. "Shouldn't we treat ourselves to some wine first, hm?"

Felix laughed breathlessly. "You're such a tease, hyun."

He slid back onto the couch with a soft sigh, the plush cushions embracing him as Hyunjin rose smoothly. The faint scent of Hyunjin's cologne lingered in the air, mixing with the cozy warmth of the apartment. "I'll be right back," he said.

Hyunjin's bare feet padded quietly across the wooden floor as he headed toward the kitchen.

Left alone in the glow of the TV's flickering light, Felix's fingers quickly snatched up his phone from the coffee table. His thumb swiped up without hesitation, flipping on 'Do Not Disturb'. He tilted the screen up, inspecting his reflection in the front camera. his fingers smoothed a strand of hair away from his eyes, lips quirking into a small satisfied smile.

Meanwhile, Hyunjin had already reached the kitchen cabinets. His hands pulled out the wine bottle they'd picked earlier—a dark glass wrapped in a luxurious red ribbon, the golden cursive letters glinting. the cap twisted off with a satisfying pop that echoed softly in the quiet room.

From a nearby cabinet, Hyunjin retrieved two delicate wine glasses, setting them side by side on the counter. He hummed a low melody,

the sound drifting faintly from his lips as he carefully poured the deep red liquid, filling each glass to the brim.

But just before turning to leave, hyunjins hand paused, drifting toward the drawers. He pulled one open, grabbing a small green box labeled 'Panadol.' He flipped the lid back, then withdrew a slender white tube that was no longer than his pinky finger. what was inside? fine white powder. a drug.

His fingers popped the cap open, tilting the tube over and pouring in a reasonable amount. He retrieved a fork from the drawer and stirred slowly.

Satisfied, he made sure to rinse the fork, then picked up the two glasses. Returning to the living room, Hyunjin's smile softened.

"Here, angel," he said, extending the glass toward Felix, who was sitting cross-legged.

Felix reached out happily, setting his phone aside. "Okay wait—let's drink at the same time," he said playfully, raising a finger as a silent countdown.

Hyunjin chuckled as he sat himself down beside his boyfriend.

"One... two... three."

Their lips met the edge of the glass, and Felix squinted slightly.

"Mm, sweet, with a bitter aftertaste," Hyunjin murmured, swallowing smoothly, eyes never leaving Felix's.

Felix's brow furrowed in surprise, then he muttered, "Ack—shit, that's strong," licking his lips.

Hyunjin's smirk deepened. "Good. It should be."

Felix took another sip, along with Hyunjin. "It's good, though, isn't it?" Hyunjin's voice dropped, his hand sliding casually onto Felix's thigh.

Felix's lips parted in a grin. "Too bitter for me, but I'm not

complaining. It's the getting drunk part that really matters."

He sank deeper into the couch, stretching his arms above his head lazily before curling back into the cushions. He set his wine glass on the table beside them with a quiet clink, his body starting to feel warm—loose in some places, tight in others. A strange but pleasant haze settled over him, like the edge of a dream.

Beside him, Hyunjin let out a low hum, his voice a velvet whisper. "You look so fucking sexy tonight."

Felix turned his head slowly, cocking an eyebrow with a lazy smirk. "What's that? Trying to get me going already?"

Hyunjin chuckled, eyes tracing every inch of him. "Aren't we already there? I'm just admiring what's mine."

Felix opened his mouth to fire back another tease—but suddenly paused. a strange weight settled in his chest. Not painful, but... thick. His breath hitched slightly.

Hyunjin noticed. "Something wrong, love?"

Felix blinked, then forced a grin back onto his face, brushing it off. "Nope. just..." His voice dropped. "Just horny now."

Hyunjin's pupils dilated, his smile darkening like ink in water. "If you're that worked up then kiss me."

Felix bit down on his lip lightly and pushed himself up onto his knees, moving closer until their faces were inches apart. Their breaths mingled, lips nearly touching.

"I'm not that desperate," he whispered, "so you kiss me first."

Hyunjin's smile twisted into something dark. "Not desperate, huh?" he echoed. In one smooth motion, his hand slid around Felix's waist, pulling him in while the other slithered up under his shirt—cold fingers against heated skin.

"We'll see what it takes to change that."

Before Felix could quip back, his breath caught in his throat. Hyunjin's fingers found a nipple and pinched—lightly at first, then harder. felix gasped, eyes fluttering shut, chest arching slightly.

He shouldn't be this sensitive. Not this fast.

"A-Ah... Hyun—" he panted, hips twitching slightly in the air, trying to relieve the tension building in his stomach.

Hyunjin wasted no time. He shifted beneath felix, maneuvering them until felix straddled him completely. Now leaning back against the couch, Hyunjin let Felix settle on top—one of Felix's knees pressing against his crotch.

Then Hyunjin's mouth found Felix's chest.

His lips grazed the skin, soft and almost gentle, but it was his tongue that made Felix shiver. One hand played with his right nipple, twisting and tugging gently, while his mouth latched onto the left, tongue flicking, teeth grazing.

Felix whimpered, head falling back. His breath came faster, shallow now.

"You smell so good," Hyunjin murmured against his skin.

Felix's thighs trembled slightly, and he leaned forward, clinging to Hyunjin's shoulders. He couldn't explain it—this flood of arousal wasn't normal. It was too fast, too strong, too much.

Was it just the wine?

Before Felix could even register it, Hyunjin's hand was already making its way down—fingertips gliding down the smooth expanse of Felix's chest, dragging over his stomach, until they slipped just beneath the waistband of his pants. A shiver shot up Felix's spine, his breath catching in his throat.

But then—just as quickly—Hyunjin's hand retreated.

Felix let out a frustrated gasp, hips twitching forward instinctively. "Hyunjin—" he breathed, voice breaking. "Ngh, please—"

Hyunjin let out a low hum, clearly amused. His hand slid down Felix's thigh before curling around to firmly grip his ass, fingers kneading deeply. "Please what, baby?" he asked against Felix's chest, his lips still wrapped around a sensitive nipple.

The teasing flicks of Hyunjin's tongue never stopped—steady, wet, cruelly slow.

Felix moaned, his fingers digging into Hyunjin's shoulders. "Please... touch me..."

Hyunjin chuckled darkly, hand continuing its exploration—palming, squeezing, spreading Felix open over his lap.

Then, his index finger trailed lower, slipping between the curve of his cheeks. It traced right between, teasing the fabric that stretched over his hole. He pressed, just enough for Felix to feel it.

Felix's back arched with a sharp gasp. "Nghhh—hyun—" he whimpered, his entire body trembling now, nerves on fire. His thighs tried to close around Hyunjin's waist, but the other only held him tighter.

"Right here?" Hyunjin murmured, voice sinfully soft as his fingertip circled slowly, applying the faintest pressure. "Is this where you want me?"

Felix choked on a moan, eyes glossy and half-lidded, head lolling slightly. "Y-Yeah... I want it..."

Hyunjin smirked, his voice turning to velvet. "Mm... say it better, love."

Felix bit his lip hard, swallowing down the desperate heat rising in his throat. His body felt too warm—his skin sensitive, his mind hazy.

"I want you to touch me," he whispered, voice breathy. "I need it... please."

Hyunjin leaned up, capturing the boys lips in a slow kiss—tongue sliding against his with a possessive hunger. His finger was still circling Felix's hole, pushing just a little harder through the thin fabric.

"If you really want it," Hyunjin murmured against Felix's skin, "then you'll have to answer my question first."

Felix let out a whiny breath, frustration bubbling in his throat. His knee pressed harder against Hyunjin's crotch, earning a quiet groan from the other. "What question?" he panted, not even trying to hide how wrecked he already sounded.

Hyunjin's lips curled, "Tell me what time it is."

Felix blinked, his brows furrowing. "Huh? What kinda—what?" he slurred a little, chest rising and falling quickly.

Hyunjin only chuckled, brushing his nose along Felix's collarbone. "Just turn your head, angel. Look behind you. There's a clock on the wall. Read it out loud for me."

Still panting, Felix hesitated. The fog in his mind was thick but his body was burning with need, every touch from Hyunjin making him melt further into desperation.

He didn't argue. didnt even ask why.

He turned his head slowly, eyes landing on the wall behind them. as he stared, a clock came into focus. his blurry eyes squinted.

"Nine... fifteen," Felix breathed out.

Hyunjin's smirk widened—sharp, wicked, pleased. "Good,"

The thing was... there was no clock. just an empty wall.

But Felix didn't realise. because the drug was working.

Chapter 13: Scars

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Drugged sex, rape, erotic asphyxation, dacryphilia, non-con, dub-con, rough sex, manipulation, passing out (during sex), and self harm mentions.

Chapter Text

Suddenly, Hyunjin's grip tightened.

His hand slid up Felix's torso smoothly and before Felix could react, Hyunjin's fingers wrapped loosely but firmly around his nape. his grip forced Felix's head down, their faces inches apart.

"Do you like him?" Hyunjin whispered, voice barely soft now.

Felix's breath hitched, a gasp escaping him at the sudden shift. But still his hips twitched forward—his body still aching for every bit of contact. "what are you saying hyun—" he stammered.

"The man," Hyunjin interrupted, his tone darker now. "The one at the alcohol shop. Do you like him?"

Before Felix could even process the question, Hyunjin's other hand was already slipping under his waistband, warm fingers sliding over overheated skin. He moved slowly, dragging his touch downward until he reached Felix's twitching hole, slick with sweat.

Then—he pressed.

Hard.

Felix let out a loud broken moan, his thighs trembling around Hyunjin. He was barely holding himself upright now, arms shaking as his body rocked forward instinctively. He felt like he was burning up from the inside out.

"H-Hyun—ah, I can't—please, I just—" he stammered through a needy whimper, hips jerking forward, trying to push onto hyunjin's touch.

But Hyunjin didn't give in.

His voice dropped into a near growl. "You didn't answer my question. I saw the way you looked at him."

Felix shook his head frantically, tears prickling at the corners of his eyes—not from sadness, but from how overstimulated and helpless he felt. "I didn't—I wasn't—I didn't do anything, I swear—"

"Then prove it," Hyunjin said flatly.

He pushed in—just the tip of his finger.

Felix barely held in his scream.

His back arched, eyes wide and glassy, lips parted. His hole clenched around Hyunjin's finger like it was starved.

Hyunjin watched him. "only I get to see you like this," he whispered.

Felix could only nod, eyes rolling back.

Before he could let out another desperate plea, Hyunjin gave no warning—his finger sank in all the way, to the knuckle, burying itself inside Felix's tight, spasming heat.

Felix choked on a cry, his entire body jolting forward as his arms snaked around Hyunjin's neck, clinging like a lifeline. His face buried into Hyunjin's shoulder, muffling the moans that poured out of him like they couldn't be stopped. "Nghh—! A-Ah—H-Hyun—!"

Hyunjin only smirked, pressing a kiss to the side of Felix's flushed cheek as he curled his finger deep inside, dragging it deliberately along that sweet spot that made Felix's legs tremble.

"Sensitive already?" Hyunjin whispered, voice like smoke. "You're clenching like you're about to cum from a finger, baby."

Felix couldn't respond—not in any real words. His hips were moving on their own now, rocking, grinding, chasing every bit of friction, every curl of Hyunjin's finger with frantic desperation. His entire body was sweating, his hair sticking to his forehead as he gasped for breath.

Then Hyunjin started thrusting his finger. Fast and deep.

Felix's head flew back, exposing the curve of his throat as he arched like a bow. His moans weren't even moans anymore, they were breathless cries. "Ah-ah–ah—f-fuck—Hyun—please!"

The pressure in his gut was unbearable. His thighs were shaking, his toes curling into the cushions beneath them.

Hyunjin was watching. "Such a good boy for me, hm, Lix?" he murmured.

Then, slowly he added a second finger.

Felix sobbed into Hyunjin's shoulder, shaking, overwhelmed, dizzy. "T-Too much—can't—ah fuck—I can't—!"

"Yes you can," Hyunjin breathed against his ear, fingers pushing deeper. "You're doing so well. You're taking it so fucking well for me, angel."

Felix was trembling—legs spread wide over Hyunjin's lap, hips twitching with every thrust of those two fingers. His skin burned, heart pounding so hard it echoed in his ears. He couldn't breathe properly. Couldn't think. Could barely see.

His fingers slid down Hyunjin's chest. then lower. down to his waistband. His hand dipped in.

felix's palm found Hyunjin's cock through his sweats—hot, hard, throbbing. He instinctively began to rub over the bulge. Slow at first, dragging his fingers along the length, pressing in just enough to make Hyunjin hiss softly.

"Ah—fuck..." Hyunjin exhaled, hips twitching slightly at the contact. He tilted his head back against the couch for a moment, just to feel it. "You really are desperate, huh?"

Felix let out a broken whimper. He could barely keep his head up, but his hand kept moving—stroking, squeezing, pressing his thumb right over the leaking tip through the fabric.

"I-I want it," Felix whispered, lips brushing against Hyunjin's jaw. "Want you. Wanna feel it—please..."

Hyunjin looked up at him. This trembling, glassy-eyed mess in his lap, fucking himself on his fingers while rubbing Hyunjin's cock like his life depended on it. It was pathetic. And it was beautiful.

"You don't even know what you're begging for," he said darkly, voice dripping in lust. "You're so gone, angel. Look at you—just touching anything you can get your hands on like a needy little slut."

Felix nodded. he couldnt care anymore, he just wanted it.

His hand pressed harder against Hyunjin's cock, feeling the twitch beneath the fabric.

He was babbling now—nonsense between moans. "Please, i want it, I'll be good, I'll take it—I promise, Hyun—p-please, I need you inside—"

Hyunjin leaned forward, lips brushing Felix's ear as he whispered:

"Then take it out yourself."

Hyunjin's fingers pulled back slowly, sliding out of Felix with a teasing slowness that made Felix's whole body shudder in protest.

"Ah—no—" Felix whimpered, hips jerking instinctively.

Without thinking, his trembling hands fumbled at Hyunjin's waistband, fingers shaking as they tried to undo the button of his pants. But his fingers were useless. His breath hitched, ragged and uneven.

He tried again, panic bubbling up in his chest.

"No—fuck—" Felix hissed, biting his lip so hard it tasted like blood. His vision blurred, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, threatening to spill over.

It was utterly pathetic. Crying because you couldn't have sex? Because you couldn't unbutton pants?

But the tears came anyway.

A sob ripped through his chest before he could stop it, warm tears spilling down his cheeks as his fingers slipped again and again, failing to undo Hyunjin's zipper.

Hyunjin's gaze darkened as he watched Felix crumble before him—the raw desperation, the helplessness, the vulnerability and shame.

Slowly, Hyunjin reached out and lifted Felix's chin, his thumb brushing gently against the wet on his cheeks.

"If you're going to cry for me, do it properly." Hyunjin muttered.

Felix's breath stuttered. he swallowed hard, trembling under the weight of Hyunjin's intense stare, heart pounding so loud it felt like it might burst.

Hyunjin's hand cupped the side of Felix's face, fingers tracing the curve of his jaw as if memorising every trembling inch.

"I'll take care of you properly," Hyunjin promised, voice husky. "Every single tear... every broken piece of you.."

Felix hiccupped, lips parting as fresh tears spilled over. His sobs were soft but desperate, shaking his whole body as he leaned into Hyunjin's touch.

Hyunjin's arousal visibly thickened, darkening his eyes further. The sight of Felix so utterly undone—so exposed, so needy—was like a drug all on its own.

He pressed a kiss to Felix's temple, whispering, "Crying for me like

this—fuck, angel, it's making me so fucking hard."

Felix's hands stopped fumbling for a moment, fingers curling in Hyunjin's shirt as he pressed closer, seeking comfort and dominance all at once.

Hyunjin's lips trailed down to the curve of Felix's neck, biting lightly, sucking bruises into the soft skin.

He didn't rush. His hands moved slowly as he slid Felix's shirt up and over his trembling frame, revealing more flushed skin to the warm air. Felix let him, his breath hiccuping softly. he melted into the attention, head spinning.

Hyunjin's fingers slipped down next, working at the waistband of Felix's pants with ease. He peeled the fabric down inch by inch, revealing smooth thighs, quivering with tension, and the soaked outline of Felix's ruined underwear.

Once Felix was completely bare, Hyunjin finally tugged his own long-sleeved shirt over his head and tossed it to the side.

That's when Felix's heart stopped.

Because there—etched across Hyunjin's pale skin—were scars.

Dozens of them.

Some thin and faded, others deep and angry, still healing.

Some looked recent.

Across his forearms, down his wrists.

Felix's breath paused sharply. "Hyun—what...?" he started, voice barely a whisper, thick with disbelief. "What-what—when did you —?"

But Hyunjin didn't answer. he didn't even look him in the eye.

Instead, he leaned down and kissed Felix's chest—soft at first, lips barely brushing the skin.

Felix tried to sit up, but Hyunjin's mouth moved again. tongue dragging wetly along Felix's collar bones, biting lightly at his ribs, worshipping every inch like it would disappear if he didn't claim it.

"Hyunjin—please—ah-" felix whispered, voice trembling. He wasn't sure if it was from arousal or worry or something in between. "Talk to me–"

But Hyunjin only looked up at him then, finally. his eyes dark, unreadable, hungry.

And he whispered, "Not now."

Then his mouth closed around Felix's nipple again, hot tongue flicking against it mercilessly.

Felix cried out, hips bucking, brain short-circuiting.

His body betrayed him—soaked in concern, soaked in arousal, soaked in want. His hands gripped Hyunjin's arms without thinking, thumbs brushing those fresh wounds, and Hyunjin still didn't flinch.

He just kept kissing, licking, biting.

Felix whimpered beneath Hyunjin's touch, the heat of his mouth dragging over sensitive skin like fire, but his mind was still spinning. Still stuck on what he saw—those scars.

"Hyun—" he breathed again, fingers threading into Hyunjin's dark hair, tugging gently. "Please–when did you–"

No answer.

Only Hyunjin's tongue sucking harder on skin.

Felix tried again, voice cracking. "Why–why didn't you tell me? H-Hyun, I—"

But in a sudden blur quick motion, hyunjin moved.

He flipped Felix effortlessly, twisting body until he was on his knees. spread wide, chest pressed to the couch cushions. Felix

gasped at the sudden shift, his arms trembling as he tried to hold himself up, his face flushed and panicked.

"H-Hyunjin—!"

But Hyunjin still said nothing.

Because what was in front of him now had completely stolen his focus.

Felix's. On all fours, spread. His hole—still red, still twitching from the relentless fingering earlier—was on full display. wet. spasming like it was begging to be filled.

Hyunjin's jaw clenched.

He reached down and spat, a thick strand of saliva hitting Felix's hole with a slick sound that made Felix jolt.

Then Hyunjin used two fingers to spread it—rubbing the spit in slow circles, watching how Felix twitched beneath the touch. He pushed the slick around, teasing the rim, coating it generously with the kind of attention that felt more like ownership than preparation.

Felix let out a helpless moan, burying his face into the couch.

"Y-You're ignoring me," he whispered. "Why won't you answer—"

Behind him, he heard the click of Hyunjin's zipper.

Hyunjin tugged his pants down just enough to free himself—his cock hard and already dripping at the tip. He wrapped a fist around it, letting out a ragged breath as he began to stroke, eyes glued to the trembling pink entrance in front of him.

Felix whimpered, thighs squeezing inward, but Hyunjin's hands pushed them open again. wider.

"Stop—ignoring—me," Felix choked out, voice half-broken, half-pleading. But his hips were pushing back, trembling from need. "Please, just—"

Hyunjin leaned over him then, his chest flush to Felix's back, his cock hot and heavy, nudging against the soaked entrance he'd been teasing for so long.

He finally thrusted forward.

In one merciless push, his cock sank into Felix's twitching hole—stretching him wide, filling him completely. The pressure knocked the air from Felix's lungs. His mouth dropped open, but no sound came out—just a breathless gasp.

"F-Fuck—Hyun—ngh—"
Words dissolved into moans. Felix's arms gave out already.

He collapsed forward, chest pressed to the couch cushions, back arched so deeply it almost hurt. His thighs trembled violently, trying to stay open as Hyunjin grabbed onto his hips and pulled back—

Then slammed in again.

Hard.

The sound of skin slapping echoed off the walls.

Felix screamed. His body was reacting on its own—rocking back, clenching down, whining.

His mind was a blur. His tongue couldn't form words.

"A-ah-ah–ah—fuck—please—" he sobbed, tears leaking out again, fists punching weakly at the couch cushions. "Don't—don't stop—no–wait—fuck—"

He didn't even know what he was begging for. Stop? Don't stop?

His body was numb and burning all at once every time Hyunjin's cock slammed into him. His eyes rolled back into his skull, mouth open as he choked out gasps.

"Fuck, angel," Hyunjin grunted from behind, voice hoarse. "You're taking me so deep—you hear that?

Felix moaned helplessly, drooling into the cushions, fingers twitching like he couldn't control them anymore.

"Fucking soaked. Dripping. God, you were made for this." Hyunjin continued.

His gripped Felix's hips tighter, digging light bruises into Felix's skin as he fucked into him now—too rough, too fast, too deep.

Felix sobbed again. His back curved, toes curling, his own cock throbbing uncontrollably. uncomfortably.

"C-Can't—ah—Hyun—ngh—can't—" he whimpered.

But Hyunjin didn't slow.

Felix's cries were loud now. His throat was wrecked—scraping with every sob as he trembled beneath Hyunjin's unrelenting thrusts.

His body shook like a leaf, soaked in sweat and tears. He couldn't hold himself up anymore. couldn't breathe. couldn't think.

All he could do was cry.

"P-Please—ngh–Hyun—ah–please stop-" he sobbed, voice hoarse, barely audible between his gasping moans. "Hurts—I can't—can't take an-anymore—!"

Hyunjin's hips kept slamming forward, driving himself deeper, harder, like he couldn't physically let go. His grip on Felix's hips was brutal—his thumbs digging crescent marks into soft skin, holding him still like prey.

Then he leaned down again, lips brushing Felix's ear, breath hot and heavy.

"You can do this for me," he whispered, voice dangerously gentle. "I know you can. My pretty angel... you're strong."

Felix sobbed louder, hiccuping as more tears spilled down his cheeks, mixing with drool that soaked into the cushion beneath him.

"I-It's too mu-much," he whispered, barely audible.

Hyunjin kissed the back of his neck, then dragged his tongue down the dip of his spine, never breaking rhythm. "But you love me, don't you?" he said softly. "You love me."

Felix nodded helplessly, even as more broken cries spilled from his lips.

"Ye-yes... yes—I love you—I love—please..."

"I know you do," Hyunjin murmured, thrusts slowing just enough to be mean, pausing just at the base before slamming back in.

He kept whispering, over and over, like a lullaby meant to soothe and break him all at once.

"You're doing so well."
"You're so perfect like this."
"You were made for me."
"Take it. I know you can take it."
"For me."

Felix screamed into the pillow, body convulsing as his cock twitched untouched, dripping down his thigh.

Hyunjin licked a tear off Felix's cheek, eyes wild. "Crying for me like that... fuck, it's beautiful."

And then, like he was proving something, he thrust forward hard—burying himself to the deepest point.

Felix let out a strangled moan, biting into the pillow as if it would stop him from crying.

"I love you," Hyunjin breathed, voice tight now. "I'm never letting you go."

Felix could feel it—his body on the verge of collapsing, lungs barely dragging in enough air. He kept crying, kept pleading—

"Hyun—p-please—n-no more—can't—i can't—"

Before he knew it, his eyelids fluttered closed.

Everything went black.

Chapter 14: Safe

Chapter Text

2:03pm.

Felix's eyelashes fluttered open slowly, blinking himself awake. For a moment, everything felt soft. But then he tried to move.

A sharp, deep ache spread through his body, so intense it made him wince immediately. His legs jerked beneath the blankets. His arms felt sore. His throat felt stingy. Even his head felt light.

He sucked in a breath, confused.

His body was completely naked beneath the blanket. clean and warm.

…what happened.

His mind was blank.

Fragments of last night were missing. gone.

The last thing he remembered clearly was wine… and then… heat? Noise? Pain?

Suddenly, from across the room—a familiar voice, gentle and soft.

"Ah, you're awake, angel."

Felix turned his head slowly, his heart jumping a little in his chest. But the sight he saw immediately calmed him.

Hyunjin. standing at the doorway, dressed in soft dark-blue sweats and a long-sleeved black shirt. His hair was slightly messy like he'd been up for hours already. And his smile… It was calm.. safe.

Relief washed over Felix's body like warm water. He didn't even

know why he'd felt so scared.

"…Hyun," he exhaled softly, muscles relaxing. "your here."

"Of course I am," Hyunjin said, stepping inside the room. "You were out cold all morning. I was starting to get worried."

Felix's brows furrowed a little as he tried to sit up—but immediately winced again, groaning under his breath.

Hyunjin was beside him in a second. "Hey—hey, don't push yourself," he said softly, his hand already brushing hair out of Felix's eyes. "Is your body still hurting?"

Felix nodded faintly. "Yeah… everywhere," he admitted, voice raspy.

Hyunjin chuckled, his fingers stroking Felix's cheek with gentle tenderness.

"Well," he said, with a playful smile. "That's because you had the entire bottle of wine last night. I told you to slow down, didnt I?"

Felix blinked. "….what?"

Hyunjin pulled the blanket up gently over Felix's chest, tucking him in a little tighter.

"You were so drunk, angel," he murmured. "Slurring your words. Could barely keep your eyes open. You wouldn't stop touching me either."

He laughed softly, shaking his head like it was all some funny little memory.

"You were barely yourself. The wine was really strong," he whispered, brushing his lips against Felix's forehead. "Don't you remember?"

Felix's heart thudded a little louder. His eyes widened slightly—but only for a second. Because Hyunjin's warmth… his touch… it calmed him.

“...no. I don’t,” Felix murmured, voice small.

Hyunjin smiled. “Mm… it’s fine. You were so gone, it makes sense.”

Felix nodded slowly, as if trying to convince himself it was fine. That this all made sense. His body still hurt—but Hyunjin was here. He was warm. gentle. loving.

“…I didn’t embarrass myself too bad, did I?” Felix asked, almost teasing, almost scared.

Hyunjin chuckled again and kissed his cheek.

“You were fine. I took care of you,” he whispered. “like always.”

-

The soft tick of the clock on the wall was the only sound that filled the bedroom, other than Felix’s faint breaths.

He lay curled under the blanket, muscles still aching with every small movement. The oversized hoodie Hyunjin had slipped over his shoulders earlier hung loosely around him, drowning his small frame in comfort. His legs, now warm in a pair of soft cotton shorts, remained tucked to his chest. His arms wrapped around them, quietly holding himself together.

His hair was a mess, sticking out at odd angles from sleep and sweat, and his lips still felt chapped, like he’d been dehydrated for too long. His throat was sore. His eyelids heavy. But none of that bothered him as much as the pit in his chest—a dull weight, not of fear, but guilt.

His fingers gently rubbed at his forehead.

God. How much had I even drunk?

His own memories were… unreliable. blurry at best, blank at worst.

the wine. the couch. hyunjin's hands—always warm, always gentle.

And then nothing.

Felix let out a shaky sigh, blinking up at the ceiling. His thighs still throbbed slightly, and even lying still made his hips twinge. but somehow… he didn't question it.

Of course he didn't.

He'd never have to question Hyunjin.

He loved Hyunjin. Loved him with the kind of devotion that bent the bones of reason. Hyunjin was his safety. His softness. His fierce, overprotective, frustratingly adoring boyfriend. Hyunjin had always been there for him. Every time Felix got overwhelmed, got burnt out, broke down—Hyunjin was there. Always.

So if last night hurt, it had to be his own fault. He was the one who didn't know his limits. The one who'd had more than a couple glasses. The one who kept flirting, touching, begging—

A small cringe curled through his chest.

God, did I throw myself at him like that?

He rolled over slowly, wincing at the stretch in his lower back. His hand reached for his phone out of instinct, but he stopped halfway. The bright screen felt too loud for now. Instead, he lay there in the dim room, letting the silence press into his chest.

His throat tightened. He hadn't meant to be that gone. He hated the idea of losing control like that. Of being messy. Sloppy. Especially with Hyunjin.

Did I scare him? Did I say something stupid? Cry? Throw up?

He bit his lip hard, blinking back the sting in his eyes.

From the kitchen came the faint clinks of utensils, the sound of a pot being stirred, water simmering softly. Hyunjin was making soup —he had said it so gently, so casually, like this was all normal. Like

it was just another slow, hungover afternoon.

And maybe it was. Maybe that was the point. Felix wanted to believe it.

He turned onto his side, hugging the pillow closer to his chest. The scent of Hyunjin's detergent still clung to the fabric. A warm, clean, earthy smell. Comforting.

Felix shut his eyes tightly.

He probably stayed up all night taking care of me. Cleaned me up. Tucked me in. He must've been worried sick.

And here he was—sulking. Over what? A little pain? A hangover?

Guilt gripped him again, sharp and sudden. He hated making Hyunjin worry. Hated feeling like dead weight.

He promised himself, I'll make it up to him. I'll be better.

Then, almost as if summoned by the thought, footsteps approached the room. Light, careful ones. Felix didn't even lift his head as the door creaked open slightly.

"Love?" came Hyunjin's voice, soft and warm. "You still awake?"

Felix hummed in response, not trusting his voice.

The door opened wider, letting in the soft yellow light from the hallway. Hyunjin stepped in, holding a steaming bowl of soup in both hands, a small towel draped over his arm.

"You're still so warm," he said gently, setting the bowl down on the bedside table before sitting beside him. His hand found Felix's cheek, thumb brushing lightly beneath his eye.

Felix turned into the touch without thinking, eyes still closed. "You didn't have to make soup…"

Hyunjin chuckled softly. "You always say that. And I always do anyway."

Felix cracked open an eye, a faint smile tugging at his lips. “You just keep spoiling me.”

Hyunjin leaned down and pressed a slow, lingering kiss to Felix’s forehead. “That’s the plan.”

There was a pause. Then Felix whispered, almost too quietly to be heard, “I’m sorry…”

Hyunjin blinked. “For what?”

“I… I don’t know. For last night. I must’ve scared you. or embarrassed myself. or ruined the night.”

Hyunjin’s smile softened, but his eyes flickered—just for a second. “You didn’t ruin anything,” he said gently. “You were… you were beautiful. Even like that.”

Felix’s cheeks flushed with warmth.

“I should’ve stopped drinking when you told me to,” he muttered, eyes dropping to the sheets. “I’m just lucky you took care of me.”

Hyunjin reached for the spoon and dipped it into the soup. He blew on it gently, then brought it to Felix’s lips.

“Open,” he said simply.

Felix obeyed without a word, lips parting. The soup was hot, savory, salty—perfect. It soothed the rawness in his throat almost instantly.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

Hyunjin fed him another spoonful, his gaze never leaving Felix’s face.

“You don’t have to thank me,” he said. “You’re mine. I take care of what’s mine.”

Felix smiled softly.

And for a moment, everything felt quiet again. safe.

even if, somewhere deep inside, something was off.

even if the silence held too many gaps.

even if the ache in his body whispered that something didn't add up.

felix didn't listen.

because he trusted hyunjin.

because love made it easy not to ask questions.

because love, when it's loud enough, can drown out the truth.

Chapter 15: Cruelty

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: graphic violence, blood, gore, and animal cruelty.

Chapter Text

Felix sat up slowly after finishing a few more spoonfuls of the soup, the warm broth now settled in his stomach like a heavy stone. Hyunjin had stepped out of the room a minute ago, said he was going to tidy up the dishes then grab some art supplies from the store.

Alone again, Felix reached for his phone. The screen lit up with a wave of unread messages.

Group Chat: seungmin, jeongin, felix

Jeongin: hyung u ok? u dont usually skip work

Seungmin: why weren't you at work today? boss kept asking if you were okay. did you guys fuck already?

Jeongin: seung thats none of our business.
but hyung.. did you seriously fuck already?
boss said 'i tried messaging him'
why does he have your phone number???

Seungmin: theyre fucking. felix ur such a whore.

Felix let out a short dry laugh through his nose, barely there. His fingers hovered above the screen before he started typing.

Felix: can you shut up for a sec?? can't i be sick for a day?? chill out.
and no we didn't. that's just weird. he's old and my boss.
did you literally forget i have a boyfriend???

-

Hyunjin stepped out of the small art store, a neat white paper bag dangling from his fingers, packed with the new brushes he'd been eyeing for weeks. A crisp breeze fluttered through his coat as he adjusted the strap across his shoulder.

He didn't have much planned for the rest of the day. Maybe coffee for himself later. Maybe sketching Felix's side profile. Maybe just watch a movie with Felix.

His boots clicked faintly against the pavement as he walked. He passed the narrow mouth of an alleyway when a sound made him pause.

A sharp, pained meow.

Hyunjin stopped, turning his head slightly.

Another meow. Broken. High-pitched.

He turned fully this time. His eyes flicked toward the sound.

Down the alley, three boys—no older than seventeen, by the looks of it—stood clustered around a corner. Snickering. Shoulders hunched in mock aggression. One of them kicked something.

Another sound. A frightened, strangled meow.

Hyunjin's gaze sharpened.

At first, he considered walking past. It wasn't his business.

But then he saw it—pressed against the wall, fur matted with what looked like dirt and blood, was a small cat. A mix of white, brown, and grey, its body trembling, ears flattened.

Hyunjin's grip on the bag tightened.

He exhaled slowly and began to walk toward the alleyway.

One of the boys noticed him approaching and nudged his friend. "Yah, look..."

The second boy turned, smirked when he saw Hyunjin, and spat thick brown tobacco juice onto the ground.

"Whatre ya doing here, sir?" the boy asked mockingly, rubbing at his nose with a sniff. "Lost or somethin?"

Hyunjin didn't answer right away. His eyes didn't even meet theirs at first—just the injured animal, still cornered. Its eye was swollen shut. Its side rose and fell in sharp jerks.

Finally, his voice came—calm, low, and oddly polite.

"What do you think your doing?"

He smiled gently. Eyes still on the cat.

The third boy scoffed. "What? Playin hero now?" He took a step forward. "Mind your fuckin business gramps."

They all laughed.

Hyunjin's smile didn't falter.

Then came the slurs. They threw them out casually, like chewing gum—spat into the air without thought. "Watchu gonna do? Call the cops?" said one of them.

Hyunjin looked around—quick, calculating.

No cameras. No cars. Just a quiet side alley.

Perfect.

Still smiling, Hyunjin bent down, pulled out one of the new brushes from the art store bag.

He admired it. Sleek. Balanced.

"Do you boys know how many nerves are in the human eye?" he asked softly, turning the brush slowly in his fingers.

One of them snorted. "What the fuck are you on about?"

Another took a bold step forward. "Old mans got dementia—hey, don't piss yourself grandpa—"

That one moved too fast.

Hyunjin didn't hesitate.

In a blink, he was in front of him. His hand shot forward, seizing the boy's collar, yanking him down.

The boy's eyes widened—only for a second.

Then squelch.

Hyunjin shoved the paintbrush into the boy's eye socket.

There was a shriek. an animalistic scream. the kind that echoed through alleyways and clawed into ears.

The boy crumpled.

The others flinched violently, stumbling backward.

"THE FUCK—!?"

But Hyunjin was already pulling the brush out—wet with red. still smiling, too calm for the situation.

The boy screamed, clutching the mangled ruin of his face, blood gushing between his fingers like split fruit. His knees buckled beneath him as he hit the concrete, howling in agony.

The others stumbled back, eyes wide, frozen in place.

"W-What the hell dude—?!" one of them gasped, voice cracking in disbelief.

But Hyunjin didn't answer.

He was already moving.

The blood-soaked brush slipped easily from his grip and hit the ground with a faint clatter. From his coat pocket, he pulled something else—slimmer, metallic. A folding knife, small enough to be legal. Sharp enough to gut a fish.

He flipped it open with a quiet click.

The second boy turned to bolt.

Too slow.

Hyunjin lunged, grabbed him by the hood of his sweatshirt and slammed him back against the wall. The boy's skull cracked against brick with a sickening thud, dazing him.

"Please—!" he tried to shout, but Hyunjin drove the knife through his shoulder. the scream that followed ripped out of him raw and wet.

Hyunjin didn't flinch.

"See," he said, voice steady, "this is why I don't like being interrupted when I'm running errands."

He twisted the blade slowly.

The boy convulsed.

The third tried to charge him, but Hyunjin turned just in time, catching his wrist mid-swing. Their eyes locked. The boy was trembling, trying to be brave.

Hyunjin's head tilted.

Then, with inhuman speed, he snapped the boy's elbow backwards —pop, crack, scream. The bone pierced the skin.

The boy went down hard, gasping for air.

Hyunjin stepped over him and knelt beside the first—the one still shrieking about his eye.

The pain had started to eat at his voice, turning his screams into hoarse sobs. Blood pooled beneath his head. His legs kicked feebly, like a dying insect.

Hyunjin took his chin gently in one hand, tilting his face.

"Look at me," he murmured. "I asked you a question earlier."

The boy couldn't answer. His mouth just trembled.

Hyunjin sighed.

"I asked if you knew how many nerves were in the human eye," he repeated.

Then he used the knife. Not to stab. Not to slice. He peeled. Bit by bit. Strip by strip.

Like he was unwrapping a delicate fruit. The boys face skin.

The scream that followed wasn't human.

The other two boys were still alive—but barely.

The one with the shattered arm was dry-heaving in the corner, unable to get to his feet. The one pinned to the wall had pissed himself, face pale and sweat-slicked.

Hyunjin stood slowly, the knife still wet.

"Do you want to know what I hate?" he asked, voice light. "I hate cruelty without purpose."

He walked over to the boy on the ground, the one with the broken elbow, and knelt by his head.

"You don't even know that cat," he whispered. "It did nothing to you. You didn't need a reason, did you?"

The boy shook his head wildly, mouthing please, please, please.

Hyunjin shushed him gently and drove the blade through his neck in one clean motion. No hesitation. Straight through the soft flesh just beneath the jaw, severing windpipe and artery in one go.

The boy choked. Gurgled.

Then went still.

The last one was crying now. Loud, snot-nosed, pitiful sobs.

Hyunjin turned to him.

"You're the lucky one," he said softly, walking closer. "You get to go last."

Chapter 16: Worried

Chapter Text

"Good evening everybody. Recent reports from just under an hour ago detail a shocking and brutal crime discovered in a local alleyway near Eonju-ro. Three teenage boys were found mutilated, two confirmed dead at the scene. One remains in critical condition. Detectives believe the murders may be linked to a string of unsolved cases in the district—including the disappearance of an off-duty police officer and the unexplained death of a local café owner last month. As of now, authorities are urging anyone who may have seen anything suspicious near the Eonju shopping complex around 4:30 PM today to come forward. Due to the graphic nature of the scene, police are not releasing images at this time."

The screen showed a live video of police tape fluttering in the wind, blocking off the alley beside the familiar storefronts Felix knew too well. A woman in a puffy black jacket held a microphone, speaking calmly as lights flashed red and blue behind her.

Felix sat motionless on the couch, a half-empty mug of tea cooling in his hands as he watched the news.

The shopping centre.

That was the same place Hyunjin had said he'd be going. Just for a quick stop. Art supplies. Maybe a coffee.

He hadn't come back yet.

Felix's phone lay beside him on the cushion, dark and still.

He'd called twice already. Texted once. No reply. Nothing read.

Just silence.

And now, this.

He didn't want to panic. hyunjin always lost track of time when he got distracted—especially when he was painting, or browsing supplies.

But something in his gut turned.

His mind kept replaying the words: brutally murdered... shopping centre... no witnesses... linked to past disappearances... café owner...

His fingers tightened around the mug. It was warm, but suddenly it didn't feel comforting.

Don't be stupid. He's fine. He probably stopped by the café after. He probably saw the news and didn't want to freak you out. He's probably charging his phone.

Still, he reached for it again.

[call: hyunjin]
Dialing.
One ring.
Two.
Three.
Voicemail.

He hung up.

Felix stared blankly at the floor, his other hand rubbing absently at the sore spot just under his ribs. His body still ached faintly. His eyes were dry, but his chest was tight.

He didn't like this feeling.

Something felt... off.

He tried to shake it off, setting the mug down and pushing himself to stand. The hoodie slipped slightly off one shoulder. He tugged it back into place with a sigh.

He glanced out the window. Night was already creeping in, the sky tinged a deep indigo.

Felix crossed the room, grabbing his phone again. This time, he opened the messages app.

Felix:
hey. where r u?
pls call me when u see this.
there was something on the news and im worried.

He stared at the blinking cursor for a moment, then added:

love u.

Sent.

He stood there for another long moment, phone clutched in both hands like a lifeline.

And then—just faintly, almost too faint to be real—he heard the sound of the door unlocking.

His head snapped up.

The knob turned slowly. The door creaked open.

Felix took a step forward, heart thudding. "Hyunjin?"

And there he was.

Standing in the doorway, breath fogging softly in the cold. Hair wind-tossed. Coat slightly open. In his arms, cradled with careful hands, was a limp stray cat—its fur soaked red around the stomach. A weak mewl escaped it.

Felix's eyes snapped down.

The first thing he noticed wasn't the animal.

It was the blood.

Smeared down Hyunjin's sleeves. Staining the front of his beige

coat. Dark, drying in streaks.

"What the fuck—" Felix breathed, heart lurching.

Hyunjin looked up. And smiled. Like this was nothing. "Poor thing got hit by a car. It was in the middle of the road, dragging itself. I couldn't just leave it, angel."

Felix's lips parted. "You—you're covered in blood."

Hyunjin glanced down at his coat, then let out a light chuckle. "I know. Poor baby bled a lot. Worry about the cat, not me."

But Felix couldn't stop staring.

His stomach was already tight from earlier, but this? The smell of blood? The timing? The news report. The alley. The phone calls.

He stepped forward automatically, eyes now locked on the poor animal in Hyunjin's arms.

It was barely conscious. A brown-white-black-ish tabby, ribs showing, one eye swollen shut. Its paws twitched weakly. It was shaking.

"Jesus," Felix whispered, reaching out to support its head as Hyunjin lowered it into his arms. The blood was tacky, warm against his sleeve. "Why didn't you call me?"

"I didn't have time," Hyunjin said smoothly. "I didn't wanna freak you out while I was driving."

Felix said nothing. His arms tensed around the cat. The heaviness in his chest hadn't gone away.

He turned sharply, walking toward the bathroom to grab the emergency towel they kept for spills. The cat mewled again.

Hyunjin followed.

"Do we have antiseptic?"

"I don't know," Felix replied flatly. "Probably. Somewhere."

The energy was off. And Hyunjin felt it.

"Angel?"

"What?" Felix said, sharper than intended.

Silence. yhe kind that settles heavy.

Hyunjin stopped in the doorway, arms crossed loosely. Watching. "What's wrong?"

Felix glanced at him—just briefly. His hands were gently wiping blood from the cat's side, but his mouth was tight. Jaw clenched.

"What's wrong?" he repeated. "I don't know, Hyunjin. Maybe the fact that I've been calling and texting you for over an hour while there's a fucking crime scene at the shopping centre you just told me you were going to."

Hyunjin blinked.

Felix didn't let him answer.

"Then you come back—hella late—covered in blood, holding a dying cat, like this is just some normal Tuesday night."

"I told you," Hyunjin said carefully, "I found it in the road."

"And I'm supposed to just believe that? You're covered in so much fucking blood. Did you get in a fucking car crash and what-–i don't fucking know—probably said 'it's nothing' like always?? You always fucking do this shit to me—"

"Felix."

That voice—too calm. The one Hyunjin used when he was trying to neutralise. To smooth things out before they exploded.

"You're overreacting."

"I'm worried!" Felix snapped. "I thought something happened to

you! And now—now you're dragging some injured stray into the house like we can afford a fucking vet bill right now?!"

Hyunjin's brow furrowed. "You're mad about the cat?"

"I'm mad about everything!" Felix shot back, standing. The cat was wrapped gently in the towel now, resting on the low table.

Hyunjin stepped closer. "Baby, I wasn't thinking about money. You know we have the money anyway. I just saw the poor guy suffering and—"

"You didn't think," Felix cut him off. "Like you never do. You knew I didn't want pets. Not because I hate them. But because we're not in a position to take care of anything else."

Hyunjin stared at him. Quiet. Then he spoke, voice soft. "You didn't want a pet. I get that. But I wasn't about to leave it to die in the street like trash. I thought you'd understand that."

Felix scoffed. "Don't twist this like I'm the heartless one."

"I'm not twisting anything—"

"You always do this," Felix interrupted, stepping back. "You do whatever you want and expect me to just nod and smile because you've already decided it's justified."

"Jesus," Hyunjin muttered under his breath. "You're acting like I brought home a damn corpse."

That one hit wrong.

Felix froze.

The silence returned. thick.

Hyunjin didn't look sorry. just tired.

Felix blinked once. Twice. The back of his throat stung. "Don't joke like that."

"I wasn't joking."

Felix turned away, chest heaving a little. He walked back to the table, ran his fingers lightly down the cat's trembling back.

"Go change," he said finally. Voice low. "You're getting blood on the floor."

Hyunjin didn't move.

"I said go change."

A pause.

Then the sound of slow, retreating footsteps. The bedroom door clicking shut.

Felix stood still for a long time.

The cat let out a small, strained noise.

He swallowed. Kneeling beside it again, gently pressing a towel to the worst wound. He couldn't afford to cry right now.

But god. That gut feeling from earlier?

It wasn't going away.

Chapter 17: Owe

Notes:

enjoy the long chapter mweheh >:D

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

Felix wasn't in the mood for anything.

The living room was quiet—except for the weak wheeze of the injured cat lying bundled in a towel on the floor. A small bowl of water sat untouched beside it. Felix sat cross-legged just nearby, knees aching from being on the floor too long, back hunched as he gently dabbed the blood away from the cat's side with a damp cloth.

The bleeding had slowed. But not enough. The poor thing needed real treatment. A vet. Stitches. Painkillers. Something Felix couldn't give right now.

Not because they couldn't afford it. Hyunjin was right about that—money wasn't the issue.

Felix just didn't have the space for this. Not mentally. Not emotionally. Not physically.

His body was still sore. His eyes were burning. And everything in the air felt off.

Every little thing—the ticking clock, the faint hum of the fridge, the drying scent of blood on Hyunjin's coat left on the chair—just made him angrier.

His hands trembled slightly as he squeezed out the cloth again.

He always does this.

Every time Hyunjin got hurt, he brushed it off. “It’s nothing.”
It’s nothing? Felix wanted to scream.
Like your pain doesn’t matter? Like I’m not allowed to care? Like I’m just some kid you’re babysitting, not your fucking boyfriend?

Felix gritted his teeth. The cloth in his hand twisted violently.

You show up bleeding and calm, like this is normal. You smile like I’m the crazy one. You never ask me if I’m okay with your decisions —you just do them. Dragging home strays. Bringing your chaos into my quiet.

Felix sighed, dragging a tired hand over his face.

He was spiraling. He knew he was.

So when the bedroom door opened again, and he heard Hyunjin’s soft footsteps approaching, his entire body went still.

“Felix,” Hyunjin said gently, from behind him.

Felix didn’t answer. His eyes remained fixed on the cat’s side, barely rising and falling with each breath.

Hyunjin stepped a little closer. “Look, love, I didn’t mean to upset you. I shouldn’t have brought the cat in without asking first. I just.. I saw it and I didn’t think. I’m sorry.”

Felix stayed silent.

Hyunjin crouched beside him, a little too close. “Felix, please.”

Felix’s jaw clenched.

“I’m trying to talk to you,” Hyunjin murmured. “I’m not trying to fight.”

That did it.

Felix stood up slowly, wrapped the towel around and carefully cradling the cat in his arms. He looked Hyunjin dead in the eyes.

“You never try to fight,” he said, voice low. “You just do whatever the fuck you want and act like I’m overreacting for feeling something.”

Hyunjin opened his mouth to reply, but Ffelix cut him off.

“You’re not some fucking saint for being calm all the time. youre not better than me because you don’t raise your voice.”

“I never said I was,” Hyunjin replied, still soft. Still maddeningly calm.

“You act like it!” Felix snapped. “You act like keeping your tone gentle makes you the bigger person, like I’m just emotional, dramatic, unstable. You always treat me like I’m fragile, like I need saving, like I don’t get to have a say in what happens in our life.”

“That’s not true.”

“Really?” Felix scoffed. “Did you ask me before bringing a bleeding animal into this house? You didn’t even text back.”

“I was driving. I told you—”

“You always have an excuse!” Felix shouted. “It’s always some soft little reason that I’m not allowed to be upset about because you say it so gently!”

Hyunjin stood slowly, not raising his voice. “Felix, I’m trying to fix this.”

“Well, I’m done trying,” Felix snapped, backing away with the cat held to his chest. “I don’t wanna see your fucking face.”

Hyunjin froze. “Felix.”

“I’m staying at Jisung’s tonight,” Felix said, already walking to the door. “Don’t call me. Don’t message me. Don’t even try.”

Hyunjin reached out, just slightly. “Baby–you’re not thinking straight. you’re—”

“I am thinking straight!” Felix turned with glassy eyes. “I’m the only one fucking thinking!”

He opened the door.

The cold air rushed in.

Hyunjin stood there, hand at his side, silent.

Felix didn’t look back.

He left.

-

“Tsk, poor baby,” Jisung murmured gently, scratching behind the injured cat’s ear. He sat cross-legged on the carpet, his back slightly hunched, the soft yellow lamplight casting long shadows across the living room. The cat, curled up in a shaky loaf, trembled slightly at each touch, but leaned into Jisung’s fingers anyway.

Felix sat nearby on the couch, his legs crossed. His head throbbed faintly, and his fingers massaged at his temple, trying to will away the soreness. The silence between them was soft, warm—comforting in a way only Jisung could make it.

“Sorry for the random crash,” Felix mumbled finally, breaking the quiet. His voice was low, hoarse at the edges. “I didn’t wanna be a burden.”

Jisung looked up at him with a disbelieving snort. “Lix, if you apologise one more time, I swear to fucking god—” He pointed at the cat dramatically, “Even she’s looking at you like, ‘shut the hell up.’”

That pulled a small, real laugh out of Felix—low and tired, but real. Jisung always had that effect. Even back in high school, Felix used to tell people he could be crying in the middle of a breakdown, and

Jisung would still manage to make him laugh through it. No one else could do that.

Felix looked down at the floor, smiling faintly to himself.

“I found it,” Minho’s voice called from the hallway before he stepped into the room. He held a plastic pet carrier in both hands. He was still in his hoodie and sweats, hair pulled back into a loose tie. Without hesitation, he crossed the room and crouched beside Jisung.

“Think her leg’s broken,” Jisung said quietly, nodding toward the cat. “You hold her from the front—I'll support her back.”

Minho didn’t ask questions. His hands moved gently, practiced. Together, they lifted the injured cat with such careful grace that Felix felt his chest ache just watching. The way Jisung whispered soothing things, the way Minho adjusted the cat’s weight to keep her comfortable—he’d always admired how solid they were together. Like nothing could crack them.

Once the cat was safely inside the carrier, Minho latched it shut, double-checked it, then turned to his boyfriend.

“I’ll take her to the 24-hour clinic near Hongdae,” he said softly. “Be back soon. You want anything while I’m out?”

Jisung smiled up at him, brushing a hand against Minho’s sleeve. “I’m good. Thanks, babe. Lix?”

Felix shook his head with a weak smile. “i’m okay, thanks.”

Minho nodded. He leaned in, pressing a kiss to Jisung’s forehead, murmured something only they could hear, then stood up with a grunt. he adjusted his grip on the carrier and walked toward the front door.

“Text me if anything changes,” he called over his shoulder before stepping out.

The door clicked shut, and with it, a soft stillness settled over the apartment.

Jisung exhaled deeply, stretching out his limbs as he sank into the carpet, arms stretched above his head. He let out a long yawn before glancing sideways at Felix.

“So,” he began casually. “You gonna tell me what happened? Or do I gotta play twenty questions first?”

Felix exhaled slowly, slumping back against the couch cushions. His head tipped toward the ceiling, eyes hazy, chest tight with something he couldn’t quite name. the earlier warmth in the room —jisung’s comfort, the soft light, the rescued cat—it all suddenly felt like it was pressing down on him instead.

He rubbed at his temples again, harder this time, then let his hands fall to his lap.

“I don’t know,” he muttered.

Jisung didn’t say anything.

“I just…” Felix paused, brows knitting. His fingers began fidgeting with the hem of the hoodie. “Maybe I was too harsh.”

Jisung’s gaze sharpened a little, but he stayed quiet.

“I told him off earlier. Snapped at him, kind of. He was just trying to help, and I acted like a fucking dick.”

Felix looked down at his lap, a hollow chuckle escaping. “He even made soup, Jisung. And I gave him attitude. Like—like he hasn’t been taking care of me this whole time.”

Jisung’s voice came quiet, cautious. “You’re allowed to be overwhelmed, Lix.”

“Yeah, but not at him. Not after everything he’s done for me.” felix’s voice was barely above a whisper now. “He’s probably just exhausted, too. Probably stressed. And here I am, making it all about me again. Like some selfish fucking idiot.”

Jisung frowned. He didn’t like where this was going.

“Felix—”

“No, seriously. Think about it. He’s been the one cleaning up after me, cooking, making sure I’m safe. I black out, and he’s still there the next morning, feeding me soup like nothing happened. And I—what? Snap at him because my head hurts? Because I’m tired?” He laughed bitterly. “God. I’m such an asshole.”

Jisung shifted slightly, resting his arms over his knees.

Felix took a shaky breath, pressing his knuckles to his lips for a second like he was trying to keep more words from spilling out. But they did anyway.

“I didn’t even thank him properly. Just got defensive. He left to get paint brushes and probably thinks I hate him.”

Jisung’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Paint brushes?”

Felix nodded. “Yeah. Said he needed some new ones.”

Jisung leaned back on his palms, lips pressing into a thin line. Like he was thinking.

Felix didn’t notice. He was too busy spiraling.

“I just… I don’t know why I’m like this sometimes. Always ruining shit with people who actually care.”

“Felix,” Jisung said softly, and that was enough to make Felix glance at him.

“You’re not ruining anything. And you’re not selfish. Stop talking like that.”

Felix bit the inside of his cheek and looked away. “You’re only saying that because you feel bad for me.”

Jisung didn’t respond to that.

The silence stretched, and Felix hugged his knees to his chest again.

After a beat, Jisung asked, careful, “He didn’t… do anything, right?”

Felix blinked. “What?”

Jisung’s gaze didn’t waver. “Just asking.”

“No,” Felix said quickly. “No. Of course not.”

Jisung nodded once, but the crease in his brow didn’t go away.

The silence stretched. not awkward, just a little too heavy.

Felix was still curled up on the couch. His breathing was slow. Calm. Jisung watched him for a moment, his jaw clenched.

He wanted to ask.
About what Felix meant when he said "blacked out."

But Jisung didn’t say any of it.
Not yet.

Because asking too soon would just push Felix further into himself —and Jisung had learned long ago: timing was everything when someone you loved was in denial.

He leaned back slowly, pressing his palms to the carpet behind him. His thoughts were louder now. Louder than the ticking clock.

The truth was—Jisung never liked Hyunjin.

Not in that typical “my best friend’s boyfriend is a little annoying” kind of way. No this was different.

It started from the very first time they met. The guy just had a… presence. the way he said Felix’s name, like it belonged to him.

There was nothing wrong with Hyunjin. That was the worst part. He was perfect. Polite. Soft-spoken. Generous. The kind of man who brought gifts for everyone on Christmas even if he barely knew them. The kind who volunteered at shelters and complimented your shoes before you'd even finished saying hello.

But Jisung had worked under detectives long enough to know:
Monsters don't look like monsters.
They look like model citizens. Well-dressed. Well-mannered. Kind.

Hyunjin was all those things.

And it unsettled him more than anything.

He forced himself to smile around him. Always did. Said all the right things.
Because Felix loved him. And if Felix loved him, then Jisung would tolerate him.

But that didn't stop the sinking feeling every time he watched them together. Didn't stop the way his gut twisted when Hyunjin touched Felix's waist, leaned in too close, whispered things too softly.

Didn't stop the memory of Felix complaining last winter:
"Jisung, seriously? You don't even know him. Stop trying to ruin this. Hyunjin's good to me."

Yeah. Maybe he was.
But something still didn't feel right.

And now…
Felix was here, on Jisung's couch.
Sick. Tired. In pain. In a hoodie three sizes too big. Talking like he owed Hyunjin something. Like he was wrong for being upset. Like he was selfish for hurting.

Jisung stared at the floor. He needed to relax too.

Because if he said the wrong thing right now—if he pushed too hard, too fast—he'd lose Felix's trust.

So he stayed quiet. For now.

But he didn't forget.

Hyunjin went out for paint brushes.

And Jisung would give anything to know exactly what the fuck he

was doing.

Notes:

guys pls do remember this is dark psychological romance so it is crucial to pay attention to detail

Chapter 18: Paint brush

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: self harm, emotional distress

Chapter Text

9:03 PM.

The kitchen was silent.

Deathly silent. No music. No hum of the fridge. Just the soft drip of blood hitting the tiles.

Hyunjin sat at the edge of the counter, hunched, cradling his wrist like a fragile doll he'd broken himself. The needle trembled in his fingers as he pushed the thread through skin, over and over, in quiet, shaky loops. The air smelled of metal. His hands were stained red, sleeves soaked through, the sink still dripping from when he'd rinsed the blade.

He was halfway through stitching. The gash ran jagged across his old scar, deeper this time. Almost too deep.

Hyunjin slit himself again.

He didn't flinch at the pain. He welcomed it.

Because nothing—nothing—hurt more than Felix walking out that door.

He left me again.

The thought repeated like a broken record, cruel and childish. Pathetic.

He left me.
He left me again.

He said he didn’t want to see my face.

Hyunjin’s lips trembled.

"Why... would you say that to me?" he whispered aloud to no one. His voice cracked at the edges, too hoarse to carry far.

Tears spilled over swollen eyes as he bit down hard on his cheek, trying not to sob too loudly. Not because anyone could hear—but because if he let himself cry fully, he'd fall apart. And there was still blood to clean. Still things to hide.

Still love to prove.

Earlier, right after Felix had left—stormed out, cat bundled in his arms, jaw set and cold—Hyunjin had stood frozen in the hallway. Eyes wide. Breath shallow. Like he'd just been gutted.

Then something snapped.

He walked into the kitchen and picked the sharpest knife. No hesitation.

He wanted to see red. Wanted to feel what Felix’s words did to him. "I don't want to see your fucking face."

Hyunjin had replayed it again and again. Each time it hurt more.

So he dragged the knife across his wrist. Deep. Deliberate. More brutal than the last time. He wanted it to scar. Wanted it to be something Felix couldn’t ignore.

Maybe then he'd understand.

I take care of you.
I love you.
I always stay. Why can't you stay?

“Don’t leave me,” he whispered. “Please. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you. Please just come home.”

His voice broke mid-sentence. His breathing grew shallower.

The stitching needle slipped from his fingers and clattered onto the floor.

Hyunjin slumped back, arm pressed to his chest, blood still oozing sluggishly. He was dizzy. But it wasn't from blood loss. It was from grief. A grief only he seemed to understand.

He picked up his phone from the counter with shaking hands.

Opened the app.

The audio surveillance crackled for a moment.

From the mic he'd chipped in Felix's phone.

Then a voice.

Felix's voice.

"I just… I don't know why I'm like this sometimes. Always ruining shit with people who actually care."

And just like that, Hyunjin's body exhaled.

His shoulders relaxed. His lips twitched into a small smile.

His eyes closed for a moment.

He still loves me.

That was all he needed.

Just one crumb. One trace of guilt in Felix's voice. One sign that he was still wrapped around Hyunjin's fingers—even if Felix didn't know it.

Good… you're such a good boy, angel.

He whispered it into the room like a lullaby.

“I knew you’d come around,” he murmured. “You’re just confused right now. But that’s okay. I forgive you.”

He pressed the phone to his lips like it was Felix’s cheek.

“I forgive you for everything. Just come home soon, okay? I cleaned up. The floor’s spotless. You won’t even see the mess I made.”

His bloody hand ran slowly through his hair, leaving streaks of red in the strands.

“I’ll make your favorite dinner. I’ll run you a bath. I’ll be perfect again, just like you want.”

Then his voice dropped, softer than silk.

“But don’t leave me again. Don’t ever make me bleed like this again.”

He stared down at his stitched wrist. It looked like a gift. A ribbon-wrapped apology.

His smile widened, gentle. dreamy.

-

1:04 PM.

Jisung flipped through another file, jaw tight.

The paper felt heavier today. He leaned back in his office chair, rubbing a hand over his tired face before reading the report aloud to himself.

“Suspect One: currently in extreme critical condition. Victim exhibits signs of prolonged assault. Multiple severed fingers. Vocal-cord torn. Non-verbal. Possibly permanently mute. Signs of psychological trauma: extreme shock, tremors, unresponsiveness.”

Jisung tapped the paper with his pen. His brow furrowed.

He moved to the second report.

“Suspects Two and Three: fatal injuries consistent with repeated stabbing using a small blunt object. One consistent entry wound near the orbital cavity—possibly ocular penetration. Second suspect sustained puncture trauma to the shoulder and jugular area. Object used likely handheld. Possibly a pen or a marker.”

Jisung stared at the word marker. Then at the way the coroner had underlined “blunt but narrow”.

He clicked his tongue. His fingers drummed lightly on the table.

“Could be a stylus. A screwdriver. Even a nail,” he muttered to himself. “But…” He glanced sideways at the open cabinet by his desk.

Paintbrush.

Paintbrushes were blunt. Thin. Sharp enough if driven hard.

He shook his head, trying to shake the thought.

No. Don’t jump. Be objective.

Jisung sighed, pushing the file aside, sipping his now-cold coffee. The bitterness helped keep him alert.

The clock on the wall read 1:05 PM.

His indigo uniform clung slightly under the heat of midday, but he didn’t bother removing the outer layer. He wasn’t planning on staying long anyway. The station was quiet today—clean, polished floors, glass-paneled doors, even the sound of passing officers muffled in the vast space.

He was good at his job. One of the best, actually. Both in the police department and in the special investigations unit. Jisung had entered the force thinking he’d just be a beat cop—but he’d risen fast. He was sharper than most. The kind of detective who needed

to know the “why,” not just the “how.”

That was the problem now. There was no why.

“A possible connection between the murders,” the report said.

But there wasn’t.

Choi, Park, the three alley kids—none of them had anything in common. Different ages. Different districts. Different backgrounds. The only thing tying them together was how they died—violent. Personal. Almost angry.

He grabbed the third report again.

“Detective Park – presumed missing. Disappeared off-duty. Last seen outside the local station. Nearby officers reported ‘strange sounds’ shortly before his disappearance. No evidence found. CCTV wiped.”

Jisung rubbed his temples again. This wasn’t a random spree. It was too intentional. Too careful. Too clean.

He opened another folder.

“Mr. Choi. Found dead in his office. Mauled. Cause of death: massive blunt-force trauma. Blade marks present. Cameras disconnected. No signs of forced entry. Victim had a criminal history—prior accusations of sexual harassment toward multiple young employees. Cases dismissed due to lack of evidence.”

His teeth clenched.

Mr. Choi.

Felix’s old boss.

Jisung stared at the line "prior accusations", and he felt vile rise in his throat. The man was a creep. A predator. And he’d gotten away with it over and over. Felix had once admitted—late one night when they were still teenagers—that Choi had made him uncomfortable. That he'd looked at him wrong. Stood too close.

That same night, Felix begged Jisung not to do anything. Said it wasn't worth it.

Now Choi was dead. Brutally.

Coincidence?

Jisung didn't believe in coincidence.

He tapped his pen again. A steady rhythm.

Then, suddenly—he remembered something Felix had said earlier. Something casual. Throwaway.

"He left to get paintbrushes."

Hyunjin.

Hyunjin left to get paintbrushes.

He blinked. Looked back down at the report.

"Stabbed with a small blunt object. Possibly a Sharpie. Or pen."

Paintbrushes.

Blunt. Narrow. Pointed enough to pierce flesh if used right. And if you knew anatomy—if you knew how to hurt—you could make it fatal.

Jisung's fingers stilled.

Was he… was he just being paranoid?

Was this just the bitter aftertaste of jealousy? Just because he didn't like Hyunjin? Just because something about the man made his skin crawl?

No.

No, he told himself firmly. This wasn't about bias. He wasn't framing him because he hated him.

He was suspicious becuse something wasn’t right.

Felix said he left to get paintbrushes.

But those alley murders happened around that same time. Right near the art store in Hongdae.

Jisung’s eyes narrowed.

Felix wasn’t home.

He stood from his desk slowly, grabbing his jacket from the back of his chair.

I could get a warrant. Just a routine sweep. Collect the paintbrushes. Check for blood trace. Match wound depth.

He didn’t need much to justify it.

There had been five murders.

One missing officer.

No leads.

Jisung was a detective. It was his job to follow leads, even the ugly ones.

He picked up his badge and slid it into his coat pocket, voice low as he whispered to himself. "Let's see how clean your art supplies really are, Hwang Hyunjin."

Chapter 19: Warrant

Chapter Text

The patrol car came to a slow stop, tires crunching against the edge of the curb. Jisung stepped out first.

Four officers followed behind him, fully uniformed, brows set, eyes sharp. Objective: execute a warrant. Quietly. Quickly. Thoroughly.

Jisung glanced up at the apartment complex.

Nine floors. Reinforced glass. Modern brick, polished balconies. It looked like every other nice residential block in this district. Normal. Harmless. Clean.

He exhaled slowly through his nose.

Earlier that morning, he'd filed the warrant request through internal channels, citing "probable connection to the Hongdae alley incident and related fatalities." It should've taken hours—days, even. But Jisung was good at what he did. Trusted. Well-known in both the police and detective branches. High-ranking for his age. So when he handed over the papers, the chief raised an eyebrow, nodded once, and stamped them without hesitation.

Now he was here. At apartment 9.

Hyunjin and Felix's place.

He didn't want to be.

Didn't want to go behind Felix's back like this. Not really.

But something in his gut told him he had to.

He signaled the others with a sharp flick of his wrist, then led the way into the building. The front desk was empty—perfect. His boots echoed faintly in the polished hallway, and as he walked, he mentally counted every visible camera. One above the elevators. Another in the stairwell corner. Two pointed at opposing angles in

the hall.

He didn't need them removed. Just noted.

Just in case.

-

He stopped in front of the door marked 9.

And suddenly, for a single breath, doubt tried to claw up his throat.

What if I'm wrong?

He had officers with him. A full search warrant. He was about to tear apart the apartment of his best friend's boyfriend. If this went sideways—if he was wrong—Felix would never forgive him.

His hand hesitated mid-air, just for a second. Then clenched into a fist.

He knocked. Three times.

Firm.

A pause. Then, faint movement inside.

The sound of footsteps. Slow. Careful.

The knob twisted with a soft click.

The door opened.

And there he was.

Hwang Hyunjin.

Neatly dressed. A black fitted sweater, hair pulled into a loose half-tie. His expression shifted the moment he saw Jisung—first surprise, then recognition, then confusion.

Still, he offered a polite smile.

"Ah. Afternoon, officers. Is something the matter?" His voice was calm. Smooth. Not an ounce of panic.

Jisung didn't return the smile. Instead, he raised the folded yellow document in his hand and let it unfurl.

"We have a signed warrant to search the premises, Mr. Hwang," he said flatly. "Please step aside and cooperate."

Hyunjin blinked. Then, he nodded. "Oh. Of course. Come in."
He stepped aside, pushing the door open wider, letting them in.

Jisung entered first, scanning instinctively. Clean floors. Minimalist decor. Smelled faintly of citrus cleaner and something floral—maybe Felix's diffuser. Nothing off at first glance.

He was halfway into the living room when he heard it—the click.

He turned sharply.

Hyunjin was locking the door behind them.

"Leave the door open," Jisung ordered immediately, voice low but firm.

Hyunjin's hand froze on the bolt. Then he turned, expression still smooth. "My apologies," he said softly, and pushed the door back open, letting it creak against the stopper.

Jisung didn't thank him.

Instead, he turned to the officers behind him and issued commands without hesitation.

"You—bedroom. you—living room. you—kitchen. you—bathroom.stay alert. anything sharp, stained, or irregular—bag it."

Each officer nodded crisply and peeled off into their assigned rooms.

Jisung knew the layout well enough. He'd been here before—Felix's birthdays, holidays, one awkward game night. He'd even sat on that same couch once, watching Felix curl against Hyunjin's side like he belonged there.

But now he had one place he needed to go.

The art room.

Hyunjin's so-called "creative space." Felix had once shown it off proudly, telling Jisung how it was Hyunjin's sanctuary. A quiet place where he could "pour himself into his work."

Yeah, Jisung thought grimly, I'll bet.

As he moved past the hallway, he felt a presence fall in step beside him.

Hyunjin.

Too close. Too casual.

"What's this about, Jisung?" he asked, tone still infuriatingly polite.

"It's Officer Han," jisung snapped, not even glancing at him. "and sit in the living room. now."

Hyunjin stopped walking. his smile thinned—but didnt fade.

"Of course," he said, turning back without complaint. But Jisung caught the faintest twitch in his jaw before he walked away.

He reached the door to the art room.

The door was closed.

Hand on the knob, he paused again. Listening.

No sound. No creak. No footsteps. Good.

He opened the door.

And stepped inside.

The art room was... beautiful.

Too beautiful.

Sunlight spilled through the single large window. Canvases lined the walls, some stacked on the floor, some resting on easels. Each one was bursting with life—soft, moody landscapes, haunting portraits of strangers, gentle still-life bowls of fruit, blooming wildflowers, snow-covered streets.

Even a sculpture sat in the corner—half-finished, but elegant. Marble-like clay molded into the beginnings of an animal's form. A wolf, maybe.

The room smelled faintly of oil paint. Familiar. Normal.

Jisung hated how normal it was.

He stepped in slowly, eyes trailing across every inch. There was paint smeared across parts of the floor—tiny chaotic splashes, streaks up the wall, fingerprints on the edge of the door. Organized chaos. Artistic mess.

Nothing alarming.

He moved to the shelves on the far end, where rows of paints were arranged in groups—acrylics, oils, even watercolors. He crouched and pulled open a small cabinet. Inside: rags, gloves, a few mixing trays, and a bottle of brush cleaner.

No hidden weapons. No bloodstained anything.

He moved to the corner, shifting canvases one by one. Each one painted with great attention—old men on benches, children feeding ducks, faceless dancers on a black stage. Behind them, just the wall.

He pressed lightly against it anyway. Just in case.

Nothing.

He turned to the long wooden desk near the window. A stained mug of cold coffee sat to the side, next to some scrap paper filled with color tests and quick sketches—one of them, Jisung noted, looked a lot like Felix. Sharp jawline, soft eyes, freckles, sketched in blue ink.

Next to that sat a few paintbrushes—used and stiff. Bristles bent from overuse.

And beside those, a clear plastic pack. Unopened.

Brand new paintbrushes. Expensive, judging by the label. Jisung picked them up carefully, examining the pack.

Clean.

He checked the desk drawer. More sketchbooks. Some receipts. A few bent palette knives. No blood. No fibers. No signs of struggle. Not even a hair out of place.

He opened the closet. A few folded tarps, a paint-splattered hoodie, some storage boxes.

Nothing.

Jisung straightened up slowly, lips pressing into a tight line. He turned in a slow circle, scanning again, eyes narrowing.

Nothing.

No drag marks on the floor. No bleach smell. No suspicious vents. No disturbed drywall. No camera lens hiding in a crack.

It was just an art room.

A really nice, really uncomfortably normal art room.

The kind that screamed "See? Nothing to hide."

Jisung let out a slow exhale, rubbing a hand over the back of his neck.

Was he really just being paranoid?

Still, he reached into his jacket pocket, pulled out a small flashlight, and scanned the floor again at an angle, watching for stains or irregular textures.

Nothing.

He clicked it off and shoved it back into his coat.

Then, one last time, he looked at the unopened pack of brushes on the table.

Felix said Hyunjin had bought new ones yesterday. 6he same day those victims were found mutilated. But if these were the brushes... unused... still sealed...

Then what the hell was he missing?

He stared at them for a long time, brain ticking.

Eventually, he pulled out a pair of gloves and bagged the brush pack anyway. Procedure. Maybe the lab could still run a check—prints, fibers, anything.

But his chest ached with frustration.

Because right now?

There was nothing.

No evidence. No blood.

No answers.

Just the soft creak of the wooden floor under his boots.

And Hyunjin, somewhere else in the apartment, waiting calmly in the living room.

Chapter 20: Gut feeling

Notes:

⚠ Content warning⚠
chapter contains: self harm mentions

Chapter Text

The living room was dim. Everything was still—spotless, homey, cozy. Like nothing in the world could ever go wrong here.

Jisung stepped into the room and paused.

Hyunjin was already seated on the couch, one leg crossed neatly over the other, casually inspecting his nails like he hadn't just been raided by a team of armed officers.

When his eyes landed on Jisung, he smiled.

"Ah," he said pleasantly, "have you found anything, Officer Han?"

Jisung's jaw clenched. The way Hyunjin said it—officer Han—felt deliberate. Mocking. A reminder of the roles they played.

It took every ounce of Jisung's restraint not to lunge forward and slap the cuffs on him. He didn't even care if there wasn't evidence yet. His gut was screaming.

But instead, he took a slow breath.

"No," he said tightly. "And please. Remain seated. I need to ask you a few questions."

Hyunjin's brows arched delicately, but he obliged. He uncrossed his legs and folded his hands neatly in his lap, like he was prepping for a goddamn interview.

Jisung moved toward the dining table, dragged a chair across the wooden floor with a slow scrape, and placed it down barely a meter

in front of Hyunjin.

He sat.

And for a long moment, they just looked at each other.

Jisung's gaze was sharp, scanning every microexpression. Hyunjin held his stare easily. Too easily.

No twitching. No lip-biting. No darting eyes. No signs of anxiety. In fact, Hyunjin looked relaxed. His shoulders weren't tensed, his palms weren't sweaty, and his breathing was steady.

Jisung narrowed his eyes.

"Hwang Hyunjin," he began slowly, voice flat, "Where were you yesterday between 1 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.?"

Hyunjin tilted his head slightly, like the question amused him. "Yesterday?" he echoed, his tongue clicking against the roof of his mouth in thought. "I was at—"

But Jisung's eyes caught something.

Just beneath Hyunjin's sleeve, where his wrist met his hand—barely visible beneath the light fabric—a jagged pink line.

A scar. Fresh.

And just like that, the atmosphere shifted.

Jisung's eyes didn't leave the mark. His voice turned cold.

"Show me your arm."

Hyunjin blinked. Just once.

"Pardon?" he asked, still pleasant.

"Your arm, Mr. Hwang," Jisung said, firmer now. "Roll up your sleeve."

There was a pause.

Hyunjin's gaze slowly dropped to his own wrist, where the edge of the scar peeked out like a secret trying to stay hidden.

Then he looked back up. smiled again. Softer this time. Less forced. A little tired.

"Ah, this?" he repeated, lifting his wrist slightly, eyes flicking to the barely-hidden scar. "that was me, actually."

Jisung's mind blanked for a second.

You did that?

He didn't say anything at first. Just stared. The interrogation dissolved for a moment into something much heavier. More personal.

"You… did that yourself?" Jisung asked carefully, his voice dropping just slightly. like he was trying not to step on glass.

Hyunjin's gaze dropped to his lap. "Yes," he said softly. "I've been going through some things. Some stress. Nightmares. Past stuff."

Something in Jisung clicked.

He didn't look like he was faking it.

The drop in energy. The quiet voice. The slight twitch in his jaw when he mentioned "past stuff."

It didn't feel performative.

But Jisung had been doing this too long to let emotion steer him entirely.

So he pushed, just a little.

"Do you mind elaborating?" he asked.

Hyunjin looked up with tired eyes.

"I'd prefer not to," he said gently, still respectful. "That's… something I don't owe you, Officer Han."

And he was right. He didn't owe Jisung anything. Not legally.

But Jisung's brain was already moving.

The voice in his head was back.

What if it wasn't self-inflicted?
What if it was self-defense from a victim fighting back?
What if the others had scars too?
What if you're about to let a murderer walk because he plays the perfect sad boy?

"I still need to see it," Jisung said.

Hyunjin tilted his head, like he hadn't heard right. "Excuse me?"

"Your arm," Jisung repeated firmly. "Roll up the sleeve."

There was a pause.

Hyunjin's eyes sharpened for the first time—not angry, not offended, just… colder. Then, just as quickly, it was gone. He sighed.

"You don't trust me," he said quietly.

"It's not about trust," Jisung replied. "It's about procedure. We're in the middle of an active investigation, and you're the only consistent variable that links to three separate violent incidents. Now please. I need to see it."

The silence stretched.

Finally, with a slow exhale, Hyunjin nodded once. He turned his arm palm-up, then began rolling the fabric of his loose sleeve upward.

The second the fabric bunched around his elbow—Jisung's stomach dropped.

Holy fuck.

It wasn't just one scar.

Scars of every size and shape covered Hyunjin's forearm like tally marks. Some were old—thin and silver, faded into the skin. Others were newer—raised, pink, still healing. Long ones, short ones. Jagged. Clean. A pattern of pain

And then there was the one.

A deep, ugly slash that ran from the base of his palm all the way up toward his forearm. The stitches were uneven, freshly sewn by hand. rhe skin around it was red, swollen, irritated—definitely not treated properly.

It looked less than a day old.

"This was recent," Jisung muttered.

Hyunjin nodded. "Yeah."

"You stitched it yourself?"

"...yeah."

"Why didn't you go to a hospital?"

"I didn't want to be a burden." Hyunjin's voice was calm, but there was a faint tremble under it. "Didn't want anyone worrying."

Jisung stared.

Suddenly, he felt like shit.

He'd come here with four officers. Gotten a warrant. Stormed in, ready to uncover bloodstains and murder weapons. Instead, he found a man sitting interrogated in his own living room… quietly bleeding out alone.

And now?

He was standing in front of him with scars crawling up his arms and exhaustion in his voice.

Maybe he was being paranoid. Maybe he was a dick.

Jisung felt the guilt rise in his chest like bile.

But…

His gut still twisted.

Because it didn’t add up.

The apartment was too clean. And now that he was sitting this close, he could see it—that flicker in Hyunjin’s eyes. Not fear. Not sadness.

He was too calm. Too put together. Even now, with his wrist bleeding and his personal life under a microscope, he sat like a man in control of every word, every expression.

And that fucking gut feeling wouldn't go away.

Jisung exhaled sharply through his nose and stood.

“I’ll note it down,” he said shortly, turning on his heel. “Keep the wound clean. It needs proper stitching. Don’t be stupid.”

Hyunjin didn’t reply. He just rolled his sleeve back down—slowly, carefully—like sealing a box. Like hiding something again.

And when Jisung glanced back before exiting the room…

Hyunjin was gently smiling.

Soft.

Sweet.

Chapter 21: Of course

Notes:

> sorry for randomly posting a shit load of chapters
> im just hooked too💔

Chapter Text

The apartment was quiet now. Almost peaceful.

The door clicked shut behind the last officer. Their voices faded down the hall. Footsteps gone.

Hyunjin stood in the center of the living room.

Alone.

He waited a few seconds. Just in case.

And then—

He smiled.

A slow, curling, satisfied smile.

Everything had gone exactly the way he planned.

Of course it had.

Because Hyunjin wasn't stupid.

He never had been.

People like Jisung—so blinded by their own pride, their gut feelings, their self-righteous instincts—they never saw the real threat even when it smiled politely from across a dinner table.

He moved through the apartment slowly, fingers grazing along the countertop as he passed.

Of course he bought a new packet of paintbrushes.
Of course he removed every hidden mic and camera.
Of course he glued the secret art room door shut.
Of course he'd burned everything else—the bloodied towels, the drugs, the bandages.
Of course he scrubbed the floors with unscented bleach.
And of course he let Jisung see his wrist.

He wanted him to.

He needed him to.

That moment—that flash of something vulnerable—wasn't real.

It was bait.

And Jisung?

He took it.

Hooked himself onto it.

Hyunjin chuckled to himself, running a hand through his hair. The slight sting in his wrist made him wince, but it only deepened his smile. every detail had been intentional. every move rehearsed like choreography.

Because Jisung would go back.

And he'd tell Felix what he saw.

The search. The questions. The scars.

And Felix?

Felix would be furious.

Not at Hyunjin.

At Jisung.

Because Felix didn't want to believe that Hyunjin could be anything but soft, fragile, hurting. Felix wanted to save him. He wanted to

feel needed. Needed to help. To comfort instead of always being comforted.

And Hyunjin knew that.

He always had.

So now?

Felix would come home.

He'd be shaken. Emotional. He'd cry, maybe. Apologise. Whisper how sorry he was for yelling. For leaving. For not noticing the signs. For not seeing how much pain Hyunjin was in.

He'd beg to stay.

He'd sleep beside Hyunjin that night, clinging to him.

And Hyunjin?

Hyunjin would hold him gently. Brush his hair out of his eyes. Tell him everything would be okay.

Like nothing had ever gone wrong.

Like he hadn't built every crack in the story to make Felix run right back to him.

"Wonderful," Hyunjin whispered to himself.

He leaned back against the wall and tilted his head up toward the ceiling, smiling faintly. Then it turned into a laugh. Quiet at first. Then louder.

Not the laugh of someone who got away with something.

The laugh of someone who was never going to get caught.

Because this wasn't a lucky escape.

This was calculated.

This was orchestrated.

This was Hwang Hyunjin.

Everything was back on track.

Just like he planned.

–

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Felix screamed, voice cracking like it physically hurt to yell that loud.

Jisung flinched.

They were standing in Jisung's kitchen now.

"Lix–please, don't shout," Jisung said, voice strained.

"The fuck do you mean you searched the house? Searched? With fucking officers?! What the actual fuck, Jisung?!"

Jisung rubbed at his eyes, dragging his hand down his face like it would erase this moment. He looked away—anywhere but Felix. He couldn't meet his eyes. Not like this.

"Can you calm down for a second? I was doing my job."

"Your job?!" Felix spat. "Your fucking job is to protect people—not stalk their fucking boyfriend with cops like it's a goddamn drug bust!"

"I wasn't stalking—"

"You didn't even tell me!" Felix barked. "You went behind my back—like I'm some clueless idiot, like I can't choose who I trust, like you always have to 'save me' from something! God, Jisung, you're so fucking paranoid—you always have been!"

That one hit harder than it should've. Jisung's eyes darkened, but he stayed quiet.

"You don't know him," Felix hissed. "You don't know what he's been through,"

"Neither do you," Jisung snapped back, finally meeting his gaze. "You think you know him, but you don't. You see what he lets you see. Felix—he's not okay."

Felix's mouth dropped open in disbelief.

"You're unbelievable."

"I was trying to help you," Jisung snarled. "You think this is fun for me? You think I like watching you get pulled deeper into something that feels—wrong?"

"It's only wrong because you don't like him!" Felix shouted, pacing like his body couldn't contain the anger. "You've never liked him, Jisung. Not once. Not even when he was trying. Not when he brought you birthday cake. Not when he offered to help clean up after my fucking party. Not when he gave you that dumb-ass keychain for Christmas that you 'lost' the next day—you never even tried!"

Jisung's throat clenched.

He wanted to scream. To shake Felix. To tell him he was right—that he never liked Hyunjin.

But not for stupid reasons.

Because something about him was off.

And because that feeling hadn't gone away.

But none of that would matter now.

Not when Felix looked at him like this—with fire in his eyes and hurt in his voice.

"I didn't want to tell you like this," Jisung muttered finally, quieter now. "But Hyunjin... he's not who you think he is."

Felix froze. His expression twisted. "Don't fucking start."

Jisung stepped forward, voice tight. "He's not."

Felix was breathing hard. His hands were shaking at his sides. "Get to the point."

Jisung swallowed thickly. "He's been... hurting himself. I saw it. His wrists. They weren't old scars, Lix. They were fresh. Like stitched together this morning fresh."

Felix blinked. His mouth opened, then closed again. For a second, he looked completely lost.

"What?" he whispered.

"I saw it when I asked him questions. He didn't hide it. He let me see it," Jisung said, voice hoarse. "Said he's been going through things. Nightmares. Stress. He didn't give details, but Lix... it wasn't just one or two scars. It was a lot."

Felix's breath hitched. His eyes went glassy—like his brain couldn't keep up with what his ears were hearing.

"He said that?" Felix asked softly.

Jisung hesitated.

That pause told Felix everything.

"You pressured him, didn't you?"

"Lix—"

"Didn't you?!" Felix snapped, stepping forward now. "You backed him into a corner and then what? Demanded to see his scars like he owes you proof? Like his pain is your evidence?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!"

Jisung didn't move.

He couldn't. Not under that stare.

Felix was shaking now. Hands balled into fists. His lip trembled once.

"You had no right," he whispered.

"I was trying to protect you."

"I didn't ask for your protection!"

The silence that followed was crushing.

Felix's voice was barely there when he said, "You don't get to ruin this for me."

"Felix—"

"I need to go."

"Don't—please don't walk out on me."

But Felix was already grabbing his phone. Already heading for the door.

"You don't get to follow me," he said, one last time. And then, without looking back

"He needs me more than I ever did."

And then the door shut.

And Jisung just stood there, heart sinking like he'd just pulled the trigger on something he couldn't take back.

Chapter 22: Ugly

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: self harm mentions.

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

7:02 PM.

The apartment was quiet—eerily so. A soft movie flickered across the television screen, low and harmless, background noise to fill the silence.

Hyunjin sat curled on the couch, legs tucked under him in his usual way, casually plucking strawberries from a small bowl resting in his lap. They were sweet—ripe, cold, freshly washed.

His head tilted slightly at the faint sound from the front door.

The jingle of keys. A pause. Then the familiar metallic clink of someone fumbling with the lock.

Hyunjin's hand stilled over the strawberries.

Ah.

He's back now.

-

The lock clicked fully.

The door creaked open. Cold air blew in briefly from the hallway.

Then—there he was.

Felix.

He stood in the doorway, cheeks pink from the cold, shoulders drawn up like he'd been holding his breath since the moment he left. His hoodie was too big, his hands were shaking slightly, his eyes wide and searching.

He walked in without a word.

Quick footsteps down the hall, his breathing shallow, the thump of his boots loud against the floor.

Hyunjin sat up straighter, eyes flicking to the hallway entrance just as Felix appeared.

Their eyes met.

Felix stopped in his tracks.

His breath caught.

Hyunjin looked... untouched. Calm. As always. Sitting there with half a strawberry between his fingers, lit by the glow of the screen.

But there was a softness in his gaze now. A flicker of concern. His brows pulled in slightly.

"Baby," he said gently, setting the bowl aside, "you're back—"

But before he could finish, Felix practically threw himself forward, crashing into Hyunjin's chest like he couldn't bear to stay upright another second.

His arms wrapped around Hyunjin tightly, desperately. His body trembled against him.

"I'm so sorry—" Felix's voice cracked, muffled against Hyunjin's sweater. "I'm so sorry, Hyun—please, please don't hide things from me—don't shut me out—"

Hyunjin's arms instinctively locked around him. Protective. Strong. One hand cradled the back of Felix's head, the other wrapped around his waist.

"Felix," he whispered, pressing his cheek to his hair. "What's wrong, love? What happened?"

Felix didn't answer at first. His breath was shaky. His fingers curled tightly into the fabric of Hyunjin's sweater like he was trying to hold him together.

Then, barely above a whisper—

"Jisung told me."

Hyunjin froze.

His fingers twitched slightly against Felix's back. The air went still. The only sound now was the muffled audio of the movie still playing on the screen—some actor's voice, irrelevant, distant.

Felix's grip tightened.

"I didn't know," he whispered, guilt flooding every syllable. "I didn't know it was that bad. I didn't know you were hurting like that—"

"Felix, stop—"

"No," Felix said firmly, pulling back just enough to look him in the eyes. His own eyes were glossy now, red at the edges. "You didn't tell me. You didn't tell me any of it."

"I didn't want to worry you," Hyunjin said quietly. "I didn't want you to look at me like this."

"Like what?" Felix snapped, angry tears brimming. "Like someone I love? Like someone I care about? Is that so horrible?"

Hyunjin said nothing.

"I should've been here," Felix whispered, voice cracking. "Not Jisung. Me. I'm the one who's supposed to know you. I'm the one

who should've seen it. I'm the one who keeps running away—"

"You didn't do anything wrong," Hyunjin said quickly, "None of this is your fault."

Felix closed his eyes. "It feels like it is."

Hyunjin gently cupped Felix's cheek. "I'm okay now," he murmured. "You're here."

Felix sniffled, nodding weakly. "Don't lie to me again. Please."

"I won't."

Another pause.

Then Felix asked, barely audible, "Can I see it?"

Hyunjin blinked. "What?"

"The scar," Felix said, eyes searching his. "I want to see it."

Hyunjin hesitated. For once, the calm cracked. His fingers tensed slightly.

But after a second, he gave a small nod.

And slowly, he rolled up his sleeve.

Felix's breath hitched again.

The stitched wound glared red and angry against Hyunjin's pale skin. It wasn't the only one—there were others, faded lines, pink stripes, jagged reminders of old pain. But this one was still fresh. like it was still screaming.

Felix reached out. He didn't touch it. Just hovered there, like he was afraid to make it worse.

His eyes welled again.

"Don't do that again," he whispered. "Please. Just tell me. Even if it's ugly. Even if it's hard. Just tell me."

Hyunjin smiled faintly. "I will, angel, I promise."

Notes:

sorry for short chapter ;-;

Chapter 23: Monster

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: rape themes, pedophilia, incest, child molestation, and trauma.

Chapter Text

The sun was setting, casting golden warmth over the sidewalk as the young boy skipped home, his tiny shoes slapping the concrete with every step.

Hyunjin was seven.

And he was beaming.

In his hand, slightly crumpled from how tightly he held it, was a bright drawing made in class—two stick figures holding hands under a heart. Me and Mom, it read, written in crooked crayon letters. It was for Mother's Day.

He couldn't wait to show her.

As he reached the house—a small, one-story tin-roofed thing on the far end of a decaying street—he didn't hesitate. He twisted the rusty knob and stepped inside, humming a quiet tune to himself.

The scent hit him instantly.

Cigarettes. Sour milk. Overripe fruit. Mold. The kind of smell that clung to your clothes, your skin, your memory.

But it didn't bother him.

Not anymore.

The floor creaked beneath his sneakers as he stepped over empty beer cans and candy wrappers. Cockroaches scurried near the wall.

The wallpaper peeled from the corners like it was trying to escape.

Still—his smile didn't fade.

Not until later.

"Oma!" he called happily.

From the tiny kitchen, a woman turned. She was young—too young to have a child this old—and yet exhaustion painted every inch of her. But she was beautiful. Long black hair. Sharp cheekbones. A gentle warmth in her tired eyes.

Hyunjin dropped his bag on the floor and sprinted to her.

"I made this for you!" he grinned, unfolding the picture with both hands.

She looked down and smiled.

"You made this for me, Hyunjinnie?" she asked softly, brushing a hand through his hair as she took the drawing.

"It's beautiful."

Hyunjin's heart bloomed. He beamed, his entire chest filling with warmth.

But then—

"HYUNJIN!"

A yell. Sharp. Distant. Slurred.

Hyunjin's smile fell in an instant.

He didn't move.

"I said get the fuck over here!"

The voice again. Louder now.

His mother flinched. "Go, baby," she whispered quietly, turning her

back. "Just go."

Hyunjin's feet moved before he could think.

He walked. Slowly. Past the hallway where the light didn't work. Past the broken doorframe. Past the pile of trash he didn't dare touch.

Until he stood outside the room. His room. The one that used to be a nursery, but was taken over by him.

He pushed the door open.

There, on the stained mattress, sat his father.

Half-naked. Disheveled. One hand in a half-empty bag of white powder. The other adjusting himself through his boxers as moaning echoed from the flickering old TV in the corner. Porn, again. Always porn.

The man looked up, bleary-eyed.

"Yah," he slurred. "Come here."

Hyunjin obeyed.

His little feet stepped carefully around cigarette butts, empty pill bottles, and ripped magazine pages.

"You didn't bring anyone today?" his father asked suddenly, eyes narrowing.

Hyunjin froze.

Fuck.

He forgot.

Friday was bring-a-friend day. The unspoken rule. The one that always made Hyunjin sick to his stomach. The one he could never tell anyone about.

His father had made it clear. "Bring someone your age. Someone

pretty. Don't tell their parents. Don't say anything."

He didn't say why.

He didn't have to.

Hyunjin had heard the sounds. Seen the things.

Felt them.

His heart thundered now.

He tried to swallow. "I—I forgot," he said, voice barely above a whisper.

Silence.

And then—

A low chuckle.

"You forgot, huh?" His father leaned back against the headboard. "You know the rule, don't you?"

Hyunjin didn't speak.

"Say it," the man ordered.

Hyunjin's eyes welled.

"If I don't bring anyone..." he whispered, voice trembling, "...I sleep with you."

"Good boy," his father said with a smirk, stretching out on the bed. "Now shut the door."

And Hyunjin did.

Because what choice did he have?

Because he was seven.

Because there was nowhere else to go.

Because monsters don't always live in the dark.

Sometimes, they live in the next room.

And that night, again, Hyunjin was reminded what it meant to lose his childhood.

What it meant to cry without sound.

_

It was a Thursday evening, and the sky was painted in soft lavender and dusky gold, the kind of quiet sunset that made everything feel safe.

But Hyunjin knew better.

He walked down the cracked sidewalk with two of his classmates, a schoolbag bouncing lightly on his back. They were giggling about the science project from earlier, comparing their drawings of planets, showing off their sticker rewards from the teacher.

"I got a strawberry one!" the girl said, proudly holding out her worksheet.

"Mine smells like cola," the boy chimed, waving his paper.

Hyunjin smiled. "Mine's watermelon."

He tucked the paper deeper into his bag, afraid it might get crumpled. He liked watermelon best.

The girl beside him was short, with big brown eyes and shiny lip gloss that she definitely stole from her mom's purse. She had hair tied in neat ribbons, and when she laughed, she covered her mouth with both hands.

Hyunjin liked her. A lot.

But then, so did everyone.

On his other side was a boy—taller, wiry, with pale skin and sharp emerald eyes. He had this confident way of walking, like he'd never been scared of anything in his life.

Hyunjin liked him too. In a different way. A way he didn't have words for yet.

But none of it mattered.

Because this wasn't a walk home.

It was an offering.

Hyunjin kept smiling as they approached his street, but in his chest, something burned. His stomach had been twisting since lunchtime. He hadn't even eaten his sandwich.

It had only been a week since that night.

The night his father reminded him what happens when he breaks the rules.

And so, this time, Hyunjin made sure he followed the rules perfectly.

Two friends. He brought two.

He even made it sound like a fun sleepover. "We have soda and games," he told them during recess. "My mom will make tteokbokki."

They said yes.

They always said yes.

Because Hyunjin was sweet. Kind. Polite.

And they didn't know what hid behind that front door.

As they reached the gate, his pace slowed.

His smile faded a little.

But not enough for them to notice.

He couldn't let them notice.

Don't tell them. Don't act weird. Don't let anyone know. His father's words echoed like scripture.

So he turned and beamed at them.

"You guys go in first," he said, pointing at the doort. "I'll get my mom."

They nodded, still giggling about stickers as they skipped up the steps and pushed the door open.

Hyunjin didn't follow.

He stayed frozen at the foot of the steps.

Inside, he could already hear movement.

Heavy footsteps.

A creaking floorboard.

The click of the TV remote.

His hands started to shake.

But this was how he earned love.

This was how he bought safety.

Because if he pleased the monster, maybe the monster wouldn't touch him tonight.

Maybe he'd say, "Good boy," and ruffle his hair and toss him a ten-dollar bill.

Hyunjin didn't understand why that still felt like winning.

Why his chest filled with something like pride every time the monster smiled.

But it did.

Because when love is starvation, praise feels like a feast.

So he inhaled slowly. Deep. Quiet.

Then stepped up behind his friends and entered the house.

The door closed behind them with a click.

Chapter 24: Don't do that

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: abuse, blood and violence, child sexual assualt (CSA), pedophilia, and trafficking.

Chapter Text

Hyunjin was fourteen.

Fourteen years of stolen childhood. Fourteen years of learning how to disappear inside his own skin.

And yet, somehow—

He was better. But also worse.

The small boy who once carried a crumpled drawing now carried scars no one could see.

Since he entered high school, the "rules" had changed.

No more little kids to "bring home."

Now, he was his father's sole possession.

"My little sex doll," the man sneered, voice thick with liquor and taunt.

Hyunjin's body wasn't his own anymore. It was a currency, a weapon, a burden.

His father sold him to friends — twisted men with hollow eyes and empty promises.

But Hyunjin had grown numb to their hands, to their words, to the shame.

He had to.

Because fear was a luxury he could no longer afford.

And so, he twisted the truth in his mind.

He told himself he was better than this.

That he was stronger.

That he was something else entirely.

But inside, the boy was breaking.

No one liked his father.

No one trusted him.

He was a pig. A monster wrapped in human skin.

Yet, Hyunjin stayed.

Because leaving meant darkness without end.

Because home was where the nightmare he knew waited.

Because hope was a dangerous thing to cling to.

-

One night, after a "party" where Hyunjin had been passed like a cursed object, he lay awake in the cold, cracked bed of his room.

His skin still stung from hands that never learned the meaning of kindness.

His mind raced, replaying the laughter, the lies, the dirty glances.

He clenched his fists so tightly the nails bit into his palms.

If the world would see him as a broken doll, then he would become something unbreakable.

Because sometimes, the only way to survive monsters is to become one.

-

It was late.

11:08 PM.

The street was silent. Hyunjin's shoes tapped quietly on the pavement, each step heavier than the last. His hoodie hung off one shoulder, bag swinging loosely by his side.

He wasn't in a rush.

He never was.

Because home never felt like home.

He opened the gate slowly, careful not to let it creak. Slipped through the door without a sound. That was his ritual now—enter like a ghost. Stay small. Stay unseen.

But tonight, something was wrong.

The hallway smelled different. Sharper. Like blood, sweat, and something metallic.

And then—he heard it.

A scream.

Not loud. Not full. Muffled, like someone had tried to bite it back.

Hyunjin froze.

Then he heard it again. A sob. A curse. The sickening thud of a kick landing.

He dropped his bag.

The living room lights flickered weakly, like even the house was afraid to witness what was happening.

And there—on the floor—

His mother.

Curled up, trembling, her thin arms trying to shield her face. Bruises bloomed like ink stains up her wrists, her lip split, blood matting her hair.

And towering above her—his father.

The monster.

A bottle in one hand. The other clenched in a fist. His shirt half-open. His belt undone.

He was screaming.

Kicking her. Slapping her. Grabbing her hair and yanking her back up just to throw her down again.

Hyunjin stood still in the doorway.

No. No. No no no.

Stop. Please. Don't do that. Not her. Not her.

She was the only thing pure in this rotting place. The only softness. The only warmth. She looked like him. He looked like her. That's why his father hated her so much.

She was too beautiful for this life. Too kind. Too human.

"What are you doing..." Hyunjin asked, voice barely above a whisper. "Appa..."

His tone was careful. Soft. Like handling broken glass.

But the monster turned.

His eyes were red. Wild. Empty.

"WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU?!" he yelled, spit flying from his mouth.

Hyunjin didn't flinch.

He'd learned.

Stay quiet. Stay soft. Don't provoke. Don't fight. Don't cry.

But it was already too late.

"I was just out for a walk," Hyunjin said, hands behind his back, fingers digging deep into his palms, deeper, deeper, drawing blood. "I'm sorry. Please... don't hit Oma. Please."

His father's jaw clenched. The bottle crashed to the floor beside him.

"YOU WANNA FUCKING TELL ME WHAT TO DO?!" he screamed, before turning and slamming his boot into her stomach again.

She cried out.

And Hyunjin broke.

Not out loud. Not visibly.

But something inside him snapped like a rubber band stretched too thin.

He wanted to kill him.

Right there. Right then.

But all he could do was whisper in his head.

Don't do that. Don't do that. What did she do. Why her. Not her. Hit me. Please. You always say I look like her. Then hit me.

He swallowed hard.

"Appa," he said. "I have a surprise for you."

The man paused.

Blinking. Breathing heavy.

His mother turned her head slightly, blood dripping from her nose, her lip. Her eyes wide. Pleading. Why would you say that?

But Hyunjin didn't look at her.

He couldn't.

Because if he did, he'd fall apart.

So he smiled instead.

"You always say I'm good at surprises," he said softly. "So come. Let's go to bed."

Silence.

His father stared at him.

Then, with a grunt, he shoved the woman aside. She collapsed, coughing, sobbing quietly.

He followed Hyunjin.

Hyunjin didn't look back.

Didn't cry.

Because this was how you saved the only person you loved.

You offered yourself up.

You became the peace offering.

He took his father's hand that night.

He. Took. His. Fathers. Hand. That. Night.

Chapter 25: It's ok

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: pedophilia, incest, child sexual abuse (CSA), underage, rape themes, suicide attempt, mental break down, blood and violence, psychosis themes, emotional distress, trauma, PTSD, bipolar themes and self harm.

Chapter Text

Nothing felt scarier than taking his hand that night.

Not the bruises.
Not the pain.
Not even the blood.

No—

It was that hand.
That rough, disgusting hand.
The one that had fed him as a toddler.
Held him as a baby.

Hyunjin's small fingers trembled in the monster's grasp.

But he didn't pull away.

He couldn't.

Because this was the trade.
Her life… for his body.
And he would do it again.

A thousand times over.

The bedroom smelled like sweat and old cigarettes. The light from the hallway bled in faintly, casting long shadows over the mattress.

The bedsheets were crumpled. Greasy. Stained.

His father sat on the edge of the bed now—already pulling his belt from the loops, the buckle clinking faintly like a death bell.

Hyunjin stood in front of him. Still. Quiet.

He reached down and pulled off his shirt.

His skin glowed pale in the low light. Almost silk. Too soft, too untouched for the hell it had endured.

The monster looked up and licked his lips.

“Such pretty doll skin,” he murmured, voice thick with lust. “Sometimes I can’t believe you’re real.”

A hand reached out.

Rough fingers grabbed his waist with force, yanking him closer.

The monster’s tongue pressed flat against Hyunjin’s stomach. He licked slowly—dragging saliva across the soft curve of his abdomen, leaving trails that made Hyunjin’s skin crawl.

But Hyunjin didn’t move.

Didn’t flinch.

Instead, he reached up and pulled the black tie from his hair. letting it fall.

He closed his eyes.

Breathe.

It’s fine. Everything will be fine.

His father’s hands were already on him.

Groping.

Sliding under the waistband of his pants.

Fingers cold and greedy.

-

After that night, Hyunjin tried to kill himself.

He didn't leave a note.

Because what could he even say?

"I was just a scared little doll."

That was all he was.

A doll.

Not a person. Not a boy. Just something made to be used, posed, played with, and then tossed aside.

And the scariest part was he really believed it.

He believed that if he jumped from a rooftop, he'd crack open like plastic. Bits of him scattering on the pavement like broken toy parts. That if he burned himself, he'd melt, drip like melted rubber.

He thought he was hollow.

He thought if he cut himself, nothing would come out.

Because he wasn't human. He couldn't be. Not after all that.

Not after what he'd let happen.

-

He'd held the knife once.

In the bathroom. Shirtless.t.

He'd stared into the mirror and whispered.

"Do it."

But his hands wouldn't move.

They shook.

His heart thundered in his ears.

He was horrified.

Because somewhere, buried beneath the numbness, was a part of him that still wanted to live.

And that made him hate himself more.

-

Now, Hyunjin sat alone.

Home was quiet. Too quiet.

His mother wasn't there. His father wasn't there. Just him—and the silence.

On the floor in front of him, drugs.

Pills. Powder. Crushed plants. Bottles.

All stolen. All waiting.

It was supposed to be easy. Quiet. Painless.

Just take everything. Lie down. Fade away.

That's what he wanted.

Wasn't it?

But his hands trembled again.

His breath came out ragged, shaky.

Tears rolled down his face.

“Stop,” he hissed to himself, smearing his cheeks with his sleeves. “Shut up. Just shut up.”

But he couldn’t stop crying.

It’s not fucking fair.

What did I do? What did I do? What did I do?!

It’s not fair. I didn’t do anything. I promise I didn’t do anything. I’m sorry—I won’t bring any more friends. I swear. I’ll tell someone. I won’t lie. Please don’t be mad. I didn’t do anything wrong—

His voice cracked into sobs.

The pills blurred through tears.

They looked like teeth now. Little fangs. Smiling at him.

Mocking him.

"No. It's not fair. No. It's really not fair. It's really not fair."

His breathing grew quick, sharp, uneven. His chest felt too tight. His head spun.

You didn’t do anything.
Why are you doing this to yourself?

Another voice, colder.

You brought those kids.
You heard them scream.
You told them not to tell.
You saw him drug them.
You stood there. You watched.
You didn’t stop him.

Another voice—like his father’s, but darker.

It’s your fault.

“No, I didn’t! He made me! I swear—please, I didn’t! I promise—”

He clutched his head, his nails digging into his scalp.

“I PROMISE!”

Yes. Yes, you did.
You let it happen.
You let yourself be used.
You let them be used.
You're disgusting.
You're just like him.

Hyunjin let out a strangled scream.

He scratched at his face—desperate to tear something off, rip something out.

His hands shook violently as he slammed them against the floor.

“I’M NOT LIKE HIM! I’M NOT!”

But the voices didn’t stop.

They just laughed.

Because maybe they were right.

Maybe he was just like the monster.

Maybe he really was a doll.

Not because he was hollow but because someone else had always pulled the strings.

At that moment—

The voices stopped.

Like someone hit mute on the screaming inside his skull.

All at once, it was dead silent.

Too silent.

Then—

Click.

The doorknob rattled.

His breath caught in his throat.

And when the door creaked open—

His father.

Beer cans dangling in a plastic bag at his side, already half-empty.

He stood there.

Unmoving.

And then his bloodshot eyes landed on the scene.

Hyunjin. On the floor. Surrounded by pills. Crying. Raw-faced. Shaking.

And for the briefest second—he looked confused.

Then came the anger.

“The fuck do you think you’re doing?” the man growled, stepping into the room like a storm. “Huh?! Yah! Are you crazy?!”

But before he could say more—

Hyunjin snapped.

“SHUT UP!”

His voice exploded out of him.

The man flinched.

But Hyunjin didn’t stop.

“IT WASN’T ME! I SWEAR IT WASN’T ME! I’M NOT LIKE YOU—I’M NOT LIKE YOU!”

His scream tore through the house.

His chest heaved. His hands were fists. Nails dug into his own skin again. Eyes wide, wild, manic.

“You did it! You made me do it! I didn’t want to! I didn’t fucking want to—!”

“Shut your goddamn mouth,” his father snarled, recovering fast. The bag of beers hit the ground with a loud crash. One can rolled across the floor, foaming.

He stepped forward.

But Hyunjin wasn’t looking at him anymore.

His eyes—were already locked on the kitchen.

On the glint of silver sitting on the counter.

The knife.

His thoughts stopped.

Nothing existed but that single shining blade, waiting like it had always been meant for this.

His body moved before his brain did.

He ran.

Past his father’s swinging fist. Past the cans. Past the yelling.

Straight into the kitchen..

His father followed—bellowing curses.

But Hyunjin got there first.

His fingers curled around the handle. Cold metal. Heavy. Real.

It was real.

“Put that fucking thing down.”

Hyunjin didn’t move.

Didn’t blink.

The man stepped closer.

“NOW.”

Chapter 26: It's not fair

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: trauma, bipolarity, blood and violence, gore, mental and emotional break down.

Chapter Text

Hyunjin was crying.

But crying didn’t feel like the right word.

He was on the floor now, knees slipping in blood that wasn’t drying fast enough. His hands were stained up to the wrists—sticky, shaking, twitching.

“It’s not fair.”

His voice cracked.

Again.

“It’s not fucking fair—”

His chest heaved. His lungs begged for air. But the scream wouldn’t stop.

He’d killed him.

His own father.

He’d stabbed him once.

Then twice.

Then seven times.

But the man died far too easily.

Just slumped there.

Like a drunk falling asleep.

And that? That made Hyunjin rage.

“YOU DON’T GET TO DIE LIKE THAT!” he screamed at the mangled corpse, voice hoarse. “YOU DON’T—YOU DON’T GET TO LEAVE THAT FAST!”

He punched the tiles. Over and over. Blood from his knuckles mixing with the rest on the ground.

He should’ve suffered.

Should’ve begged.

Should’ve cried for mercy and had it denied.

Instead—

Hyunjin got silence.

And a corpse.

A headless, destroyed, unrecognisable thing that used to haunt his every night.

And still—it wasn’t enough.

The kitchen looked like hell.

Blood painted the fridge. The cabinets. His shoes. The light above flickered dimly like it was gasping for life.

And there—on the floor—

What was left of him.

Hyunjin’s father’s body had been stabbed so many times it didn’t even look human. Chest torn open. Face smashed into pulp. Neck severed, head kicked halfway across the kitchen floor.

It was a massacre.

A beautiful one.

But not enough.

“It was too quick.”

Hyunjin laughed.

And cried.

And laughed again.

His voice broke into hysterics.

“Come back,” he whispered, tears blurring his vision. “Come back, Appa. I was just being emotional. Come back and I’ll do it right this time. I swear—I’ll make it hurt. I’ll make it last.”

His body shook violently.

“Let me do it again. Please—PLEASE! I’ll take my time this time. I’ll carve your name into your ribs. I’ll crush your fingers one by one. I’ll rip your eyes out while you’re still watching—”

He screamed again.

Louder.

His throat ached.

He slammed his head against the cabinet behind him.

Once.
Twice.
Three times.

“WHY DID YOU DIE?! WHO SAID YOU COULD FUCKING LEAVE ME?!”

His breathing was shallow now. Hiccupped. Choking on his own spit and sobs.

His hands reached for the bloody knife again—

Not to stab.

Just to hold.

Like a friend.

His reflection in the steel blade was warped. Bloody. Tired. Insane.

But free.

He let out a weak, wet laugh.

And then—

Silence.

He sat there.

Surrounded by blood.

His own. His father's. Someone else's. Who knew.

His lips parted. And he whispered.

"I promise, it was your fault."

–

Hyunjin was nineteen now.

And he was doing better.

At least, that's what it looked like from the outside.

He lived alone in a quiet corner of Seoul, tucked away in a modest but clean apartment on the sixth floor of an aging building. It had creaky floorboards and a leaky window, but Hyunjin liked the

imperfections.

It was peaceful.

No screaming.
No footsteps in the hallway.
No monsters lurking behind thin walls.

Just silence.

How could he afford it?

Simple.
His uncle died.

Apparently, the man had been loaded. A stockbroker or oil tycoon or something absurd and uninteresting. Left Hyunjin everything in his will out of guilt—or maybe because Hyunjin was the only living relative left. Not that Hyunjin cared about the "why."

He cashed the inheritance. Bought a one-way ticket. Disappeared.

He's been living in Seoul ever since he turned sixteen.

You might be wondering how.

How did a boy with no money, no parents, and no records pull this off?

The answer was easy.

He erased himself.

Completely.

Burned the house to the ground—with every trace of himself still inside. School files. Medical records. Photos. Journals. Gone.

He wiped his data from hospital systems, public records, and school servers. How?

A little dress-up went a long way.

He could be anyone he needed to be.
A nurse. A janitor. A tech repairman.
Slap on a wig, forge an ID, walk in, smile politely.
People trust the polite ones.

He vanished from the world like smoke.

Now, he was nobody.

They said that the night he killed his father, his mother killed herself.

Slit wrists in the bathtub.

She'd found what was left of her husband first—what hyunjin had done to him. she didn't scream. she didn't cry.

She just… broke… peacefully.

Hyunjin had gone mad for a while after that. He'd pulled his hair out. Scratched at his face until he bled. Scream until his throat burned.

But over time, the madness softened.

He forgave her.

After all, hadn't he tried the same thing? More than once.

Who was he to blame her for wanting peace?

That beautiful woman—the only person who ever truly loved him—was finally at rest.

And maybe that was enough.

Now?

Hyunjin had found his own peace.

Art.

It saved him.

He loved the way a paintbrush danced against a canvas—how colors bled into each other, how purple could drown out red, how motion could become emotion.

But there was something else he loved.

Something even more intimate.

Killing.

There was art in that too.

The way a blade slid into skin.
The way blood ran in lines.
The way a final gasp sounded like music when it left the lungs just right.

It was… beautiful.

But Hyunjin wasn't reckless.

He didn't paint without purpose.
And he never killed without one either.

He painted beauty.
He painted peace.

He killed ugly.
He killed trouble.

Predators. Abusers. Monsters in silk ties and pretty shoes.

The ones who smiled just like his father did.

He watched them. Stalked them.

He made sure they deserved it.

And when he was certain—when their sins spilled out of their mouths like rot—

He made them art.

Chapter 27: Dismissed

Notes:

this chapter comes as an apology for the recent chapters... some fluff for u guys :b

Chapter Text

Felix didn't go to work the next day.

He couldn't.

So instead—he stayed.
Woke up early. Tiptoed around the apartment while the sun was still barely a whisper through the curtains.

He stood barefoot in the kitchen, hoodie sleeves pushed up, whisk in hand. The scent of warm banana bread slowly filled the air, soft and sweet, curling through the halls like a hug.

A yogurt bowl waited on the counter too—topped with honey, crushed almonds, and sliced strawberries. Hyunjin's favorites.

Felix didn't need to say anything out loud.
He just wanted Hyunjin to feel it.
Loved. Cared for. Safe.
Like maybe this time, he wouldn't have to go through anything alone.

He was sprinkling cinnamon over the loaf when he heard the soft shuffle of feet behind him.

"Angel?" came a quiet voice, still thick with sleep.

felix turned.

Hyunjin was standing in the kitchen doorway, wrapped in a long-

sleeved black shirt and loose grey sweats, his hair a little messy, one hand rubbing at his eye.

"What are you doing up so early?" he asked gently.

Felix smiled and set the cinnamon down. "couldnt sleep."

Hyunjin tilted his head, stepping in slowly. "Is everything okay?"

Felix nodded. "Yeah. I just wanted to do something nice. For you."

His voice was soft. A little shy. He picked up the yogurt bowl and walked it over, holding it out with both hands like an offering.

"Breakfast," he said. "Sit down. I'll get the banana bread out in a few minutes."

Hyunjin blinked at him. Then, slowly, he smiled, warm.

He took the bowl, brushing his fingers lightly over Felix's as he did.

"You didn't have to do all this," he murmured, sitting down at the counter.

"I wanted to." Felix poured two glasses of juice, setting one beside him. "Let me look after you today."

Hyunjin looked down at the yogurt, then back up at him. "you always look after me," he said softly.

"Not enough," Felix whispered.

Hyunjin reached out, fingers curling gently around Felix's wrist.

"You're enough," he said. "You always have been."

And just like that, felix melted.

He leaned in, pressing a kiss to hyunjin's forehead before turning back to the oven, cheeks warm.

Behind him, Hyunjin took a slow bite of the yogurt, smiling.

-

Felix ended up trailing behind Hyunjin through the quiet aisles of the library.

Hyunjin had insisted he came just to browse some manga, but somehow he'd disappeared into the historical Chinese section—a place Felix had barely ever noticed before.

Felix let out a soft grumble beside him, not quite a complaint, more like an affectionate protest.

"Hyun, can we go get boba now?" Felix whispered, voice just a touch whiny.

Hyunjin glanced back, a teasing smile playing on his lips. "I'm still looking, angel."

Felix sighed, his lips pouting. He glanced at the manga section just a few steps away, its colorful covers bright and inviting.

"I'm gonna go look at the manga then," Felix said, already turning toward the brighter shelves.

Hyunjin's smile deepened, playful. "That eager to leave me, huh?"

Felix shrugged, barely hiding his grin. "Oh, come on. It's literally ten steps away."

Hyunjin chuckled softly and reached out to lightly touch Felix's arm, pulling him back just enough to close the small gap. "Ten steps can feel like miles sometimes."

Felix looked up at him smirking. "So cheesy."

-

"I'm disappointed in you, Officer Han."

The chief's voice rang sharp in the quiet room.

Jisung stood stiff in front of the desk, shoulders tense, jaw tight.

The chief didn't raise his voice—he didn't need to. The low, controlled tone was worse. It reeked of disappointment.

"You executed a home search with four officers," the chief continued, eyes hard. "On a man with no prior record, no standing charges, no active surveillance. And then—"

He picked up a file, slapping it open on the desk. "—you found evidence of fresh injury. And instead of following protocol and calling for emergency medical response, you told him—what was it again? 'Don't be stupid'?"

Jisung stayed silent. His fingers twitched at his sides.

The chief leaned forward, his hands steepled.

"You looked a man in the eye, saw what was very likely self-harm, and your response was to interrogate him, Han. Not assist. Not document and report. Not even notify a medic. You interrogated him and then left."

"It wasn't like that—" Jisung started, voice tight.

"No?" the chief snapped. "Because the report I just read makes it sound exactly like that."

A thick silence fell.

"You understand how bad this looks?" the chief said, quieter now. "tfhis wasn't your personal vendetta to carry out. You didn't follow chain of command. You didn't contact social services. You didn't even loop in the assigned psych evaluator. You went in on instinct."

Jisung's throat burned. "Sir, with all due respect, I know something's

wrong. He's not—"

"And you," the chief cut in, rising slowly from his chair, "are not a profiler. You're not a therapist. You're not a hero on some righteous manhunt. You're a detective. And detectives follow procedure."

Jisung flinched like he'd been struck.

The chief stepped around the desk and handed him a slip of paper.

"As of now," he said, voice final, "you're off the case. Effective immediately."

Jisung took the paper, hands heavy.

"You are not to engage with the suspect," the chief added. "You are not to tail, contact, or investigate him in any capacity. And if I hear so much as a whisper that you've gone behind my back—your badge is next."

Jisung didn't answer. He couldn't. His mouth was dry. His gut twisted.

"Dismissed," the chief muttered.

Jisung turned without a word and walked out, the door clicking shut behind him.

His fists clenched.

He was off the case.
Hyunjin was untouchable.
Felix hated him.

And worst of all?

That sick feeling in his chest still hadn't gone away.

Something was very wrong.

And now? No one else was going to stop it.

Chapter 28: Long time no see

Chapter Text

8:23 PM.

It had been a week since Jisung got pulled off the case.
A full seven days since the chief slammed his file shut and told him to drop it.
And of course—he didn't.

He couldn't.

Because everything in him still screamed that something was off. That the scars weren't the whole story. That Hyunjin wasn't just some soft-spoken, sad-eyed boyfriend.

So here he was.
Alone in his apartment office, lit only by his desk lamp and the blue glow of his laptop screen. The air smelled like instant coffee and the inside of a printer.

He scrolled through the compiled data for the sixth time that day, eyes burning.

[CONFIDENTIAL BACKGROUND REPORT]

Name: Hwang Hyunjin
DOB: 2000/07/05
Age: 25
Sex: Male
Nationality: South Korean
Place of birth: Itaewon General Hospital Clinic, Seoul
Blood type: A
Citizenship ID: [REDACTED]
Current residence: Seoul Changan-dong, D9
Phone number: XXX-XXX-XXXX
Employment status: Freelance artist

Licences: Driver’s license (Issued 2020-03-12)

MEDICAL HISTORY:

2000-07-05 — Birth, Itaewon General Hospital
2016-08-11 — Treated for laceration on right index finger (reported as kitchen accident)

-No further records found

EDUCATION:

Itaewon Public Middle School (Graduated 2015)
Itaewon High School (Graduated 2018)
Seoul National Medical University — Enrolled 2019, Withdrew 2021
Reason for withdrawal: Personal leave (No elaboration given)

CRIMINAL HISTORY:

-No arrests
-No charges

FAMILY RECORDS:

Father: Hwang Ha-joon — Deceased
DOD: 2014-09-15
Cause of death: Motor vehicle collision

Mother: Hwang Nari — Deceased
DOD: 2014-09-15
Cause of death: Motor vehicle collision

Siblings: None
Known relatives: None

Foster care history:
-Placed in Yong-san Youth Foster & Orphan Care Facility, October 2014
-Remained until age 18
-No adoption or extended placement records

-

Jisung leaned back in his chair, exhaling slowly. Something about this was pissing him off.

It was too neat. Too clean.

Only one hospital visit in twenty-five years?
No dental? No check-ups? Not even a fever run to the clinic?

He clicked open the medical withdrawal form again.

REASON FOR LEAVE:

Student requested psychological leave due to personal stressors.
Supporting documentation not provided.
No follow-up requested. Case closed.

That's it?

Jisung's eye twitched.

And the death report? Car crash. Both parents. Same day. One article. No follow-up. No photos. No police report attached to the file. No autopsy on public record.
He'd already cross-checked three databases. Still nothing.

People always leave digital fingerprints. Online reviews, social posts, background noise. Even orphans leave a mess of paperwork behind. But Hyunjin?

Hyunjin barely existed.

At least, not until after age 16.

After that—poof. Bare minimum.

Jisung sat forward again, opening a private search panel.

He wasn't dropping this.

Because whoever Hwang Hyunjin really was—
he had buried himself under a very convincing lie.

And Jisung was going to dig.

-

9:01 PM.

Jisung pushed open the door to his apartment, the familiar jingle of his keys echoing softly as he fumbled to unlock it. He was exhausted. All he wanted was to collapse into his bed and shut out the world for a while.

He stepped inside and sighed heavily, dropping his shoulder bag onto the kitchen counter with a thud. The faint scent of dinner lingered in the air, but what caught his attention immediately was the soft, insistent rubbing against his legs.

"Soongie," Jisung smiled, crouching down to pet the cat who purred loudly, pressing his head into Jisung's hand. It was a small moment of peace.

But then—

Voices. Laughter.

Two voices, coming from the living room.

One was unmistakable—Minho's deep, warm tone.

The other?

Jisung froze.

His heart quickened slightly in his chest as he rose, muscles tensing instinctively. He stepped cautiously toward the kitchen entrance.

And there it was.

Minho, sitting comfortably on the couch, a glass of champagne casually cradled in one hand. His easy smile, the relaxed way he leaned back—completely at ease.

And next to him…

Hwang Hyunjin. Same glass of champagne, a smooth smile playing on his lips.

Jisung's breath hitched.

"What the hell," he muttered under his breath.

Before he could fully process, Minho's eyes landed on him.

"Oh, you're home, baby," Minho said warmly, raising his glass in greeting.

Hyunjin's voice cut through the silence next.

"Ah, greetings, Jisung," he said with smoothness, eyes glinting like a cat who knows exactly what he's doing. "Long time no see."

Jisung stiffened, fists clenched at his sides. The tension was thick, heavy enough to choke on.

He didn't say a word at first.

He just stood there in the doorway, spine straight.

He took a slow breath through his nose, eyes flicking from Minho's relaxed posture to Hyunjin's glimmering smirk. The champagne. The laughter.

"Didn't mean to interrupt," Jisung said finally.

Minho smiled, unfazed. "It's not an interruption, babe. Hyunjin just stopped by for a quick drink. Catching up a little."

Of course he did, jisung thought bitterly.

Hyunjin stood up slowly, setting his half-empty glass on the coffee table like he lived here. His sleeves were rolled to his wrists today. covered.

"I was just about to leave anyway," Hyunjin said softly, turning to Jisung. "Didn't expect you to be home so late, Officer Han."

Jisung's jaw twitched. bbut still– his voice didn't crack.

"I guess you have a habit of showing up where you're not expected," he said coolly.

Hyunjin chuckled under his breath. "Old habits, I suppose."

Minho looked between them now, sensing the tension but not quite understanding the depth of it. "Is… everything alright?"

Jisung turned to him, lips curving into a barely-there smile. "Peachy."

But his eyes never left Hyunjin.

And Hyunjin? He just gave a small nod, slipping his phone into his pocket as he headed for the door.

"Thanks for the drink, Minho," he said politely.

Then he turned to Jisung one last time. Head tilted slightly.

“Take care,” he said, gentle. Smooth. Fake.

Jisung didn’t respond.

He just watched.

Watched as the door clicked shut behind him.

And only then—only once he was gone—did Jisung finally move.

He walked past Minho without a word, leaving the older man confused. He headed straight to the kitchen. Calm on the outside. Ice cold. But inside?

He was boiling.

He opened the cupboard. Reached for a glass. his hand was shaking slightly.

He didn’t even know why.

Because Hyunjin had been here.

In his space.

Sitting on his couch.

Smiling at his boyfriend.

And Jisung didn’t believe in coincidences.

Chapter 29: Need

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Drug use, non-consensual drugging, degradation, mild abuse, dacryphilia, asphyxiation and choking.

Chapter Text

Hyunjin hummed softly to himself as he drove, fingers tapping gently against the steering wheel. A soft smile curved his lips. Something played faintly through the speakers, but it wasn't the music that made him hum.

It was satisfaction.

His visit had been short—just a casual drop-in to "check on the cat" he'd rescued a few weeks ago, now safely in Minho's care. A sweet little pretense. Minho didn't suspect a thing. He never did. The man was charming, easy to chat with, and more importantly... a convenient distraction.

Because that wasn't the reason Hyunjin stopped by tonight.

Not really.

You could say... he just wanted to give Felix a bit of space.

You could say... he left Felix at home alone on purpose.

You could also say... he was thrilled about it.

A low laugh rumbled in his throat as he took a turn down the familiar road back to his apartment.

Because Felix wasn't just home.

Felix was home, alone, in his softest clothes, flushed with leftover

embarrassment from how needy he'd gotten earlier that evening.

And more importantly?

He was sensitive. Vulnerable. Aroused.

The tea Hyunjin had given him had taken care of that.

Just a little pinch of something in the honey—tasteless, scentless—but enough to raise his heart rate, make his skin feel hot. drugged, again.

Nothing dangerous, of course.

Hyunjin would never hurt him.

He just wanted Felix numb. soft. open.

So, a few hours ago, he'd smiled sweetly as he handed Felix the warm mug. Sat beside him while he drank it. Let his head rest on his shoulder. Ran fingers through his hair as his body relaxed more than usual.

Then, at the perfect moment, he kissed Felix's forehead and whispered, "I'll be right back, angel. Just gonna check up on the cat at Minho's."

Felix had blinked up at him hazily, already breathing slower, cheeks pink.

Hyunjin had smiled.

And left.

The perfect setup.

Because when he returned—and he would, very soon—Felix would still be awake. Too warm. Too sensitive. Barely thinking. Needing something, someone, to soothe the ache.

And Hyunjin?

He would give it to him.

On his terms.

All of it.

His fingers tightened slightly around the wheel as the apartment building came into view.

"Almost there," he murmured to himself, eyes glowing faintly under the streetlights.

Tonight would go exactly how he planned.

Just like everything else.

-

The soft click of keys turning in the lock echoed through the quiet apartment hallway. Hyunjin twisted the lock, then eased the door open with a slow, almost casual creak.

But almost immediately—before he could even step inside—a shaky voice called out. "Hyun...?"

He paused, a faint smirk curling at the corner of his lips. He stepped fully into the apartment, the door clicking softly shut behind him. His fingers moved with ease, slipping off his shoes and placing them neatly by the entrance.

And then his eyes landed on Felix.

Felix was a wreck.

Red puffy eyes—swollen from crying too long. Cheeks flushed bright, as if heat was burning just beneath the surface. Lips trembling, parting as if to speak but catching in hiccups, stuttering through breathless sobs.

Hyunjin's gaze softened, but the power in it never faltered. He took

a slow step forward, then another, closing the distance.

Felix, shaking and barely steady, attempted to rise—his legs trembling beneath him—but almost immediately stumbled, collapsing back onto his knees.

"Hyun—" he cried out again, voice cracking like fragile glass breaking under pressure.

"How are you feeling, angel?" Hyunjin asked softly, his voice a soothing, velvety whisper as he knelt down just enough to meet Felix's eyes.

Felix's chest heaved, hiccups breaking through every sentence, words barely more than desperate gasps. "I... need—I need it—"

His hands reached out, trembling, as if trying to grasp something solid in the air—something only Hyunjin could give.

"Shh," he murmured, voice low and calming. "I'm here now."

And as Felix's tears spilled freely down his cheeks, Hyunjin's hands found their way to cup his face gently, steadying him.

Felix whimpered—small, breathy, broken.

His hands moved on instinct. no thought. no hesitation. just raw need.

Shaking fingers reached for Hyunjin's belt, fumbling at the buckle, desperate and clumsy. His head dipped forward, nuzzling close, lips barely brushing the hem of Hyunjin's shirt.

"Please," he gasped. "Hyun, please—"

But just as his fingers curled around the leather strap—

A firm hand caught his wrist.

Felix froze, breath hitching.

Hyunjin's grip was gentle,. His thumb stroked the inside of Felix's

wrist—once, slow, almost comforting.

"Not here, angel," Hyunjin murmured. "Let's go to bed first, hm?"

Felix's lips parted, like he wanted to beg, to plead—but all that came out was another whimper as Hyunjin pulled him carefully to his feet.

He leaned down, brushing a kiss against Felix's temple.

"Be patient for me," he whispered.

Hyunjin carried Felix, bridal style, down the dimly lit hallway, the soft shuffle of his footsteps the only sound between them. Felix clung weakly to his shirt, body trembling with every step, flushed face buried against his chest.

"Hyun—please, don't make me wait—I can't—" Felix whimpered, voice wrecked with desperation.

"Shh," Hyunjin cooed, his tone gentle. "It's okay, love. Just a few more seconds. Hold it in for me."

The bedroom door swung open quietly as Hyunjin nudged it with his foot. Without warning, he dropped Felix onto the bed. Not harsh, but not gentle either.

Felix yelped. "Ah—Hyun—"

He barely had time to blink before Hyunjin was on him.

The shift was sudden.

Hyunjin's sweet warmth twisted into something darker.

He loomed above, eyes hooded, and in the next moment—his hand wrapped around Felix's throat. Tight.

Felix choked on a gasp, eyes wide in confusion and panic. "Wh–Hy—jin—s-stop—I can't—breathe—"

Hyunjin's fingers dug in harder, his thumb pressing just enough to

make Felix's gag.

"Oh? Now you wanna beg?" he whispered, voice like velvet laced with poison. "You think you can whine and tell me what to do? Tell me not to make you wait?"

Felix whimpered, both hands clawing at Hyunjin's wrists—but there was no fight in it. Only instinct. Weak.

"You were dripping before I even left," Hyunjin growled low, eyes locked on him like prey. "Practically purring, weren't you? So fucking sensitive. So desperate. And now you're gonna act like you can't take it?"

His grip loosened—just barely—enough for Felix to gasp for air. Just a sliver of breath. Just enough to whimper again.

"I—I didn't mean—" Felix stammered.

But Hyunjin didn't let him finish.

He leaned in closer, lips brushing against Felix's ear, his breath warm and dangerous.

"You meant exactly what you said," he murmured darkly. "You want this. You like being ruined. You like being too dumb to speak, too fucked out to think. Don't you?"

Felix's lips quivered. His thighs instinctively rubbed together, breath coming in short, broken sobs.

Hyunjin's grip hardened again—fingers tightening like iron bands around Felix's fragile throat.

Fuck.
The sight before him was almost too perfect to resist.
Tears dripped down Felix's flushed cheeks, glistening like broken promises. Lips quivered uncontrollably, barely holding back desperate sobs and silent pleas.

Begging without words. Weak. Broken.

And it turned twisted inside Hyunjin. Ownership.

The more Felix crumbled, the more alive Hyunjin felt.

Tears weren't signs of weakness to him—they were trophies. Proof of power. Proof that Felix was his to break, his to own.

"Look at you," Hyunjin hissed low, voice dripping with venom. "Pathetic little mess. Crying like a scared puppy, begging for scraps from the one who decides if you get to breathe or not."

His thumb pressed harder against Felix's throat, just enough to steal another shaky breath. "Pl–plea–se–i–can't–breath—"

"You think I need you? That I can't live without you?" he sneered. Suddenly, Hyunjin's voice dropped, for just a second. a flash of vulnerability. "I can't... It's not just me, Felix. It's you. You can't live without me... you can't."

Chapter 30: Pretty

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: non-con, passing out, drugged sex, rape and sex with an unconscious person and.

Chapter Text

Felix's hands fluttered uselessly, scratching weakly at Hyunjin's arms, but there was no fire left in them—only desperate, helpless need.

Hyunjin's eyes narrowed as he felt Felix's breath slow, heard the uneven rhythm grow faint. His chest rose and fell less and less until it finally stilled—eyelids fluttering, rolling shut like fragile curtains falling over tired windows.

Felix was still. Completely. Passed out. Not gone. But gone enough.

A flash of something dark sparked inside Hyunjin. Anger. Power. Frustration.

He gritted his teeth, hands trembling.

This should be mine.

But beneath it all… a jagged ache twisted through his chest.

He hated that feeling.

Because right now, it felt like the power wasn't his.

No. No. No.

Hyunjin's grip tightened, knuckles white.

I'm the one who owns him. I'm the one who controls.

Not the other way around.

Slowly, he lowered his hands to Felix's body.

Fingers ghosted over skin warm and soft beneath the fabric.

One piece of clothing at a time, Hyunjin peeled away the layers—careful—like stripping away the last defenses, revealing the fragile beneath.

Felix's unconscious stillness mocked him.

But Hyunjin swallowed that bitter sting.

He'd prove who was in charge.

Once Felix was fully bare beneath him—vulnerable, silent, and soft—Hyunjin sat back on his heels, eyes raking slowly over the boy's exposed body.

His chest rose faintly. Skin flushed. Thighs slightly parted from earlier desperation.

So pretty.

So painfully pretty it hurt.

For a second, Hyunjin just stared.

Breathing in the moment.

Felix looked unreal like this—laid out like a glass doll made just for him. Fragile and breakable. Marked with tears and heat and trust he never meant to give.

"Fuck," Hyunjin whispered to himself.

He dragged a hand through his hair, chest tight, heart pulsing in his throat.

Then, slowly, he stripped off his shirt—pulling the fabric over his head with a low rustle before tossing it somewhere behind him without care. And then he moved.

Climbed over Felix again—one knee on either side, hovering over

him.

He leaned down, breath hot against the boy's damp neck.

Felix didn't move.

But his body reacted.

Hyunjin could feel it—small twitches, the way his skin trembled under his lips. The drug didn't take that away. If anything, it amplified everything.

And that was perfect.

So he kissed his neck. Once. Then again. And again. Each kiss slow, lingering, more like claiming than affection.

Then open-mouthed, biting kisses that left bruises blooming like violets on snow.

Hickeys. Red, deep, lasting.

He wanted proof.

He wanted Felix to wake up and feel it.

To touch his neck in the mirror and remember who he belonged to.

Hyunjin groaned against his skin, lips dragging lower, tongue tasting every inch of that flushed, heated skin. His hands trailed possessively down Felix's sides, thumbs pressing bruises into his hips.

"My angel," he whispered, voice so quiet it almost disappeared into the skin.

Hyunjin's mouth didn't stop.

He painted Felix's neck in red and purple, lips dragging down to his collarbone where he bit hard.

His tongue followed after, soothing where his teeth had just been.

Felix’s body twitched under him. Even unconscious, the boy reacted.

He kissed lower.

Across Felix’s chest, over his ribs. His hands spread over Felix’s sides, fingers spreading possessively, thumbs dragging over his trembling stomach.

His skin was burning.

So warm. So soft. So open.

And he wasn’t even awake.

Hyunjin's breath caught as he leaned down again, lips brushing along Felix’s stomach, his hips, his thighs. He kissed everywhere. Bit gently into the skin of his inner thigh, leaving one more mark for no one but him to ever see.

Every inch of Felix was sacred. His.

“You were made for me,” Hyunjin whispered against the skin, voice cracking like he almost didn’t believe it himself.

His hands slid beneath Felix’s thighs, lifting, spreading them wider.

Hyunjin stared down at him like an artist stepping back from a masterpiece.

This wasn’t sex.
This wasn’t affection.
This was devotion.

“I’m never letting you go,” he murmured, breathless. “Even if you wake up and scream and cry and beg to leave—I won’t let you.”

He leaned in, kissed just above Felix’s navel, then up again to his chest—resting his cheek there for just a second. Listening to that slow, drugged heartbeat.

Steady. Safe.

His to protect.
His to use.
His to break.

Hyunjin shed his own pants, kicking them aside without concern.

He grasped Felix's legs, pushing them further apart until they rested on either side of his thighs, presenting the boy's vulnerable entrance.

A bead of precum glistened at the tip of Hyunjin's erection as he aligned it with Felix's quivering hole.

"Open up for me," he breathed, his voice husky with desire. He pressed the head of his cock against Felix's resisting rim, applying gentle pressure. "Let me in."

Hyunjin took a deep breath, steadying himself before beginning to push inside. It was a slow, each inch sinking deeper into Felix's warmth.

The boy remained limp and unresponsive, lost to the haze of the drug, yet his body betrayed him. The slight clenching of internal muscles, the soft whimpers muffled by unconsciousness, the flush of arousal painting his skin a delicate pink.

Hyunjin paused when he was fully inside, savoring the sensation of being enveloped by Felix's tight heat.

—-

Chan sat frozen in front of his phone, thumb hovering over the screen, eyes darting between the blank message box and Felix’s name at the top.

He didn’t know what to say.

What do you even say when someone you barely know disappears

for a whole week?

Hey, you didn't show up at work for a week. You good?

It felt awkward. Too casual. Too nosy.

But what else was there?

Chan's mind replayed the few times he'd seen Felix—that shy smile, the way he tucked his hair behind his ear, how he seemed so small yet somehow fierce.

He barely knew him. But damn, he cared.

There was a quiet worry creeping in—Where is he? What's going on?

Chan swallowed hard.

In the end, the worry outweighed the hesitation.

Without overthinking, he typed the simplest message he could think of.

Hey. You okay? Haven't seen you at work all week.

His thumb hovered a beat longer, then he hit send.

And then… waited.

Chapter 31: File

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

11:03 AM.

Jisung's grip on the steering wheel was tight. Not white-knuckle tight—but close. Close enough that his forearms were beginning to ache. The car hummed softly beneath him as the city blurred past, grey buildings giving way to quieter streets. Older. More forgotten.

He was off duty. No badge. No backup.

Just him.

The address glared up at him from the passenger seat, printed cleanly across a crumpled sheet of paper.

Yong-san Youth Foster & Orphan Care Facility.

Listed in the system as Hyunjin's foster home after the death of both parents at age fourteen.

But something about it didn't sit right with Jisung.

One hospital visit in twenty-four years?
No family. No relatives. No connections.
A digital trail that looked like it had been swept clean with bleach.

Too clean.

And the thing was—Jisung had seen clean before. People with nothing to hide. People with nothing at all. But this? This felt like someone wanted it clean.

His jaw clenched as he took the final turn. The roads narrowed.

Trees lined the sidewalk now, brittle and untrimmed, the air a little colder here.

Finally, he saw it.

A rusted gate. Paint peeling. The sign was old and it read: Yong-san Youth Foster & Orphan Care.

The building behind it was worse. A three-story block of worn brick and foggy windows. It didn't scream "home." It barely whispered "habitable."

Jisung pulled up slowly, tires crunching over scattered leaves. He turned off the engine, but didn't move right away.

He just sat there, staring up at the building, heart heavy with something he couldn't name.

Maybe it was guilt. for pushing too hard. for caring too much. or maybe it was just dread.

He exhaled slowly, reached for the file again—hyunjin's file—and flipped to the last page.

Yong-san Residency Record:

Admitted: September 20, 2014
Discharged: March 18, 2018
Case Supervisor: Ms. Kang Hae-won
Notes: No known behavioral issues. Quiet. Polite. Independent. No guardianship claimed.

Too perfect.

Jisung shoved the file back down, opened the door, and stepped out. The cold hit him first—followed by the silence.

No kids. No laughter. No staff at the front.

Just... nothing.

He walked up to the gate and buzzed the old intercom. It crackled. No answer.

He buzzed again. This time, a rusted voice came through.

"...Yes?"

“Hi. I’m looking for a Ms. Kang Hae-won. I’m hoping to ask about a former resident—Hwang Hyunjin.”

There was a pause. Static.

Then, finally—

“Come in.”

The gate clicked, and slowly creaked open.

Jisung stepped through, every instinct in him on high alert.

As Jisung stepped fully inside, the warmth hit him like a wave.

The place looked… surprisingly cozy. Worn, sure—but lived in. Loved in.

The walls were painted a soft yellow, chipped in places, and a cartoon mural of animals stretched across the hallway. In the corner, a group of kids sat cross-legged around a low table, giggling as they played with magnets and clunky plastic blocks.

Their laughter echoed lightly through the room.

And there—just past the reception desk—a kind-faced older woman stood waiting for him. Her grey hair was tied neatly in a bun, and her cardigan had small embroidered cats across the collar.

“Ah! You must be the young man who called,” she said brightly, voice gentle and warm. “Come in, come in.”

Jisung nodded politely and stepped closer, already flashing her a calm smile. “Yes. Officer Han Jisung. Off duty today, just following

up on some personal research."

"Oh, an officer!" she beamed, clearly delighted. "Well, my name's Ms. Kang Hae-won. I've been working here since… oh, long before my knees gave out," she chuckled, patting her hip. "Now what can I help you with dear?"

"I'm here about a former resident," Jisung said, lowering his voice slightly as he pulled out the printed page from Hyunjin's record. "Hwang Hyunjin. Born July 5th, 2000. Lived here after the death of his parents in 2014. The records say he was discharged in 2018."

Ms. Kang squinted a little at the page, then her face lit up with recognition.

"Ahhh… Hyunjin," she said fondly, nodding. "Yes, I remember him well. Quiet boy. Very neat. Polite. So intelligent. Always had his nose in a book."

Jisung tilted his head slightly. "So he did live here?"

"Oh yes," she said with a warm smile. "Stayed for a good few years. Always kept to himself, but never caused a fuss. Some of the younger kids looked up to him, you know. He used to help tutor them in science and maths." She chuckled. "We thought he'd become a doctor or professor someday."

Jisung's brows furrowed slightly.

It all lined up. Too neatly, maybe.

"Do you happen to have any of his records still on file?" he asked. "Medical, behavioral, even just residential logs?"

"Of course, dear," Ms. Kang said with a nod. "I'll need to dig into the archive room for that. Would you like some tea while you wait?"

Jisung shook his head politely. "No, thank you."

"Suit yourself," she said, already bustling toward the back hallway. "Give me a few minutes, alright?"

As she disappeared around the corner, jisung glanced back at the kids playing. one of them noticed him and grinned. jisung offered a small smile in return—but his mind was racing.

Something about this place didn't add up. Not because it seemed wrong—but because it all seemed too perfect. Neatly wrapped.

Polite. Smart. Quiet. Well-behaved.

Hyunjin was many things. But if there was one thing he wasn't—It was simple.

He turned back to face the hallway where Ms. Kang had gone, pulse ticking up a beat.

He had a feeling what she brought back might not answer everything.

But it might just crack the door open.

Ms. Kang returned about fifteen minutes later, a thick folder cradled in her arms.

"Here we are," she said cheerily, placing it down on the desk between them. "Everything we had on Hwang Hyunjin."

Jisung sat up straighter, heart ticking just a little faster. "Thank you."

He flipped the folder open—and immediately, his brows furrowed.

It was spotless.

Immaculate attendance records. Quiet behavior notes. Straight A's. No disciplinary incidents. No reported injuries. No therapy notes. No signs of trauma.

Nothing.

Even his medical notes only listed minor scrapes and seasonal flu.

No mention of mental health problems. No counsellor sessions. No reports of self-harm.

It was too clean.

Jisung's fingers hovered over the final page, scanning and re-scanning every line.

"…This is everything?" he asked slowly.

Ms. Kang nodded, sipping her tea. "Yes, dear. That's all we have on file."

Jisung leaned back slightly, eyes narrowing. "Did you interact with him often?"

"Oh, here and there," she replied, voice light. "He was always respectful. Never caused trouble."

Jisung's voice dropped just slightly. "Do you remember if he had any… outbursts? Violent behavior? Maybe signs of depression?"

She smiled gently. "Hmm… I think not. Nothing I can recall."

Jisung caught it—I think.

He asked another. "Did he ever run away? Skip curfew?"

"I don't believe so," she said with a small chuckle. "If I remember right, he was a model resident."

There it was again.

If I remember right.

Jisung's brow creased deeper now. "Forgive me," he said carefully, "but it sounds like you're not certain."

"Oh, well," she laughed softly, "you'll have to excuse me, young man. I'm getting old. My memory's not what it used to be. These files help fill in the gaps—but even those don't always tell the full story, hm?"

She gave him a kind smile. Warm. Innocent.

But jisung wasn't smiling.

Because this wasn't just missing details.

This was like someone had cleaned the record on purpose.

Erased what didn't fit the image. And maybe Ms. Kang didn't notice.

Or maybe… she wasn't meant to.

Jisung closed the folder.

That was all he needed.

He glanced up at Ms. Kang, his smile polite but tight. "Would it be alright if I take this with me? Just to scan and review?"

Ms. Kang beamed. "Of course, dear. I trust you'll bring it back safe."

He nodded, tucking the folder beneath his arm. "Thank you. Really."

He stepped back, offering her one last respectful bow before turning toward the door.

But just as his hand touched the knob—

"Oh, and one more thing," Ms. Kang called out, her voice sweet and casual. "If I do remember correctly… that boy—Hyunjin—he used to stop by twice a year."

Jisung froze.

"He'd visit?" he asked, turning halfway back.

She nodded fondly, eyes distant with some old memory. "Yes, yes. always during the holidays. such a handsome young man he grew into. charming smile. he'd bring chocolates for the children—every single time."

she laughed softly to herself, like it warmed her heart.

“Very sweet of him. Thoughtful boy.”

Jisung didn’t respond right away. He just stood there, watching her carefully.

Twice a year.

He gave her a polite smile. “Right. I’ll return this soon.”

Notes:

guys.. just a question..

comment X if you think jisung is gonna die.

comment O if you think jisungs going to solve the case.

Chapter 32: Remember when

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

November, Tuesday, 2019.

2:04 PM.

The old wooden door jingled softly as Hyunjin stepped inside the cozy building. A gentle smile played on his lips as he carried a carefully wrapped box of chocolates and a bouquet of roses.

The warm scent of freshly baked cookies and faint chatter filled the air. From down the hall, a chorus of delighted squeals erupted.

“Ah, Miss Kang! Mr. H is here again!”

One of the younger girls, Luna—a bright-eyed little thing with tangled curls—sprang forward, bounding toward Hyunjin like a beam of sunshine. She wrapped her small arms tightly around his waist, barely reaching it.

Hyunjin chuckled, ruffling her hair affectionately. “Looks like you missed me, Luna,” he said, voice soft and warm.

“Of course!” she beamed, clutching the hem of his shirt as if afraid he’d disappear. “You always bring the best treats!”

Hyunjin smiled wider, crouching slightly to meet her eyes. He carefully plucked a single rose from the bouquet and held it out to her. “Here, this is for you.”

Luna’s eyes sparkled as she accepted the delicate flower, pressing it gently against her cheek like a treasure. The other children gathered around, curious and giggling, their faces alight with joy.

“Thank you, Mr. H!” she exclaimed, her voice full of innocent wonder.

Hyunjin’s gaze softened as he stood and looked around the room filled with happy, hopeful faces. This was the reason he came back every year—every visit a small moment of light in their lives, and perhaps in his own.

“Let’s make today a good one,” he murmured quietly, more to himself than anyone else.

Miss Kang appeared from her office doorway, her smile genuine and proud as she watched the scene unfold. “Thank you for always remembering them,” she said gently.

Hyunjin nodded, eyes distant for a moment. “They deserve to be remembered.”

-

Hyunjin was never truly part of the foster home.

Not really.

He never lived there.

Not even for a day.

But twice a year, he showed up.

And Ms. Kang—dear, sweet Ms. Kang—welcomed him with open arms every time.

He’d come in with that soft smile, carrying chocolates, flowers, or sometimes just his calm presence. Then, in that smooth, voice, he’d murmur things like,

“Remember when you used to brush my hair all the time, Ms. Kang?”

Her eyes would flicker with confusion. The corners crinkled in a smile, but there was a slight hesitation, like she was reaching for a memory that stubbornly refused to exist.

But Hyunjin never stopped. He'd repeat it gently, like a soft lullaby.

"Remember how I hated the way it tickled my neck? You promised to be gentle."

And slowly—inch by inch—that imagined scene began to sketch in Ms. Kang's mind.

The long afternoons sitting by the window, a young boy's hair being brushed with careful hands.

A tenderness that never existed.

A history rewritten, stitch by stitch.

Ms. Kang, getting older and more forgetful, began to believe it.

Because who else could be so patient, so kind?

Who else would show up twice a year, remember the names of every child, every detail, every fleeting smile?

The truth was, Hyunjin was never a part of the Yong-san Youth Foster & Orphan Care Facility. But he manipulated her, twisted her vulnerable mind to believe he was.

"Remember when you used to make pancakes for breakfast all the time?"

"Remember when I always helped you make the chicken soup?"

"Remember when you bought me my first painting set?"

'Remember when.' It was all an illusion.

So no one would ever question him.

So when he needed her to remember a "boy" who had "grown into a charming man with a thoughtful heart," Ms. Kang saw exactly

that.

And that was the first step in the game he played.

Notes:

sorry for the short chapter ;-;

Chapter 33: Angel

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Friday, December, 2019.

The first time Hyunjin met Felix wasn't some grand cinematic moment. It was quiet, like the start of a slow-burning fire.

Felix was working at a small, cozy café tucked between bustling city streets. He was behind the counter, wiping down tables with the ease of someone who knew every corner of the place.

Hyunjin walked in like any other customer—except from the moment he stepped through the door, his gaze locked in on Felix like the world had suddenly narrowed to just one point.

Their eyes met across the room, a flicker of something electric sparking between them.

To felix, it felt like a classic romance.

But Hyunjin's story was different.

What Felix didn't know was that Hyunjin had been watching him for months before that day. Not stalking, no—that word was far too crude. It was love, pure and undeniable.

Hyunjin had memorised every detail — the way Felix's smile softened when he talked to regular customers, the nervous twitch when a rude client snapped, the gentle kindness in his eyes when he helped the elderly.

To Hyunjin, Felix wasn't just a waiter.

He was an angel—too beautiful, too fragile, too perfect to be real.

Without ever learning his name, without a single word exchanged, hyunjin vowed silently to himself to give Felix every ounce of love he could muster.

Weeks blurred into months of distant admiration, small moments stolen from afar. Until finally, the day came.

Their fingers brushed once, accidental and electric. A moment that set their worlds spinning.

Felix's heart thudded in his chest. After weeks of casual café flirting, of serving the guy who'd tip him fifty dollars every time he smiled, he knew—then and there—he was falling.

Hyunjin's lips curled into a small, knowing smile.

He knew, too.

-

From small, hesitant walks through city parks, to stolen dates under soft streetlights, to quiet confessions whispered in the dark—their love unfolded like a blooming flower.

Each moment drew them closer. Shy smiles turning into lingering touches, laughter melting into whispered secrets. their connection grew deeper—from tender intimacy to the day they finally became official partners.

But hyunjin carried a secret he barely dared admit—he was terrified of sex.

The idea of baring himself, exposing that vulnerable, fragile side, was a reminder of wounds he thought were long buried. Memories of his father's coldness. The harsh judgment that had once made him hate his own body.

Yet with Felix, something was different.

His body in Felix's hands was no longer a source of shame or fear. It was sacred. Ethereal.

Felix was the only one who could hold that vulnerability without breaking it. The only one Hyunjin could trust with his scars, seen and unseen.

The night they finally made love was unforgettable.

His mind was a whirlwind, but achingly beautiful.

His heart didn't pound from fear. It ached, in a way that was agonisingly sweet.

Felix's hands were soft as they traced every inch of him. His mouth was gentle, worshipful.

He was everything Hyunjin had ever dared hope for.

In that night, Hyunjin found a safe place, in Felix's arms, where his broken pieces felt whole again.

Notes:

sorry for another short chapter but dw the next chapters will be long :b

Chapter 34: Unannounced

Chapter Text

Two Days Later.

It had been over a week since Felix last showed up at work. The days passed in a haze—soft hours blurring into each other, warm meals, kisses on his temple, and whispered reassurances that everything was fine.

But two nights ago, Felix woke up in their bed, blinking slowly against the morning light, his body aching in ways he couldn't explain.

His limbs were heavy. His muscles sore. His neck stung when he moved, and faint purple marks were visible on his nape.

And as always, Hyunjin had been right there beside him—legs tangled in the sheets, arms draped around Felix protectively, voice low and sweet.

"Don't move too much, angel," he whispered, brushing Felix's hair back. "You drank so much last night."

Felix blinked at him. "I did...?"

Hyunjin chuckled softly, rubbing his eyes like he, too, had just woken up. "Mhm. You were all over me. Such a clingy drunk."

A pause.

"I barely remember anything either, to be honest. Guess I had too much too."

And Felix believed him.

Of course he did.

Because Hyunjin had always been there. With warm hands, and soft words, and that gaze that could melt right through his ribs.

But still—a small voice in the back of Felix's mind had whispered that morning. A quiet thing.

Why are there hand-shaped bruises on your hips? Why does your voice feel raw? Why are there so many marks on your thighs? Why are their bruises on your neck?

He'd ignored it.

Called it paranoia. Intrusive thoughts. His overactive imagination.

Because he loved Hyunjin.

And Hyunjin loved him.

He knew that.

–

6:08 PM.

Now, the apartment smelled of garlic and rosemary. Felix stood in the kitchen, humming softly under his breath as he chopped onions on the wooden board. The air was warm, soft jazz drifting from the Bluetooth speaker. He was making pasta. Something cozy for Hyunjin when he got home.

Hyunjin had said he was heading out for more canvases and paints.

Felix had kissed him goodbye at the door, like always.

The knife clacked against the board, rhythmic and mindless. Felix was just beginning to dice the cucumbers when—

Ding.

The sound jolted him.

He blinked, looking up toward the hallway.

The doorbell.

His brows pulled together.

Nobody ever rang the bell. Hyunjin never rang. Their friends always texted. Deliveries were scheduled.

Felix set the knife down, washing his hands quickly under the faucet, flicking them dry as he made his way through the hallway barefoot, rubbing his fingers against his sweats.

Who could it be at this hour?

He pulled open the door—

And froze.

Standing there, in a black hoodie and a small smile, was Chan.

He looked a little unsure, a little tired—and in his hands was a small plastic bag.

Felix blinked in surprise, his body tensing just a little in the doorway. “Mr. Bang?”

“Hey,” Chan said gently. “Sorry for dropping by unannounced, and please—call me Chan.”

Chan gave a sheepish shrug, lifting the bag like it was some kind of peace offering. “Heard from Jeongin that you’ve been sick. Thought maybe I passed you that cold from the bottle shop last week.”

Felix’s brows lifted. “Jeongin told you?”

“Yeah. He was worried, said you weren’t picking up.” Chan nodded toward the bag. “I just dropped by to leave this, that’s all. didn’t mean to freak you out or anything.”

Felix glanced down at the plastic bag, then back at Cchan’s tired smile.

Inside was a small bottle of red wine, some Lindor chocolates—and

a strip of Panadol.

Get well soon gifts.

Felix's chest tightened, guilt bubbling gently in his stomach. "You didn't have to do that," he said, smiling softly. "That's really sweet."

Chan just shrugged, eyes warm. "Just wanted to make sure you were okay."

Felix looked down at his socks, biting his lip. Then, after a moment of hesitation—

"Do you wanna come in?"

Chan blinked. "Huh?"

"For dinner, I mean." Felix gestured over his shoulder toward the warm kitchen, the smell of pasta wafting through the air. "It's nothing fancy, just… garlic and butter and stuff. My boyfriend's not back yet but—he will be soon."

Boyfriend.

The word landed hard.

Chan smiled, but it didn't quite reach his eyes. His fingers tightened slightly around the plastic handles.

"Oh," he said, blinking a little. "Right. You have a boyfriend."

Felix tilted his head, frowning just slightly. "You okay?"

"Yeah. Yeah, of course." Chan forced a small laugh. "Sorry. Wasn't expecting that, is all."

Still, he couldn't say no. Not when Felix looked at him like that—soft sweater sleeves tugged over his wrists, eyes bright despite the dark circles, voice warm despite the ghost of bruises behind his collarbone.

So he nodded. "Alright. Just for a bit."

Felix beamed. “Great! Come in, shoes off.”

Chan stepped in quietly, toeing off his sneakers, following Felix down the hallway of a home that suddenly felt way too intimate to be in.

There was something heavy in the air.

He didn’t know what yet.

But he could feel it.

And as he stepped past the entryway, setting the gift bag gently on the kitchen counter, he wondered if this was a mistake.

The thing was—Chan really did like Felix.

Not just in that casual, distant way. Not just he’s cute, I’d date him. No.

Chan liked him.

There was something about Felix. Something soft and sparkly in his smile, something earnest in the way he talked about memories. It was the way he laughed with his whole chest.

Even though Chan barely knew and saw him… He liked him.

Maybe that was delusional.
Maybe bringing the boy wine and chocolate like some old rom-com idiot made him stupid.
Maybe he thought—god, maybe he thought Felix would blush or stammer or smile too hard. Maybe he'd say, "Wow, no one's ever done this for me before."
Maybe he thought there’d be a spark. Something.

But of course, there was someone else.
Of course there was already a boyfriend.
A perfect boyfriend, apparently. One Felix cooked dinner for. One he waited on.

Chan sighed, dragging a hand through his hair as he leaned lightly

on the kitchen counter, watching Felix hum to himself over the chopping board.

He really was dumb.

I fucking saw the guy. Chan thought silently, eyes narrowing on the garlic cloves. He'd seen him. The boyfriend. Once, at the alcohol store that night. Standing beside Felix, laughing softly.

He remembered thinking: Oh, maybe that's a friend. A cousin. A roommate. Not someone who'd be wrapped around Felix's waist that same night.

God, you're such an idiot Chan.

He scolded himself silently, forcing on a smile when Felix turned to offer him a drink.

"Water okay?" the boy asked sweetly.

"Perfect," Chan said, voice steady, even if his heart wasn't.

Because the worst part wasn't that Felix had someone else.

The worst part was knowing that person got to love Felix every day.

And Chan didn't even get to try.

Chapter 35: Please

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: dub-con and emotional manipulation

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

The kitchen was warm, the soft hum of the oven mixing with the quiet clatter of knives on chopping boards.

Chan leaned against the counter, watching the boy with a small, genuine smile. “Mm, smells like my mom’s pasta,” Chan said, nostrils flaring as he took in the aroma.

Felix glanced over his shoulder, grinning. “It’s Australian pasta.”

Chan laughed lightly. “Well it’s the same thing haha.”

Felix chuckled, shaking his head. “Yeah, I guess I am missing Australia a lot these days.”

Chan’s eyes softened. “Me too. Especially the beaches.”

“Oh, definitely the beaches,” Felix said, eyes lighting up. “Oh my gosh, Bondi Beach on a Saturday evening was the best—”

Chan cut in playfully. “Nuh uh, Manly is better.”

“Nuh uh nuh uh, Bondi,” Felix shot back.

Chan crossed his arms. “Ok fine, the Great Barrier Reef. Beat that.”

Felix scrunched his nose in protest. “That’s not a beach.”

“There are beaches beside it, it still counts!” Chan argued, voice teasing.

“Nuh uh!” Felix laughed.

“Yuh uh!” Chan retorted, the two bursting into light laughter together.

But then Chan’s gaze drifted lower and caught something that made his smile falter.

There, just peeking out from under Felix’s collarbone, was a handprint-shaped bruise—dark, angry, and impossible to miss.

Chan’s brow furrowed as he gently asked, “Hey… what’s that on your neck?”

Felix’s smile faltered, eyes darting away for just a second before he whispered, “That? Oh its nothing,”

Chan didn’t believe him for a second.

“You sure? That looks pretty bad.”

Felix swallowed hard, voice barely audible. “I’m fine, really.”

Chan took a cautious step closer to Felix, his eyes locked on the bruise like it was a red flag waving loud and clear. His voice softened, careful not to startle him.

“Mind if I take a closer look?” he asked gently.

Felix’s eyes flicked up, panicked for a moment. “No, it’s fine, really. Don’t worry about it,” he murmured quickly, voice tight, almost defensive.

Chan didn’t push at first, but seeing the hesitation in Felix’s eyes made him gently press on. “Come on, just a quick look. I’m not gonna hurt you.”

Felix bit the inside of his lip, fingers twitching nervously. He didn’t even know where the bruise had come from, but something inside him told him to hide it.

After a moment, with a barely audible sigh, Felix gave in, lifting his

collar just enough for Chan to see.

Chan leaned in carefully, their faces now dangerously close—close enough to catch the warmth of Felix's breath, to see the faint shimmer of worry in his eyes.

His gaze studied the bruise, tracing the shape slowly.

"It's definitely intentional," Chan said softly, voice heavy with concern. "Someone did this. It's not an accident."

Felix's throat bobbed with a shaky swallow. He looked away, unable to meet Chan's eyes.

Before Chan could pull back or say more, a voice called out from the hallway, cutting through the tense air like a blade.

"What's going on?"

Hyunjin.

Hyunjin stepped into view, all casual.

The closeness between Chan and Felix snapped apart like a rubber band breaking, and Chan instinctively straightened.

Felix blinked, startled by the sudden appearance of Hyunjin.

"Hyun—hey, i—this is Chan, my boss."

Chan gave a small, respectful nod, still holding that worried look as he glanced between Felix and Hyunjin.

Hyunjin's expression was calm, serene even, his tone soft and smooth as silk as he greeted them both.

"Hello, Chan. It's a pleasure."

His smile was gentle, polite, disarmingly warm.

But beneath that polished exterior, Hyunjin's mind was racing.

A storm of dark, violent thoughts clawed at his calmness.

If he could, he would grab the knife and stab the man in the neck a hundred times over.

The sight of Chan here—close to Felix, touching him—was a poison spike through Hyunjin's carefully controlled world.

But outwardly, he didn't betray a flicker of that rage.

Not yet.

Chan cleared his throat softly, stepping back and offering a small smile, forced at the corners.

"Well," he said, trying to sound light, "I should probably head out. Just wanted to drop off the stuff and say hi."

"Oh—yeah, yeah, of course. Let me walk you out." Felix said.

Hyunjin only smiled, all calm. "You're welcome to stay longer, really."

Chan shook his head, gaze lingering just a bit too long on Felix. "Nah I've got a lot to do tonight anyway. Thanks though."

Felix walked him to the door, the silence between them stretching awkwardly for a moment before Chan turned to him, voice low.

"You sure you're okay?" he asked quietly, one last time.

Felix offered a small smile. "I'm fine. Really."

Chan didn't believe him. But he didn't push. Instead, he reached out, gave Felix's shoulder a light, comforting squeeze, and nodded. "Take care of yourself, yeah?"

Felix nodded, and watched the door shut gently behind him.

The soft sound of Chan's footsteps fading down the hallway echoed in his ears like the end of something he didn't even realise he wanted.

When Felix turned around, walking back to the kitchen—

Hyunjin was there.

Leaning against the counter.
Hands in his pockets.
Expression unreadable.

But Felix could feel it.

“Hyun?” he asked.

Hyunjin didn’t look at him right away. His gaze was fixed on the bottle of wine on the counter—the one Chan brought.

The Lindor chocolates sat unopened beside it, still tied up in the little red bow.

“You walked him out?” Hyunjin asked quietly, finally looking at him.

Felix blinked. “..yeah, just for a second.”

Hyunjin nodded slowly. He wasn’t smiling anymore.

Felix stepped forward, confused. “Are you… okay?”

“I just find it interesting,” Hyunjin murmured. “How close you two seemed. You were laughing. Touching. He was looking at you like…”

He trailed off, eyes flicking toward the hallway like he could still see Chan standing there.

“Hyun…” Felix tried.

“You let him touch you,” Hyunjin added, softer now. “Your neck. Why would you let him?”

Felix stiffened. “He just… saw the bruise. I didn’t even know I had it.”

Hyunjin’s gaze darkened slightly. “You didn’t know?”

Felix felt small under his stare. “I thought it was from something

else. I wasn't sure—"

Hyunjin stepped closer.

"I told you," he whispered, voice low, almost sweet, "you drink too much sometimes. You forget things."

Felix looked down. "I know. I'm sorry."

"You shouldn't let anyone else touch you like that, love," Hyunjin murmured, his hand gently reaching to cup Felix's cheek, thumb stroking the skin beneath his eye. "They don't know you. Not like I do."

Felix nodded slowly, throat tight.
He didn't say anything else.
Because what was there to say?

He just let Hyunjin pull him in, into a soft, warm hug.

-

The kitchen was still warm, but everything else had turned cold.

Hyunjin sat at the table now, quiet, arms crossed, fingers gently tracing invisible patterns. He hadn't spoken since the hug. Not really. Just silence. And when Felix brought him a glass of water, Hyunjin only nodded, eyes distant.

Felix hated this kind of silence.
The kind that twisted into guilt.

"I didn't mean to make you upset," Felix said softly, sitting beside him.

Hyunjin finally looked at him. something in his eyes shimmered—a kind of hurt, delicate.

"I'm not upset," he said. "I'm just… sad."

Felix frowned. "Sad?"

“I just didn’t expect you to let him touch you like that,” Hyunjin murmured, voice small. “I know you didn’t mean anything by it, but... it still hurt.”

“I’m sorry, hyun. I wasn’t thinking. I didn’t mean—”

hyunjin shook his head, quiet. “please don’t do things like that again. please. I don’t know if I can take it.”

His voice cracked a little at the end. and Felix’s heart cracked with it.

Without waiting for a response, Hyunjin leaned in slowly. His lips brushed Felix’s neck—right above the bruise. A soft kiss. Gentle. Another. And then one more.

“Let me remind you,” he whispered. “Just how much I love you.”

His hand slid up Felix’s arm, warm and slow, the other drifting to his waist, slipping beneath the hem of his shirt, fingers ghosting over his skin. His breath was warm against Felix’s neck, lips now pressing lower, with quiet urgency.

Felix shifted slightly.

“Hyun,” he said softly, pulling back just an inch. “I don’t really… I’m not in the mood tonight.”

Hyunjin stilled.

For a second—just a second—his hands paused. Then they fell away. Not rough. Not angry. Just… numb.

“Oh,” he whispered.

Felix’s heart panged. “I just… I’m tired. And sore. I didn’t sleep well —”

“No, it’s fine,” Hyunjin interrupted gently. He sat back, looking away. “I get it.”

But Felix could see it. The devastation blooming behind his eyes.

The way his hands curled slightly into fists on the table. He wasn't yelling. He didn't look furious.

He looked like he'd been broken.

"I'm sorry," Felix said again, voice cracking slightly. "It's not about you."

"It is, though," Hyunjin said, and this time his voice did crack. "Don't lie to me. I know when your body pulls away."

Felix opened his mouth to explain, but Hyunjin was already speaking again, quieter this time—pleading, almost whispering.

"Felix… I'm exhausted. I've been working all day. I missed you. I wanted to come home and feel close to you again. But now it just feels like I'm watching you drift away from me."

His hand reached out, gripping Felix's fingers softly. "Do you not want me anymore?"

Felix's chest tightened. "That's not it—"

"Then what is it?" Hyunjin asked, his voice trembling. "You're okay laughing with him, letting him touch you, smile at you—but I can't even hold you? I can't even… show you love?"

"Hyun, please…"

"I'm trying," Hyunjin whispered, eyes shining now. "I'm really, really trying. And it's like no matter what I do, it's never enough."

Felix felt his stomach twist. His body hurt. His mind was spinning. But Hyunjin looked so shattered. So small. He looked like he'd fall apart if Felix said no again.

"Just tonight," Hyunjin murmured, thumb brushing Felix's knuckles. "Please. Let me love you. Just for a little. I missed you."

Felix stared at him.

He didn't want to.

His body still ached from a night he couldn’t even remember.
His skin was still bruised, still sore.
But the guilt was louder.
The way Hyunjin said please sounded like the end of the world.

So he nodded. Slowly. Hesitantly.

“...okay,” he whispered.

And when Hyunjin leaned in again, lips softer this time, and Felix closed his eyes.

Notes:

one question guys..

who's side are u currently on?

Felix or Hyunjin?

Chapter 36: Why

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: self harm and mental break downs
>
> (im laughing so hard rn. everyone commenting things like "i want them together and happily ever after" like... did u read the tags properly???? migosh... anyway love u all enjoy :b)

Chapter Text

They had sex that night.
Felix tried to enjoy it—no, he forced himself to enjoy it. He smiled when he didn't want to. He moaned when it didn't feel good. He kissed Hyunjin like nothing was wrong. Like his heart wasn't somewhere else.

And he hated himself for it.
God, he hated himself so fucking much.

Why do you always ruin everything? He cursed silently, blinking up at the ceiling when Hyunjin finally rolled over and fell asleep.

It's your fault.
He's tired. He misses you. He loves you. He just doesn't know how to show it sometimes.
You shouldn't have brought another man into the house. What the fuck were you thinking?

But somewhere deep in the silence of his mind, a much smaller voice whispered back:

I'm tired too.
I love him too.

I said sorry.

But sorry had limits.
Sorry didn't unshatter things.
So he told himself it was okay. Last night, he gave Hyunjin what he needed—love, or something like it. Maybe that was enough. Maybe that was redemption. Felix should be fine.

But still, a tiny sliver in his chest ached with something dull and hollow and heavy. And he didn't know why.

No—that was a lie. He did know.
Because Hyunjin was everything he thought he wanted.
But not everything he needed.

And it made him feel ungrateful. Rotten. Wrong.

He woke up early. Couldn't sleep. Couldn't breathe.

Hyunjin lay beside him, shirtless, golden skin kissed by the soft morning light. His expression was calm. Peaceful. Like nothing had happened. like everything was okay.

Felix tried not to look too long. He carefully slipped out from under the sheets, pulled on his clothes, and walked out the door.

—

7:57 AM.

Felix was at work, wiping down tables at the café with Jeongin.

"You did not have a cold for a whole ass week, stop lying Lix." Jeongin squinted at him, dramatic as ever.

Felix let out a soft, tired sigh. "It was just a small thing. I'm fine now."

“You looked like a whole corpse two days ago.”

“I’m breathing, aren’t I?” he replied with a weak smile.

Jeongin paused, eyes narrowing. “Barely.”

Felix didn't answer. He scrubbed harder at a spot on the table that wasn’t even dirtyy.

Jeongin noticed. But he didn’t say anything.

Felix didn’t know why, but his heart was beating a little faster than usual.

Mr. Bahng was supposed to come in at 8 AM, and somehow—Felix found himself waiting for that moment. Not because of work. Not because he needed something. But because Chan was going to walk through that door.

Jeongin, sitting across from him, casually nudged his arm. “You know, everyone can see he’s got a crush on you,” Jeongin said quietly, like it was the most obvious fact in the world.

Felix only shrugged, lips tight. He didn’t want to think about it. Then Felix reached into his pocket to check his phone—only to realise it wasn’t there.

A slow sigh slipped past his lips. Forgot it at home.

He paused. It wasn’t a problem. Not really.

-

Hyunjin’s breaths came fast and ragged, sharp like broken glass in his chest.
His wrists bled again. Fresh, deep cuts carved into his skin, crimson pooling the floor. This time, the pain was different—burning, sharp, pain. Not just numbness or distraction. It stung like hell.

Felix’s phone. The way Hyunjin could always hear his voice.

But Felix had left it at home. And Hyunjin was drowning in silence. No chance to hear a voice that would still steady him.

The living room was a war zone.

The TV lay shattered, screen cracked like spiderweb glass.
The couch was torn—ripped cushions, stuffing spilling out like guts. Broken plates, glass shards glittered the floor. It was his destruction, his fury made physical.

And in his hands, a knife. Cold steel biting deeper and deeper into Felix's phone, stabbing it again and again. Each strike was a release.

"WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY," he screamed, raw voice tearing through the empty apartment like a wounded animal.

He dropped the knife, fists smashing the floor. Glass bit into his knuckles, but he didn't care. The pain was welcome. He screamed again. His body convulsed as he fell backward, head hitting the cold floor hard.

It hurt.
Oh, God, it hurt.

Tears spilled freely now, hot and wet, carving tracks down his cheeks.
His throat burned from the screaming and the crying. He curled and kicked the floor like he was trying to break something—anything—to make the ache stop.

His hands, slick with blood, clawed at his face, scratching, tearing.
He wanted to rip his skin off.
He wanted to disappear beneath the pieces of himself he hated.
He felt broken.
Ugly.
Powerless.

His fingers tangled in his hair, pulling at it as if ripping out strands might rip out the pain too.

"WHY—HOW COULD YOU FORGET—" he sobbed, voice cracking

with raw, aching desperation.

He hated this.
Hated losing control like some wild beast trapped in a cage.
Hated the shame that followed.
Hated himself.

But the pain was too much.
Too loud.
Too real.

And no matter how hard he tried to hold it together, the pieces inside him shattered further—one jagged shard at a time.

Hyunjin lay there on the floor, chest heaving with ragged breaths, tears blurring his vision.
He was drowning in a storm of pain.

He hated it.
He hated losing control like this.
He hated how powerless he felt, like his world was slipping through his fingers and he could do nothing to stop it.
His body trembled with frustration and fear.

All this time, he'd kept a secret—a way to hold Felix close even when they were apart.
A tiny, hidden device in Felix's phone, a mic and camera only he could access.
He could listen.
He could watch.
Always.

But now…
Now that phone was smashed to pieces.
And with it, the one lifeline to Felix's voice—the one thing that could steady his spiraling mind—was gone.

The silence was unbearable. No whispers, no laughter, no breath catching. Just empty, suffocating quiet.

He clenched his fists, nails digging into his palms, desperate for

some control in the chaos. But there was none to be found. Only the aching void.

Hyunjin's heart twisted—a sharp pang of terror and loneliness he could barely bear. He whispered into the still air, voice breaking, "Angel.. where are you? what are you doing? please—say something. please. just come back to me."

But no answer came.

And he hated that too.
Hated that his desperate need to know—to hold on—had been ripped away.
Hated that he was left with nothing but his own trembling, broken self.

He lay motionless on the floor, eyes fixed on the cracked ceiling above.
His body felt heavy—too heavy to move.
The world around him was spinning in a haze of pain and despair.

Then—a faint creak.[

The door.
It had opened.

His heart thudded violently, but he didn't dare move. Couldn't move.

Footsteps.
Slow. Cautious.

Then a voice, shocked and startled.
"What the…"

It wasn't Felix. No.

Hyunjin didn't turn his head.
He didn't want to see who it was. Because he already knew.
He just stared at the ceiling, cold and empty inside.

"…Hwang Hyunjin, you are under arrest for suspicion of murder."

There was a long stretching silence. Then, Hyunjin smiled. A sad, twisted smile.

And then everything went black.

Chapter 37: Edited

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: mentions of child molestation and incest

Chapter Text

Two days earlier:

Jisung wanted to believe it was fake.

The report. The background file. The too-clean history stamped with government credibility. It had to be forged. Or altered. Or written by someone with too much power and too little conscience.

But everything looked legitimate. Watermarked. Cross-referenced. Confirmed by the old lady Ms. Kang.

Still—
Did Jisung care?

No.
Because he knew one thing:

People lie. Paper trails don't.

So here he was, hunched over his desk in his office. His fingers flew across the keyboard, retracing names, rechecking timelines.

"Hwang Ha-joon."

Hyunjin's supposed father.
That was the thread he was pulling now.

He found nothing on the mother—records erased or never existed at all. But this name, this man—this was the only piece left to chase.

The same summary popped up.

Date of Death: 2014-09-15
Cause of death: Motor vehicle collision

Jisung frowned. No hospital records. No emergency contact. No body photos. Just a cold statement.

He clicked on the full profile, watching the screen flicker.

[CONFIDENTIAL BACKGROUND REPORT] [edited]

Name: Hwang Ha-joon
DOB: 1980/08/03
Age: 39
Sex: Male
Nationality: South Korean
Place of birth: Itaewon General Hospital Clinic, Seoul
Blood type: A
Citizenship ID: [REDACTED]
Current residence: Unavailable
Phone number: XXX-XXX-XXXX
Employment status: Unavailable
Licences: Driver's license (Issued 1999-04-14)

MEDICAL HISTORY:

1980-08-03 — Birth, Itaewon General Hospital
-No further records found

EDUCATION:
Unavailable

CRIMINAL HISTORY:
-No arrests
-No charges

FAMILY RECORDS:
Son: Hwang Hyunjin
DOB: 2000/07/05

Wife: Hwang Nari — Deceased
DOD: 2014-09-15
Cause of death: Motor vehicle collision

Siblings: None
Known relatives: None

Again, It was perfect.
Too perfect.

Sanitized. Like it had been bleached within an inch of its life.
No one—no one—lives a life thagt clean.

Jisung leaned back, exhaling sharply.
But then he saw it.

‘[edited]’

There it was. A glitch in the matrix. A mistake, or maybe a buried truth someone thought no one would ever bother to dig up. But Jisung did.

He moved the mouse.
Hovered over the blue words: “View Original”

Click.

The screen blinked.
Loaded.
And then his stomach dropped.

[CONFIDENTIAL BACKGROUND REPORT] [original]

Name: Hwang Haneul [MIA]
DOB: 1980/08/03
Age: 32
Sex: Male
Nationality: South Korean

Place of birth: Jung-u Public Hospital Clinic, Daejon
Blood type: A
Citizenship ID: [REDACTED]
Residence: Hanaul Rd 4th
Phone number: XXX-XXX-XXXX
Employment status: Unemployed
Licences: Driver's license (Issued 1999-04-14)

MEDICAL HISTORY:

1980-08-03 — Birth, Itaewon General Hospital
1980-09-22 — Upper thigh rash
1982-07-12 — Flu Vaccine
1982-07-14 — Hina Fever Vaccination
1983-11-04 — Mild index finger nail injury
click to see more

EDUCATION:
Unavailable

CRIMINAL HISTORY:
-98 Speed limit charges
-Sexual assault and harrasment, 1 charge [file]
-Tax fraud, 62 charges [file]
-Suspicion of incestuous child molestation. heavy evidence. charges dropped [file]
-Purchasing illegal drugs, 39 charges [file]
-Buying child illegal pornography films, 2 charges [file]
click to see more

FAMILY RECORDS:

Unavailable.

_

Jisung froze.
The world tilted slightly beneath him.

His breath caught.

He had expected—something. A crack in the mirror. A falsified ID. Maybe a criminal record or a change of name.

But not this. Not this.

The word “incestuous” stuck to his brain like tar.

No family records.
No siblings.
No listed spouse.
Just one thing the edited version didn’t mention—

But Hyunjin was his son.

Jisung’s jaw locked.
His pulse stuttered.

A sickening nausea crawled up his throat. He hated—hated—abusers. There was nothing in the world more unforgivable to him than hurting a child.

And now… he couldn’t unsee it.
He couldn’t unknow it.

But he couldn’t stop either.
He was Han Jisung.

He clicked again. And again. He poured through linked files like a man digging through a graveyard. But one thing burned into his mind.

Residence: Hanaul Rd 4th.

That was it.
That was his next stop.
Even if it led to hell.

-

Jisung gripped the wheel tighter.

The rain had stopped somewhere past the freeway exit, but the clouds still hung low like smog, clogging the air with something heavy.

He was headed toward Jung-u.
Hanaul Rd, 4th block.

The neighborhood was quiet, middle-class. The car's AC hummed low while his fingers clicked through the file again. For the sixth time.

It wasn’t the murder investigation that had his stomach twisting like rope.
No. It was the rest of it.

“—Purchased illegal pornographic material involving minors, two recorded charges.”

“Suspicion of incestual child molestation. Unconfirmed but deeply concerning.”

When he pressed the *see more*, the page expanded.

A series of teacher-submitted incident reports filled the screen. Scanned PDFs, dates stamped from years ago.

He felt sick.

“Student frequently arrives with visible bruising. Arms, thighs, upper back.”

“When asked, student claimed he ‘fell down the stairs again.’”

“Quote from child (6 years old): ‘Appa told me not to tell anyone,

but it's okay. It was my fault. I didn't listen to him. It didn't even hurt. I'm very strong. Like Superman.'"

Jisung let out a breath he hadn't realised he was holding.

He stared at the words, blinking back the slow sting rising behind his eyes.

There was something uniquely cruel about how children explain their pain. How they carry it like it's a badge. How they protect the people who hurt them, just to keep the world from falling apart.

He swallowed thickly.
Shifted in his seat.
The turn for Hanaul Rd was just up ahead.

He didn't know what he expected to find.
Only that whatever it was…
It wouldn't be easy to walk away from.

Not this time.

-

There. Jisung finally reached it.

The house stood tall and proud, glowing under the soft grey sky like some polished lie. White pillars. Wide windows. A garden with trimmed hedges that didn't dare grow wild. Even the mailbox was shiny.

It looked clean. Untouched. Expensive.

Too expensive.

He stepped out of the car, his boots crunching on the gravel, letting out a sigh that fogged in the winter air. Something in his gut turned.

This was it. Hanaul Road, Number 4.

Except—Hanaul Road didn't exist anymore. Not on any official

map, not on any updated GPS. It had been erased in 2014, according to the title owner. The old neighbourhood had burned in a freak fire. That's what the report said.

But Jisung had read the fire marshal's notes. He'd read the whispers between the lines.

No origin. No source. No one saw flames until it was already too late.

And now this... glittery little town stood here like nothing ever happened.

He glanced up at the house again.

Perfectly rebuilt. Picture-perfect. But something about it felt wrong. Like a painting that looked too real—until you looked too close.

Jisung rubbed his temple and reached for his badge.

Time to knock.

-

When Jisung knocked, it didn't take long for someone to answer.

The door creaked open, and behind it stood an older man—maybe mid-50s, with thinning grey hair and eyes that looked permanently tired. He wore a neat sweater over a collared shirt, the kind of man who probably still ironed his socks. Polite, but guarded.

"Yes?" the man asked, eyeing Jisung's badge before he even had to say anything.

"I'm here regarding some historical records connected to this address. Mind if I ask a few questions?"

The man blinked. "Historical records? What kind of records?"

Jisung kept it neutral. “Crime-related. Nothing recent—goes back to the early 2000s.”

That earned a frown. “I’ve only lived here since 2016,” the man said, stepping out onto the porch slightly, arms crossing. “I bought the house after the rebuild. I don’t know anything about what was here before.”

Jisung nodded. He’d heard that before.

But the man paused. His eyes flicked toward the street, toward something in the distance.

“There is one person, though…” he said slowly, like he wasn’t sure if he should continue. “An old woman. Lives a few blocks over, toward the east end. She’s… well. Everyone around here calls her the ‘crazy one.’ Talks to herself, feeds stray cats, says weird shit.”

Jisung raised a brow.

“But she’s been here longer than anyone. Swears she saw the whole thing—before the fire, during, after. Claims she knows what really happened. Some even say she used to live on this street. But, y’know. She’s not all there.”

Jisung didn’t care if she talked to ghosts and collected bones—if she had answers, he was going to find her.

“Got an address?”

The man sighed, then pointed. “Take the road past the bakery, turn left at the dead tree. Her place is the last one on the corner. You’ll know it when you see it.”

Jisung gave a nod of thanks and turned back to his car.

Last one on the corner.

He had a feeling this story was just beginning to rot.

Chapter 38: Jinn

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: mentions of child molestation, rape, abuse, murder, incest and violence

Chapter Text

The road past the bakery was quiet. Too quiet.

Jisung drove slow, one hand on the wheel, eyes scanning every crooked mailbox and rusted fence he passed. The dead tree was impossible to miss—blackened and split like lightning had kissed it and never left.

He turned left.

And yeah. The man was right.

He knew the house the second he saw it.

It was hunched on the corner like it was trying to fold in on itself. Shutters hung off their hinges, porch sagging like a broken spine. Wind chimes clinked in a tangled mess. The yard was wild with overgrown weeds, bird baths filled with dirt. And cats. So many cats.

He stepped out of the car, and they stared. Silent. Watching.

Jisung approached the porch, careful not to trip on the steps. He raised a fist to knock—then hesitated.

—

When Jisung finally knocked, the door creaked open slowly—so slowly it almost felt theatrical.

But what greeted him wasn't the wrinkled, ghost-eyed elder he'd expected.

The woman standing in the doorway looked… young. Late 20s, maybe 30 at most. Her hair was dark and tied loosely behind her back, and her face was soft—warm, even. Freckles dotted her cheeks, and the scent of fresh flowers floated from her skin like she'd just stepped out of a garden. There were no wild eyes. No muttering. No madness.

Jisung blinked, caught off guard.

This wasn't a horror movie. Not yet.

"Hi," she said gently, her voice smooth, like tea on a cold throat. "You're not lost, are you?"

Jisung gave a small smile. "No, ma'am. I was told you might know a bit about the area. I'm doing some… research. Specifically about the neighborhood before the fire. Around 2014."

Her smile wavered for just a fraction of a second—but it returned. "Come in," she said softly. "It's a bit cold out."

He stepped inside, careful not to spook any of the cats lounging on the floorboards. The house smelled like rosewater and something faintly herbal. A stark contrast to its decaying bones.

"I was told you've lived here for a while," Jisung started, scanning the living room, cluttered but clean.

"I've been here since I was little," she said, pouring tea without him even asking. "When the fire happened… we lost everything. My mother passed shortly after. My job didn't survive either. Couldn't afford to move far, so when they rebuilt this one…" She shrugged. "It was all I had. Still is."

Jisung nodded slowly, hands wrapping around the warm cup she offered. "Did you know a boy named Hyunjin? Lived around here,

early 2000s?”

The woman paused—just for a breath. A flicker. But Jisung caught it.

She set the teapot down gently.

“Jinn,” she murmured. “Everyone called him Jinn.”

Her voice was thinner now. Quiet.

“He was… sweet. The kind of kid who brought flowers for birthdays, even when it wasn’t yours. Smiled at everyone. Said thank you too much. He wasn’t perfect, though. Cried a lot. Especially when he was little.”

Jisung said nothing. Just listened.

“But around twelve,” she continued, eyes unfocused now, “he stopped. No more crying. No more shaking. He just… smiled. All the time. Even when he didn’t mean it.”

She looked at him now.

“My daughter—she was close with him. They used to play together. I remember once, she came home from his house, white as a ghost. She couldn’t speak. Just stared. Like something had broken inside her.”

Jisung’s gut panged.

“She tried to kill herself that night.”

Her voice didn’t tremble. Didn’t shake. But something beneath it felt cracked.

“She’s twenty-four now. Healthy. Lives upstairs with me. She’s safe now. But… she never talks about what happened.”

The silence grew dense between them.

“Did she ever say what…?”

The woman shook her head. “She didn’t have to. I saw. I saw enough.”

Jisung swallowed. “What do you mean?”

She finally sat down. Her hands folded neatly.

“There were always bruises. Not just on her. Other children too. Kids would come to Jinn’s house… and leave sick. Quiet. Their parents would say it was a stomach bug. Or stress. But I knew better. I knew the look.”

Her eyes darkened.

“His father—Haneul. He was a demon in human skin. I never saw a man like him. The way he looked at people. The way he looked at Jinn. Like he owned him.”

She leaned in just slightly.

“I knew he raped his wife. I knew he raped that poor boy. Since he was a baby. I saw the way Jinn flinched at every loud sound. I saw the way he walked like his body didn’t belong to him.”

Jisung’s hands curled tightly around the teacup.

“He’d cry all night sometimes. Sit outside in the cold when his father locked him out. klike he’d rather freeze than be touched again. He was terrified of being alone—but even more terrified of being inside.”

She paused.

“Then, in 2014… something changed.”

Jisung’s breath hitched.

“I didn’t see it start. But I heard it. Screaming. Shouting. And then…”

She looked at him now, eyes full of something indescribable.

“I looked through the window. And I saw Jinn. Holding a knife. Covered in blood. His father was on the ground. Still screaming. But Jinn didn’t stop. He kept stabbing. Over and over and over, like he was trying to erase the man from existence.”

Jisung’s throat felt tight.

“I didn’t call the police,” she whispered. “I never will. That man deserved everything he got.”

She sat back, sighing.

“And then… Jinn took a gas can. Poured it everywhere. The grass. The road. cars. Poured it like it was holy water. And he lit a match.”

The flames flickered behind her eyes like memory.

“By morning, everything was ash.”

Silence. Cold. Still.

Jisung stared at her, stunned. His heart thundered beneath his ribs.

She leaned forward one last time, her voice a ghost.

“If you’re here to find justice,” she said, “don’t waste your time. That boy already served it.”

Chapter 39: Dot

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Jisung was driving back now. The soft hum of the engine barely covered the whirlwind brewing in his chest. His grip on the steering wheel was tight, knuckles pale with tension, and his mind wouldn't shut up.

Pride wasn't exactly the right word—but maybe close to it. He'd done his job. Dug into a case that was practically cold and cracked it open like a rotten egg. answers. Truth. Resolution.

But along with that, came the fucking horror of it all.

Hyunjin. Hwang Hyunjin. A murderer.

He had killed his father.

And Jisung didn't even blame him.

Because alongside the headlines that would call it a murder, alongside the crime and blood and guilt… was a childhood so drenched in cruelty that Jisung didn't know how Hyunjin was even breathing today. If any of those reports were true—and after seeing the house, hearing the old woman, reading those documents—Jisung had no doubt they were… then no one could possibly understand what that boy had been through.

Part of him—maybe the bigger part—wanted to forget the whole thing. Bury it. Lock the files and throw the key into the ocean.

Because, hadn't Hyunjin suffered enough?

But then… Felix.

His best friend. He was in danger. Jisung could feel it like a knot in his gut.

And no matter how sorry he felt for Hyunjin, no matter how much he wanted to protect the shattered kid buried beneath the blood, he wasn't about to gamble with his best friend's life.

His jaw tightened.

He couldn't let pity win.

There was a soft meow beside him, barely audible over the wheels eating up the road.

He glanced over.

Right. The cat.

Before Jisung had left the woman's home—the one who had seen it all, who knew everything—she had handed him a cat. A frail, aging little thing with cloudy eyes and a tired spine. Jisung had tried, really tried, to politely decline.

But she wouldn't hear it.

Her hands had curled around the carrier like it held treasure. and the second jisung mentioned having cats at home, she'd practically shoved it into his arms.

"I named him Jinn," she'd whispered. "He saw everything. Just like I did. He's old now. Needs someone gentle, someone safe. He deserves better. Please, keep him."

Jisung hadn't had the heart to say no again.

So now Jinn was curled up in the passenger seat.

The sky was darkening now, clouds curling like smoke above the horizon.

Jisung sighed deeply and mttered under his breath, "God, what the fuck did we all get ourselves into…"

He didn't have the answers yet.

-

Jisung sat back in his office chair, eyes fixed on the board he'd been working on all week. Strings of red yarn stretched across it, overlapping like spiderwebs. Photos. Documents. Notes. Maps.

At the center was Hyunjin.

He had enough now. More than enough. No more speculation, no more maybes. Jisung was more than a thousand percent sure—Hwang Hyunjin was connected to it all. Mr. Choi's murder. Officer Park. The three kids in the alley. And more.

So much more.

Jisung clicked his pen as he scrolled through the police database he had backdoor access to. The number stared back at him, bold and cold.

219.

Two hundred and nineteen other reported murders. All of them linked by one impossible thread. silence.

No prints. No fibers. No DNA. No CCTV. No witnesses. Not even a single goddamn mistake.

Just... dead people.
Gone. Neat. Precise.

They weren't just victims. They were mostly monsters. Abusers. Convicted rapists. Pedophiles. Corrupt humans. Dirty politicians. Names Jisung had only heard whispered in dark corners of cases swept under the rug.

And yet—each one of them had vanished off the face of the earth. Found days or weeks later, lifeless. Slashed in places that stopped the heart instantly. No time to scream. No time to beg. No time to

even process what happened.

And it clicked.

Hyunjin had studied at a medical university. He would've learned all of it—how to cut, where to strike, what organs to hit. These weren't the crimes of a raged man.

They were clinical. Professional. Practiced.

Each body was destroyed with the skill of someone who knew exactly how the human body worked. And how to make it stop working in the quickest or most painful way.

jisung's mouth felt dry. He stared at the board again, a chill creeping up his spine.

this wasnt about revenge anymore.
this was a fucking mission.

And Hwang Hyunjin was the ghost carrying it out, one silent corpse at a time.

Notes:

> a/n: i have a feeling the recent chapters are getting shittier... pls feel free to scold me if theyre getting shittier. love u all, will post the next chapters very soon >:b

Chapter 40: Don't think so

Notes:

⚠ Content warning⚠
chapter contains: blood and violence

Chapter Text

Hyunjin opened his eyes slowly. His vision flickered, blurry at the edges, blood crusting against his lashes. His pulse drummed like war in his ears. Then—

A laugh. Quiet at first. Then louder. A short, sharp bark of amusement that echoed off the walls.

He chuckled like a man on the edge of sanity. Because he was.

He sat up, slowly, bone by bone, like a puppet coming back to life. Every inch of him screamed. His shoulder was slick with blood, arm trembling under its own weight. But he turned his head.

Ah. Of course.

Han Jisung.

Good. As planned. Kind of, at least.

Jisung stood a few feet away, breathing hard, the door still slightly ajar behind him. His stance was rigid. Gun trained perfectly. Trigger finger twitching. His badge glinting from his belt like a threat.

"Put your hands where I can see them, Hwang Hyunjin," Jisung snapped, voice low and deadly.

Hyunjin smiled. He raised his hands—shaking, soaked in red. "Alright, officer. Don't get too excited now."

Jisung's jaw clenched. "I finally fucking caught you."

Hyunjin paused.

"...I..." he started, voice breathy, almost thoughtful. Then a smile. One that didn't touch his eyes.

"...don't think so."

The moment shattered like glass.

Behind Jisung—slam—a second door creaked. Just a second. That's all Hyunjin needed.

A flash of metal.

A knife, thrown from the counter—dead on, sharp, singing through the air.

Squelch.

"Agh—fuck!" Jisung's body twisted in pain, the blade buried in his thigh. He staggered back, half-falling, his breath hitching as his leg gave way.

Reflex.

He pulled the trigger.

Bang.

The bullet grazed Hyunjin's shoulder—red exploded across the wall. But Hyunjin didn't stop. He was already moving—slipping to the side like shadow, too fast, too close.

Thud.

His foot slammed into Jisung's stomach, hard. Jisung doubled over, gasping, the wind knocked clean out of him.

Then—

Hyunjin was behind him.

Hand locked around Jisung's wrist, grinding the gun down. His lips

ghosted near Jisung's ear as he whispered.

"Drop the gun, officer."

His voice was sugar-laced venom.

Jisung grunted, trying to fight back—but the pain in his leg, the blood loss, the sudden proximity—it was too much. The gun slipped from his grip, clattering to the floor.

Hyunjin kicked it away.

Silence.

The two men stood there, breathless, tangled in the smoke and blood and tension of the moment.

Hyunjin pressed his chest against Jisung's back, arms wrapping loosely around him like a lover's hold. "You should've brought backup," he murmured, almost a sigh. "That was your first mistake."

Jisung panted, wincing. "My second was not shooting you in the fucking head."

Hyunjin grinned. "Mm. Fair."

And then he slammed Jisung's head against the wall.

Once. Twice.

The detective crumpled, groaning, eyes fluttering—half-conscious, blood trickling from his temple.

Hyunjin stumbled back, leaning heavily on the wall, his own blood trailing a path behind him like a dying comet. His body was screaming. His shoulder was fire. His head was spinning.

But he was alive.

Barely.

He looked down at Jisung's limp figure, breathing hard. "You should've known better," he muttered. "You think you can take me

from him?"

Hyunjin's gaze snapped to the door.

Felix.

He had to get to Felix.

Before anyone else did.

Before the world took him away.

With trembling hands, Hyunjin grabbed a towel, wrapping it around his bleeding arm. He limped to the corner, grabbed the shattered pieces of Felix's phone—cradling them like something sacred.

His mind was wild, burning, manic with desperation.

He was losing him.

Hyunjin needed to clean up. Not just the blood. Not just the broken glass and shattered wood. But of his slip.

He hated slipping.

First, though—before the bleach, before the bandages—he needed to handle Jisung.

No, not handle. Torture.

He needed to torture Jisung for even thinking he could take Felix away.

It was all part of the plan. Most of it, anyway.

Hyunjin knew Jisung would never give up. He was too desperate, too righteous. He knew Jisung would find the edited file. Knew he'd go to Jung-u. Knew he'd show up here, alone, burned by the weight of his own impulsive loyalty.

He knew jisung had been dismissed from the case days ago.

Hyunjin smiled. a slow, blood-coated thing.

Everything had gone the way he wanted. The only thing he hadn't planned?

Felix.

Felix, leaving his phone behind when he ran. But It was fine. Hyunjin could fix it. He'd stitch up the mess. Clean the blood. Reset the mask.

But Jisung?

No, he wouldn't kill him.

That would be too kind.

Hyunjin wanted him alive. Broken. Kept somewhere dark and starving. He wanted Jisung to feel it—to feel what it's like when someone tries to take away something that's yours. Something you've bled for.

Felix was his. His.

And Hyunjin would burn the world before he let anyone forget that.

Hyunjin shut the door with the softest click. No slamming, no loud declarations. Just a calm, final sound that sealed the fate of everyone inside.

He turned the lock.

Once. Twice. Thrice.

Then he walked—barefoot, silent—across the glass-littered floor, sidestepping the broken lamp, the torn pillowcase, the blood. He didn't look at the mess. It didn't matter. He'd clean it later.

He moved to the windows first.

One by one, he drew the thick curtains closed. Heavy velvet. Black. They swallowed the room in shadow.

He didn't speak.

He just hummed. Quietly. A song Felix liked.

Next, the windows. He pushed them all shut. Latched each one. Checked them twice. The cool wind outside died instantly. The silence inside became... complete.

Jisung's groan broke through it.

It wasn't loud. Just a small, helpless sound from where he lay sprawled near the dining table—his fingers slippery with blood, shaking as he tried to yank the knife out of his own thigh.

He was failing.

Good.

Hyunjin finally turned.

And walked.

Bare, slow steps. His shadow stretched behind him as he crossed the room like death wrapped in silk.

He stopped in front of Jisung, tilted his head, and for a second... just watched. Admiring the struggle. The way Jisung's chest rose and fell too fast. The way his teeth clenched. The way his fingers tried again to pull the blade out of flesh.

"You're always so eager," Hyunjin said softly, crouching.

"And so fucking stupid."

Jisung's eyes flashed, furious and afraid. "Fuck you—"

CRACK.

Hyunjin kicked the handle of the knife. Hard. Brutal.

The blade buried deeper into Jisung's thigh with a sickening sound.

Jisung let out a strangled scream, half-choked, as blood poured

faster now—hot, dark, soaking the floor.

Hyunjin leaned in close, face inches from his, voice honey-sweet and calm.

"That's for touching him."

He reached out, brushed Jisung's hair from his face with fingers so gentle it felt wrong. "But I won't kill you. Not yet. No. That's too easy."

Hyunjin stood, wiping his blood-slick hands down his white shirt like it was nothing.

"You're going to stay alive," he said. "You're going to watch me love him. Over and over. And you—"

His smile curled sharp.

"You're going to rot in the dark knowing you never had a chance."

He stepped over Jisung like garbage. Calm. fgraceful.

And walked into the kitchen. to grab gloves. bleach. a needle and thread for his own wounds.

Because messes had to be cleaned.

And today wasn't over yet.

Chapter 41: Tired

Chapter Text

Felix sighed, the familiar jingle of keys in his hand echoing through the hallway as he finally unlocked the door to the apartment. His limbs ached. His head was heavy. He just wanted to crawl into bed and disappear for a while.

Chan hadn't shown up at work today. Called in for "personal reasons." And while Felix tried not to take it personally, part of him felt the disappointment settle in his chest like a slow ache. He'd looked forward to seeing him. Maybe even talking.

But that was hours ago. Right now, he didn't care. all he wanted was rest.

The shift had been long. Exhausting. He'd spent it third-wheeling Seungmin and Jeongin's overly flirtatious shift slash date behind the register. Apparently, Jeongin had finally begun asking serious questions—questions about sex. How it works. What to expect. What it means.

They were both virgins, and for some reason, Jeongin had decided Felix was the certified expert. So he answered, honestly, carefully, trying to keep it light but real. The kind of advice he wished someone had given him before his first time.

Then, as if that wasn't enough, they went shopping. Jeongin kept tugging things off shelves and asking way too loudly what kind of lube was "the least sticky." Felix had wanted to die. And laugh. And mostly—just sleep.

By the time he pushed open the door and stepped inside, his entire body was begging to collapse.

But he froze.

The apartment was dark. Only a soft, warm glow flickered from the dining area, casting gentle shadows along the floor and walls. The

scent hit him next—roses, clean linen, some paint-ish smell, and something subtle and elegant.

Felix's brows pinched together. his shoes slipped off with a careless nudge of his feet, but his eyes stayed locked ahead.

On the table, there was a cake. A small one. Chocolate, maybe. Frosted simply and lit with delicate candles that danced gently in the low light.

He didn't have time to process it before two warm hands slid over his eyes from behind—gentle, slow.

"Guess who," a familiar voice whispered, soft against his ear.

Felix's breath caught, then released in a sigh.

"A psychopath who's come to murder me," he muttered.

Hyunjin chuckled behind him, that rich sound vibrating softly against Felix's back. The hands lowered, skimming his sides, then resting gently at the small of his back.

"How was work today, love?" he asked.

Felix turned, head tipping forward to rest against Hyunjin's chest. The warmth of him. The scent of his shirt. The steady heartbeat beneath it. Felix melted into it without even realising.

"Tiring," he mumbled.

His voice was quiet, almost muffled against Hyunjin's body. "Jeongin kept asking me about sex," he added, sighing again. "I just wanna lay down and die. What's all this for?" He lifted his head, blinking slowly. "Did I forget our anniversary or something?"

Hyunjin shook his head with a soft laugh. His fingers brushed Felix's waist, slow and careful, like he was grounding himself in the touch.

"No anniversary," he said gently. "I just… wanted to do something for you. To say sorry."

Felix blinked. “Sorry?”

Hyunjin’s gaze lowered.

“For last night,” he said. “I shouldn't have pressured you the way I did. I wasn’t thinking straight. You were tired, and I kept pushing, and… I hate that I made you uncomfortable.”

He paused. Then, barely above a whisper—

“I’m sorry, angel.”

Felix didn’t say anything right away. He couldn’t. His chest felt full —tender and sore in the way only love could make it. Hyunjin could be fire sometimes, sharp and consuming. But when he softened like this, which was almost all of the time—Felix felt like he’d never deserve it.

So instead of speaking, he leaned back into Hyunjin’s arms. Let his eyes close. Let the silence stretch, safe and warm.

And Hyunjin just held him there, candles flickering in the corner, two shadows swaying quietly in the dark.

The exhaustion in Felix’s bones made him feel heavy, like gravity was pulling him deeper into Hyunjin’s arms. And Hyunjin let him, wrapping his arms around Felix like a promise.

“Let’s get you out of these clothes, yeah?” Hyunjin whispered, kissing the top of Felix’s head.

Felix hummed sleepily. “Mmm... only if you carry me to bed.”

Hyunjin chuckled softly. “You’re so dramatic.”

Felix pulled back, blinking up at him with tired eyes. “I’m literally dying. My legs don’t work anymore.”

“Alright, alright.”

Hyunjin scooped him up gently, one arm under Felix’s knees, the other cradling his back. Felix melted into him with a sigh, head

resting against Hyunjin's neck.

"You smell nice," he murmured. "Like flowers. And something warm. Is that cinnamon?"

"Maybe," Hyunjin smiled, carrying him toward the bedroom. "I cleaned the whole place and lit that candle you said you liked. The one that makes you sleepy."

Felix's lips curved into the smallest smile. "You're dangerous. You're gonna make me fall in love with you all over again."

Hyunjin set him down on the bed gently, like he was laying down something fragile and sacred. "That's the plan, angel."

He helped Felix out of his jacket and jeans, leaving him in his oversized t-shirt and boxers. Felix yawned, already crawling under the covers, eyes half-lidded.

Hyunjin pulled the blankets over him and brushed the bangs from his face. "Sleep, love. I'll warm up the cake for later."

Felix blinked lazily. "You're gonna feed me cake in bed?"

"Only if you promise to stay with me forever."

Felix smiled with his eyes closed.

And just like that, he fell asleep—safe, warm, and loved.

Hyunjin stayed for a moment, just watching him breathe, his own heart aching with how much he adored the boy in his bed. He kissed Felix's temple and whispered, "You deserve the world."

And he meant it. every word.

Chapter 42: Trapped

Chapter Text

9:04 AM.

Morning sunlight streamed gently through the curtains, painting soft golden stripes across the bed. Felix was still curled under the covers, one leg kicked out for balance, hair messy and cheeks puffed from sleep. His shift at the café wouldn't start until 3PM, and he was fully embracing his right to do absolutely nothing until then.

He lay there, one hand scrolling lazily through tiktok with the volume barely audible, the other tucked under his cheek. The bed still smelled like Hyunjin—like expensive laundry detergent and the faintest hint of vanilla. Hyunjin had left earlier, kissing Felix's forehead before slipping out. Felix had barely registered it at the time.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed. Not a notification from the apps, but a message.

Minho.

Felix blinked. That was… surprising. He hadn't spoken to Minho in months, maybe longer. Minho was more of an acquaintance than a friend, someone from old group hangouts. They were still in each other's contacts. Felix furrowed his brows and tapped the notification.

"Hey Felix, is Jisung with you? I haven't seen or heard from him since yesterday afternoon. I'm getting worried. Please let me know if you know where he is."

Felix stared at the message for a few seconds, his heart sinking just a little.

Jisung.

Of course it was about Jisung.

Felix sighed softly, setting the phone on his chest for a moment. His mind replayed the last interaction—Jisung, running his mouth again. The ache in Felix's chest wasn't sharp anymore. just dull. lingering. like a bruise that hadn't healed right.

Still, something about the wording in Minho's message—it tugged at Felix's nerves. Jisung wasn't the type to go off the grid. At least not without telling someone. And despite everything, Felix didn't want him to be hurt.

He picked up the phone again.

His thumbs hovered for a second, debating how to word it. Then, with a short breath, he typed.

"No, sorry. He's not with me."

A pause. Then he added:

"I haven't seen him in a while either. Hope he's okay."

He stared at the screen for a moment longer, then locked the phone and tossed it gently beside him.

The sun had shifted. Felix pulled the blanket tighter, rolling onto his side, suddenly aware of the silence in the apartment.

It was warm. But somehow, the warmth wasn't enough to ease the heakviness settling in his chest.

-

9:26 PM.

The dim bulb above flickered—once, twice—before settling into a weak, steady glow. Shadows danced lazily along the cracked concrete walls, the room suffocatingly silent.

Hyunjin hummed under his breath. Some old lullaby. Something broken. His fingers gently traced the edge of the axe he cradled like a violin.

“Oh, what to do with you…” he whispered again, this time with a gentle lilt, like he was truly pondering it.

Jisung’s eyes followed him, wild and furious, blood crusted along his hairline and jaw. His wrists were bound cruelly behind his back, rope biting into the skin until it turned raw. His mouth was sealed tight with thick, silver tape, but the rage in his gaze screamed louder than words ever could.

Hyunjin crouched in front of him slowly, the axe resting between his knees.

“Shhh,” he cooed, brushing sweaty strands of hair from Jisung’s forehead like a lover would. “You were so brave, you know? Coming here all alone. Like a hero. No backup. Just your big heart and bigger mouth.”

He grinned, head tilting.

“But I warned you, didn’t I?” he said sweetly.

He stood up, turning to the table in the room’s corner. Laid out neatly: a row of tools. Not just weapons. No. Thy were chosen with care. Bone saw. Rusted scissors. A hammer. A scalpel. Tape. A mirror.

“I wasn’t gonna kill you,” Hyunjin continued, eyes scanning over the lineup. “But now I’m thinking… maybe I just take a little piece of you. A finger. A kneecap? Or, ooh, maybe your tongue.” He twirled around and grinned wide, eyes glowing. “You’ve always talked too much, haven’t you, detective?”

Jisung thrashed against the restraints, letting out muffled growls behind the tape. Hyunjin watched, amused, leaning forward.

“I want you alive,” he whispered. “I want you alive enough to scream when I make you watch me keep him. When you see how happy we are.”

He turned back to the table, picking up a blade and admiring the way it caught the light.

“But first, we’re going to play a little game.”

Click. The tape recorder on the table started whirring.

“Let’s make a memory, shall we?”

Hyunjin knelt slowly in front of Jisung, the soft scrape of his fingers against the tape pulling it loose from the corners of the bound boy’s mouth.

Jisung took a rough, uneven breath, eyes blazing.

“Well, well,” Jisung spat, voice hoarse but sharp. “You think this is some twisted game you can win? You’re deluded if you think tying me up, threatening me, will make me bow to your sick little fantasy.”

Hyunjin smiled.

“Deluded?” he echoed softly. “No, jisung. I’m quite aware of what I’m doing.”

He paused, eyes narrowing as they locked onto Jisung’s like a predator sizing up its prey. “You see, you’re the stubborn one here. The protector. The knight in shining armor. Always charging headfirst into storms you can’t control.”

Jisung sneered, lips curling. “I’m not here for your twisted mind games, Hyunjin. Whatever sick obsession you have with Felix—”

“Oh, don’t even start with Felix,” Hyunjin interrupted, voice dropping into a silky murmur that curled around the words like smoke. “I know about Minho. Your precious boyfriend. The one you whisper to in the dark, the one you trust to save you.”

His finger traced slowly along the edge of the table as if recalling a private memory. “Minho is strong. Loyal. Protective. But you know what?”

Hyunjin's eyes gleamed with dark amusement.

"He's not here."

He looked back up, watching the flicker of panic flash briefly across Jisung's face before he masked it with scorn.

"I've seen the files," Hyunjin continued, his voice steady, dripping with venomous calm. "I know you're dismissed from the case. No backup. No reinforcements coming for you. You're utterly alone."

Jisung's jaw clenched, but he refused to look away.

"Why tell me all this?" Jisung asked, voice bitter.

Hyunjin's smile deepened, slow and knowing.

"Because, Detective, this is the moment where you understand the true meaning of powerlessness."

He leaned in close, his breath ghosting over Jisung's ear.

"Because while you've been playing hero... I've been watching. Waiting. Planning."

"And now... you're mine to play with."

The calm cruelty in Hyunjin's words was like ice seeping into Jisung's bones.

But Jisung's eyes burned brighter than ever when he opened his mouth once more. "Felix will never be yours. You're fucking sick."

Hyunjin chuckled, a low, dangerous sound. "Oh, Jisung... that's where you're wrong."

Chapter 43: Ramen

Chapter Text

“This is live news from Seoul. A police officer, Han Jisung, age 24, has now been reported missing for over 42 hours. Authorities confirm that Officer Han was last seen near Hongdae on Thursday afternoon. Surveillance footage confirms he was alone. Detectives say he was unofficially investigating leads connected to the string of disappearances plaguing the city. Many believe Han was tracking the same trail as Officer Park, who went missing just two weeks ago. Some experts are beginning to suspect these cases may be tied to a single serial perpetrator still at large.”

Minho’s hands shook as he clutched the edge of his coffee table. The room felt too quiet despite the TV. Too still.

He hadn’t slept. Not properly. Not since the first missed call. His pillow still smelled like Jisung. His cologne still lingered on the hoodie draped over the couch. And now—Now his name was on the news.

Minho’s lips parted, but no sound came out. He stared blankly at the image of Jisung that appeared on the screen—his ID photo, smiling slightly, eyes warm. He felt his chest ache at the sight.

No one knew. No one understood.
That wasn’t just an officer.
That was his Jisung.
His sunshine. His prideful idiot. His one and only person in the whole fucking world.

And now he was gone.
Not even a text. Not a sign.
Just gone.

The TV kept talking, but Minho could barely hear it anymore. His ears were ringing.

He reached for his phone again—his call history was filled with

“Sungie♥” Missed calls. Voicemails. Texts left unread.

Please. Please be okay.
Minho blinked hard, trying not to cry again.

But something in his gut twisted.
It wasn’t just worry anymore. It was dread.
A sick, cold dread settling in his bones.

And worst of all—Minho had no idea where to even start looking.

-

He blamed himself.

He always told Jisung—begged him, really—“Just take the safer path, Sung. Stay behind the screens. Be one of the surveillance guys. You’re smart. You don’t need to be out there.”

But no.

Jisung had to be Jisung.
Brave. Relentless. Stubborn to the bone.
He chose detective work like it was his destiny, flashing that dumb, bright smile and saying, “Someone’s gotta do it. Might as well be someone who actually gives a shit.”

And the worst part?

Jisung was so fucking good at it.

Too good.
Good enough to get attention.
Good enough to disappear.

And Minho?
He just let it happen.
He stood there, smiling like a proud boyfriend, hugging him after promotions, cooking him celebration dinners, kissing his badge like it was a damn trophy. He was happy for him. Genuinely.

Now that happiness felt like poison in his gut.

Minho clenched his jaw as he sat on the edge of their bed—his bed, now. Cold on one side. He stared at the wrinkled sheets where Jisung used to toss and turn, the place where his boy used to mumble dumb jokes into his chest at 2 a.m.

“I should’ve stopped you,” Minho whispered to the silence. His voice cracked. “I should’ve said no. Told you to stay with me. Told you it wasn’t worth it.”

But he hadn’t.

Because Minho had believed in Jisung’s fire. His passion. His purpose. He never imagined it would burn him alive.

Now he was sitting here. blaming himself for letting the love of his life chase a job that might’ve taken him away forever.

-

Felix stared at the screen, the breaking news pounding through the speakers like a blow to his chest.

Jisung. Missing. Gone.

His body felt frozen, limbs heavy and unresponsive.
He wanted to cry. To scream. To rip something apart. But all he could do was sit there, trembling.

Tears threatened to spill, but he swallowed them down hard, trying —failing—not to break.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The words circled his mind like vultures.
He’d ruined everything.

He replayed their last conversation on a loop.

How he’d shouted. How he’d stormed out, slamming the door behind him like a spoiled child.

He could've handled it better. Could've been an adult. Could've been something better than the mess he'd made. But no. He'd been a selfish, childish idiot.

And now his best friend was missing.

Of course, Hyunjin was there. His voice, low and soothing, like warm honey in a cold room. "Oh, love…" he whispered, arms wrapping around Felix's trembling frame.

But it didn't soothe.
Not even a little.

Felix cursed himself harder for feeling worse—so much worse—in Hyunjin's hold. Why? Why did the comfort only twist into another ache?

His mind drifted unwillingly to Chan.

The way Chan looked at him—soft, steady, caring.
Maybe Chan could have made this pain less sharp.
Maybe Chan could hold the parts of him Hyunjin didn't know how to reach.

But the thought came with guilt—heavy and biting.

Every time Hyunjin tried to comfort him, it always ended the same way—sex.
Hyunjin's way of showing love, of fixing things.
But sex didn't heal. it only buried the hurt deeper. l=

Felix didn't know how to tell him that.
Didn't know how to say Please don't touch me right now. I need something else.

So he stayed silent.

-

Now, here Felix was. Tangled in the sheets.

Again.

It was 2:09 a.m. The room was quiet, thick with the smell of sweat and aftermath of sex. Hyunjin lay beside him, chest rising slowly, one hand draped across Felix's waist like a chain made of silk.

Felix stared at the ceiling, hating the rhythm of his own breath.

He didn't want to stay.

And again, he hated himself for it.

Hyunjin was beautiful—etheral, almost. But no matter how sweet his voice turned after, no matter how soft he kissed Felix's shoulders, it always ended the same. Felix felt emptier. And lonelier.

Quietly, he slid Hyunjin's arm off and sat up.

His phone was on the nightstand—a new one. Hyunjin's gift. because, apparently, Hyunjin had accidentally thrown out the old one while "cleaning."

Felix didn't even argue anymore.

He grabbed the phone, pulled on his jeans, shoved on a hoodie. He tied his shoes. Every sound in the room felt louder—like guilt echoing off the walls.

He didn't know where he was going.

He just knew he couldn't stay.

So he left.

Closed the door behind him with a softness he didn't feel inside. And stepped into the silence of the hallway, into the cold 2 a.m. air of Seoul.

-

Felix had his hands stuffed in his hoodie pockets, fingers twitching nervously as he stood by the microwave, watching it spin the ramen cup in tired circles. His eyes stung from rubbing them too much. He wasn't sure if it was the lack of sleep or the fact that he'd cried a little on the walk here.

The gas station was nearly empty. he'd grabbed a few snacks—ramen, strawberry milk, and a pack of protein cookies he probably wouldn't even eat.

There was a small sitting area by the front window. Just two plastic chairs and a scratched-up table, but it faced the road. He liked that. Something about watching the cars rush by in the night made him feel less alone.

He sat down, peeling the lid off the ramen, the steam fogging his vision for a second. He stirred it with a plastic fork and took a bite. It burned his mouth, but he didn't flinch.

Grey sweats. Hoodie. Barely brushed hair. No idea what he was even doing here.

Maybe he was just being dramatic again.

Maybe he didn't deserve Hyunjin at all.

His thoughts curled tighter in his chest. He hated how empty he felt, even now. Especially now. Hyunjin's bed was still warm. His arms had still been around him. But Felix had left anyway.

He poked at the noodles and sighed. He didn't even know why.

Then—

"Felix?"

He turned around sharply, heart leaping to his throat.

Standing near the shelves, holding a can of iced coffee and a ramen cup of his own, was a tall figure in a black hoodie and sweats.

His boss. Chan.

Felix's whole body went stiff, but inside, something soft unraveled. like relief.

"Mr. Bang?" he blurted out.

Chan winced playfully. "felix, please, don't call me that. I'm off the clock," he said with a soft chuckle as he walked over.

Felix wiped at his face quickly, smoothing down his hair like it mattered. "Sorry, I—I didn't expect to see anyone."

"I could say the same," chan replied gently, setting his ramen down on the table. "Mind if I sit?"

Felix shook his head, and Chan took the seat across from him. He placed his strawberry milk beside the cup. "Huh. Looks like we have similar taste."

That pulled a real smile from Felix. "Guess we do."

They sat in silence for a moment, watching the occasional car sweep by outside, headlights painting the glass.

"Seriously, though," Felix started, voice lower now. "What're you doing out so late?"

Chan let out a tired breath. "Just… didn't feel like being home, y'know?"

Felix nodded, eyes lowering to his cup.

Chan looked at him for a moment, like he was trying to read the thoughts behind his tired eyes. But he didn't push. Just quietly stirred his ramen, offering Felix the comfort of company without questions.

It was the first time Felix had felt okay in hours. maybe days.

Chapter 44: Afraid

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: mentions of self harm and mental breakdowns

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

The steam from their ramen curled up between them, thickening the quiet like a gentle fog. Felix took another bite as Chan stirred his noodles slowly, eyes flicking up every now and then, as if debating whether to say something.

Finally, Chan cleared his throat, voice soft but serious. "By the way Felix... I just wanted to say I'm sorry about last time."

Felix blinked, fork halfway to his mouth. "Last time?"

Chan looked a little embarrassed, running a hand through his hair. "You know... when I asked if I could have your number. I didn't realise you had a boyfriend."

Felix's cheeks warmed faintly, but he shrugged it off with a small smile. "Oh, that? Don't worry about it."

Chan smiled, relief visible. "Yeah, I didn't want to make things awkward."

Felix's curiosity flickered. He glanced at Chan sideways, eyes narrowing playfully. "So... do you have a girlfriend then?"

Chan laughed quietly, shaking his head. "No, not really. No girlfriend or boyfriend."

Felix's eyebrows shot up. "Boyfriend?"

Chan smiled again, a little more relaxed now. "Yeah, I'm actually bi."

Felix smiled wider. "Really? Me too."

"Guess we really do have the same taste then," Chan teased.

Felix laughed softly, leaning back to take another forkful of ramen. Then, unexpectedly, a soft, gentle hand brushed his cheek, fingers lingering as they tucked a stray strand of hair behind his ear.

"You're gonna get hair in your ramen," Chan said quietly.

Felix sat up a little too quickly, nearly choking on the hot noodles. His eyes went wide, cheeks flushing a deep shade of crimson. He wasn't sure whether to be embarrassed or flustered, or both.

"Oh—sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," Chan hurriedly pulled his hand back, suddenly aware he'd crossed a boundary.

Felix blinked, looking up at Chan. "No, no, it's fine—I was just—"

His words cut off abruptly as a familiar voice pierced the quiet from behind.

"Felix?"

His heart dropped to a dead stop.

That voice—calm, yet laced with panic.

He turned slowly, and there he was.

Hyunjin. In a long-sleeved black shirt and sweats, his eyes wide, frantic.

"Hyun?" Felix blurted.

"Felix," Hyunjin exhaled, closing the distance between them with quick steps.

"What are you doing here? You scared me—gosh, what are you doing here?" Hyunjin's voice remained gentle, but his hands moved

instinctively, cupping Felix's cheeks as if to steady him, searching his face like a lifeline.

Chan shifted awkwardly, sensing the thick tension crackling in the air but unsure how to break it.

"I'm fine, Hyun," felix muttered sharply, pulling away, eyes flashing. "Just needed some air."

Hyunjin's brows knit with concern. "Love, please—tell me when you're going to leave. how did you even get here?"

Felix exhaled sharply, frustration bubbling over. "Stop, hyun. I'm here now, aren't I? Don't touch me." His hands shoved Hyunjin's away with a harsh edge.

Something broke in Hyunjin's calmness, a flicker of hurt flashing behind his steady gaze—but he said nothing, only watching him with quiet intensity.

"What, Felix? You needed to catch some air with another man?" Hyunjin's voice was almost cold, the accusation sharp.

Chan cleared his throat, stepping forward. "I didn't—" he started, but Felix cut him off with a raised hand.

"Yes. I did. And what are you going to do about it, Hyun? Why don't you ask yourself why I needed to catch some air with another man?"

Hyunjin's jaw tightened. "Felix, go wait outside in the car," he ordered quietly, eyes locked onto Felix's.

Felix snapped back, voice biting. "Don't tell me what to—"

"Felix." Hyunjin's voice rose suddenly, unyielding.

Felix glared fiercely. "You're so fucking annoying." Without another word, he spun on his heel and walked away.

-

The city lights blurred past the car windows as Felix sat silently beside Hyunjin, the hum of the engine the only sound filling the tense air. The streets felt endless and empty, just like Felix's thoughts—spinning, tangled, confused.

After a long pause, Felix finally broke the silence, voice low and wary. "How... how did you even know where I was?" His fingers fiddled with the hem of his sleeve, eyes fixed on the passing streetlights.

Hyunjin's gaze stayed steady on the road ahead. "The GPS tracker. On Find My." His voice was quiet, but there was no hesitation.

Felix froze mid-breath, the words hitting him harder than he expected.

Hyunjin tracks me?

The thought twisted inside him.

"you track me?" Felix's voice was barely more than a whisper.

Hyunjin nodded, eyes still forward, voice soft but firm. "We agreed to it. You can see my location too."

Felix blinked, confused, shaking his head. "I don't... I don't remember agreeing to that. when did that happen?"

Hyunjin's jaw tightened, but he didn't back down. "We talked about it. You said it would help you feel safe. And I need to know where you are. Always."

Felix's chest tightened. "I don't remember saying that. And even if I did, that was before we started living together."

Hyunjin's voice dropped, still gentle but with an unmistakable edge. "It doesn't matter what you remember or don't. I do it because I love you. Because I have to."

Felix swallowed hard, frustration bubbling up. "You have to? Since when do you get to decide what I need? You don't get to control me."

Hyunjin finally glanced over, his dark eyes shimmering with hurt. "Control? I'm not controlling you. I'm protecting you."

Felix scoffed bitterly. "Protecting me by tracking me like a prisoner?"

The words hung between them like a blade,.

Hyunjin's hands gripped the steering wheel tighter. "And what do you call it when you walk out on me at 2 a.m., with no warning, no explanation? When you seek comfort from someone else?"

Felix's heart twisted painfully, but his voice hardened. "At least I'm honest about what I want. You force your idea of love on me."

Hyunjin's jaw clenched so tightly it looked like it might crack. His voice dropped, suddenly harsh, slicing through the quiet night like shattered glass.

"You think I don't see how selfish you are? How you throw everything away—me—like I'm some kind of mistake?"

Felix's breath hitched. "I'm not a fucking child, Hyun. I'm a grown ass person and I don't need to be tracked. And how is it my fault that you have doubt in me??"

For a moment, silence claimed the car again.

Then Hyunjin's voice cracked.

"I love you so much. But maybe you don't want me at all."

Felix breathed in, avoiding eye contact. "Maybe I don't," he muttered, barely loud enough to hear himself.

But Hyunjin heard.

The air in the car thinned like a vacuum had snapped shut.

Hyunjin's fingers froze on the wheel, his breath catching in his throat. His jaw twitched.

"What did you say?" he asked softly.

Felix turned to look at him, eyes sharp, voice sharper. "Maybe I don't want you. Maybe I'm tired too. Did you ever think about that?"

Hyunjin's lips parted, stunned, eyes glassy. "I give you everything," he said, almost to himself.

Felix's heart was pounding now, but the words were pouring out, too fast to stop. "You give me everything—but only what you want to give. You never ask what I actually need, Hyun. You just assume. You smother me."

Hyunjin's hands gripped the wheel tighter, knuckles white. "That's not true—"

"It is," Felix cut in. "I can't breathe around you sometimes. And tonight? Tonight I just needed to breathe. But you made it about you. You always do."

Something snapped.

With a sound like a thunderclap, Hyunjin's hand slammed against the steering wheel.

BANG.

Felix jolted in his seat, eyes wide as Hyunjin let out a guttural scream—loud, angry, broken.

"FUCK!"

He hit the wheel again, once, twice, his breaths sharp and panicked now, body shaking.

"You want space?! You want to breathe?!" Hyunjin shouted, voice rising, cracking.

"You think I don't fucking feel that too?! You think I don't feel like I'm drowning every fucking day, trying to hold everything together for us?!"

Felix shrank back, stunned silent, chest heaving.

"You're the reason I'm like this!" Hyunjin roared, turning toward him now. "You're the fucking reason I cry like this! That I cut myself every time you ignore me! It's you! It's always fucking you!"

Felix stared at him, frozen.

Hyunjin's face was twisted—rage, pain, grief—all layered over each other like a crumbling wall.

"I try so hard," he said, voice shaking. "I try so fucking hard to be what you want. I swallow every feeling, every fucking moment you look at me like I'm too much. I hold back. I smile. I comfort. I touch you like you're fragile glass and still—you push me away."

Felix's throat tightened. "Hyunjin, please calm down—"

"NO!" Hyunjin screamed. "No, don't you dare fucking say that to me now."

He was crying now, real tears, sliding down his face in thick, salty drops.

"I'm so fucking tired too, okay?! You think you're the only one hurting? I'm fucking bleeding inside."

Felix tried again, voice softer. "—hyunjin–don't talk like that."

But Hyunjin wasn't listening anymore.

His voice dropped suddenly, terrifyingly calm.

"You know what?" he whispered. "If I'm really that awful—if you really want to breathe so bad—why don't you just come and slit my fucking wrists yourself?"

Felix's blood ran cold.

"Just fucking do it," Hyunjin choked. "End it. Goddamn it. END IT!"

"STOP!" Felix finally shouted, reaching across and grabbing his arm. "Hyunjin, STOP—please!"

Hyunjin flinched, then pulled his arm back violently, pressing himself into the seat. He covered his face with both hands, body trembling like something had broken too far to repair.

Felix sat in silence, watching him fall apart.

The silence after was louder than the shouting.

Felix didn't know what to say. His heart was thundering, his mind racing, his whole body numb with shock.

This wasn't the Hyunjin he knew.
This wasn't the man who used to tuck hair behind his ear and kiss his knuckles.

This was something else.

And for the first time since they'd gotten together—

Felix was afraid.

He pressed his back against the seat, biting his inside cheek to stop the sob building in his chest.

"...Hyun," he whispered after a long pause, his voice barely audible. "Please. Let's just go home."

Notes:

right now, who's side are we on?

felix or hyunjin?

Chapter 45: Drink

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Drugging & drug use

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

They finally arrived back at their apartment.

Felix didn't say much the whole way home. His head buzzed with exhaustion. His limbs felt heavy, and all he wanted was the silence of his room.

As soon as they stepped inside, the door clicking shut behind them, Felix moved toward the hallway—toward escape.

But hands slid around his waist from behind. Gentle at first.

Then a warm breath, close against his neck.

"I'm sorry," Hyunjin whispered. "I didn't mean what I said. I was just... being emotional."

Felix closed his eyes. He didn't reply. He was too tired, too overwhelmed, and honestly, still hurting. He felt Hyunjin's hands already slipping under the hem of his hoodie, fingers brushing his skin.

"Hyun..." Felix reached down and grabbed Hyunjin's wrists softly, pulling them away. "I'm not in the mood for sex right now."

But Hyunjin didn't let go.

His grip tightened, almost desperate now.

"Well I am," he murmured.

Felix's body tensed. That voice, too calm. Like always.

"Hyunjin," Felix said again, firmer this time, trying to turn around.

But Hyunjin's arms locked tighter, keeping him pinned where he stood.

Felix's heart thudded.

"I said no," he tried again, his voice cracking from fatigue more than fear. But he was scared. He hated that he was scared.

Hyunjin buried his face in Felix's shoulder, laughing—quiet and bitter. "You always do this. Run away, push me out, make me feel like shit. And I'm the one who ends up alone. Again."

Felix pushed harder now, but Hyunjin didn't budge.

He squirmed harder, panic clawing up his throat.

"Hyunjin, stop—seriously, stop," he said, twisting in his arms.
But Hyunjin didn't move.

Didn't listen.

Felix could feel his heart pounding against his ribs like it was trying to escape.
This wasn't right.
This wasn't how it was supposed to be.

"Hyun—stop it," Felix snapped, louder now. His voice cracked again, but this time from something closer to fear. Still, Hyunjin clung tighter. His lips grazed Felix's neck and it made Felix flinch.

That was it.

Felix shoved him—hard.
With every ounce of strength left in his body, he threw Hyunjin off. Hyunjin stumbled back, hitting the edge of the wall with a dull thud.

"Stop!" Felix shouted, his voice shaking. "What the fuck is wrong

with you?! I said no!"

Hyunjin stared at him like he didn't recognise him. His chest heaved. His hair was messy, eyes glassy. But he didn't say a word.

Felix stood there, breathless.

"Don't ever touch me like that again," Felix whispered.

"Fine," Hyunjin said quietly, voice stripped of its usual heat.

Felix barely registered the word.

Breathless and still shaking, he turned away and walked toward their bedroom, each step heavy like he was carrying the weight of a thousand regrets.

His chest ached with something sharp and unfamiliar—fear, confusion, sadness.

Why was Hyunjin acting like this?

Hyunjin—his Hyunjin—would never, never act like that.

Never lose control like that.

Never push him like this.

It scared Felix more than he wanted to admit.

Was it his fault?

Maybe it was.

Felix's mind spiraled back to the nights he'd complained, the nights he'd wished Hyunjin wasn't always so soft, so careful.

Maybe his words cut deeper than he realised.

Maybe he'd broken something inside Hyunjin without meaning to.

But even caught up in the whirlwind of his thoughts, Felix didn't notice the bedroom door sliding open quietly behind him.

He barely felt the presence before a cool hand rested gently on his shoulder.

Felix blinked, startled, and turned slowly.

There stood Hyunjin, holding a glass of water, eyes soft and sorry.

"Here," Hyunjin said quietly, offering the glass. "Drink.. calm down, okay?"

Felix hesitated for a moment—thirst prickling at his throat—and then took the glass.

He sipped slowly, the cool liquid soothing his dry mouth.

Hyunjin watched him closely, his gaze steady.

Felix didn't suspect a thing.

Hyunjin pressed a soft kiss to Felix's forehead, the same way he always did—gentle, affectionate. "I'll go wash the dishes," he murmured, his fingers brushing through Felix's hair with one last stroke. "You change and get into bed, okay? You need rest."

Felix nodded slowly, his expression sulky. He didn't question it. He never really did when it came to Hyunjin.

-

The sound of running water echoed from the kitchen, but Hyunjin wasn't paying attention to the dishes. His phone sat beside the sink, screen lighting up every minute as he checked the time. One minute. Then two. Then five.

Seven.

By now, the drug should be settling in his bloodstream. Not enough to knock him out cold—just enough to soften him. Slow his limbs. Weaken the fight in him, if there ever was any. Hyunjin turned off the tap.

With careful, quiet steps, he made his way back down the hall. The apartment felt too still, like it was holding its breath with him. He pushed the door open slowly.

There Felix was.

Curled on the corner of their bed, dressed in his soft baby-blue silk pajamas—the ones with the short sleeves and short pants that rode up his thighs when he shifted. He looked small. Too small.

His chest was rising and falling fast, breath heavy and uneven. His hands clutched the sheets beneath him, knuckles pale. His eyes were shut tight, but tears spilled from the corners anyway.

He was sweating.

Hyunjin stepped closer, the floor creaking just slightly under his weight.

Felix didn't react.

That's when Hyunjin knew it had started working.

He stood there for a moment, silent, watching the boy he loved more than anything tremble like a fever dream. His heart tugged—but it didn't stop him.

"Angel," Hyunjin said softly, voice almost too gentle for the room's tension. "Shh... it's okay. You're okay now."

And as he knelt beside the bed, reaching a hand out to brush the tears from Felix's cheek, he whispered, "You just needed to relax. Let me take care of you."

Notes:

> quick note because i think some of u guys might've missed the point a bit—
>
> felix isn't some selfish jerk trying to cheat on hyunjin. he's in pain. real, deep, pain—even if he doesn't always show it on the outside.

remember the drugs hyunjin gave him? they didn't just mess with his memory or make him "sensitive." they seriously fucked up his emotions. they rewired the way he feels things—so now:

-guilt hits harder.
-anger feels sharper.
-his brain spirals way more than it should.
-even tiny things can throw his whole mood off balance.

it's not black-and-white. felix is hurting, confused, and trying his best to survive inside a mind that's been messed with.

Chapter 46: Shh

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: drugged sex, rape, non-con themes, and darcyphilia.

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

Hyunjin sat beside Felix, fingers ghosting softly through his damp, tear-streaked hair. His voice was a hushed murmur, a gentle chant meant to soothe the thik cloud inside Felix's chest.

"It's alright, love. Just sleep now."

Felix's eyelids fluttered, heavy with exhaustion and whatever drug Hyunjin slipped him. His breaths grew slow, shallow, eyes glossy.

Hyunjin loved it like this.

He loved seeing Felix so fragile, so utterly undone by his own emotions and pain. The way he cried for him—how his whole body shook under the weight of everything he couldn't say out loud.

But beneath that love was something much darker.

A hungry need.

Hyunjin despised the fact that now Felix was loose enough to slip through his fingers, to drift beyond his grasp like smoke in the night.

He wanted to hold onto him. To control him. To never let go.

And in that moment, his mind flickered—sharp, ruthless.

It would take one second. one breath. one movement. a knife to

chan's throat. a clean cut.

But no.

Hyunjin wasn't stupid.

Chan was too careful, too alert. No way to lure him to a place without cameras, without witnesses.

And worse—Hyunjin's name was already on a suspect list. He couldn't afford one more police visit.

If he was going to kill, it couldn't be someone connected to Felix. Especially not Felix's boss.

Hyunjin was a sex maniac. Not in some lighthearted, jokey way. Hyunjin lived for sex. Not just for the pleasure. But for the power.

The feeling of another person surrendering themselves to him—vulnerable, broken, raw.

That person was Felix.

Sex with anyone else was a nightmare. horrifying. unbearable.

But the term "sex maniac" was a ridiculous understatement.

It wasn't that Hyunjin couldn't go a day without sex. He could. But the moment the chance appeared—no matter how small, how fleeting—he'd snatch it, claim it.

No matter if Felix wanted it or not.

No, the terrifying truth was was, it felt better when Felix didn't want it.

Because then, Hyunjin was the hunter. The predator.

The one who cornered his prey. Glaring teeth, baring claws, devouring them whole.

And Felix—fragile, trembling—was utterly, deliciously helpless beneath him.

Felix wasn't asleep—not fully. He hovered in that strange, hazy space where pain and exhaustion blurred together. Awake enough to hum quietly when a sharp ache flared, to let slow tears slip down his cheeks, to shift his body just slightly, restless and fragile.

Good.

Hyunjin shifted over him, sliding onto all fours, his eyes tracing every raw detail of Felix's trembling form. The soft flush coloring his cheeks, the pink weary eyes, the gentle sniffling, the quiet, desperate moans.

"Hy... Hyun," Felix mumbled, voice thick, barely holding his eyelids open.

Hyunjin's restraint shattered.

Without a second thought, he dove forward, mouth leaving hot wet kisses along Felix's neck. His tongue flicked and swirled, tasting the salt of tears and skin. He marked every inch, biting down hard—leaving bruises blooming beneath his teeth.

Felix gasped, the sting sharp enough to make him try to push Hyunjin away.

But Hyunjin held fast, grinding his teeth into the tender flesh, delighting in the way Felix struggled—how the boy's protests only made the moment more arousing, more desperate.

Hyunjin's breath hitched against Felix's skin, rough and ragged. "Don't fight me," he whispered, voice low, dangerous. "I want all of you."

Felix's body twitched beneath him, caught between wanting to pull away and the strange, twisted comfort in Hyunjin's fierce need.

Hyunjin's hands slid down, gripping Felix's hips tightly as he pressed closer, marking him like a claim no one else could touch.

-

Jisung's muffled screams rattled against the tape stretched tight over his mouth. His hands bound tightly behind his back, legs tied just as firmly, his every desperate kick pounding against the unforgiving cold floor. Panic clawed at his throat like a wild animal trapped inside his chest.

In front of him, a flickering TV screen glowed dimly in the dark room—showing a live feed from a camera placed inside Hyunjin and Felix's bedroom.

His eyes locked on the screen.

Felix lay there, motionless and numb beneath hyunjin's looming figure. The ache etched into felix's face made jisung's heart break apart with every agonising second.

Jisung screamed again, muffled cries ripping from behind the tape, but no sound escaped.

He slammed his feet harder into the floor, trying to break free, to do something—anything—but the bonds held him like iron chains.

His fists pounded the floor in frustration, desperate to reach Felix, to stop whatever nightmare was unfolding.

Tears stung his eyes, blurring the image, but he couldn't look away.

The helplessness was suffocating.

-

Hyunjin's hands moved deliberately, sliding beneath Felix's shirt, fingers grazing the soft skin beneath. Felix's breath hitched, the faintest sniffle escaping his lips as tears welled in his eyes.

"Hyun... it hurts," he whispered, voice breaking, trembling with

quiet desperation.

Felix's body was aching, sore—every touch sent sparks of pain and arousal shooting through him. He let out soft, broken cries, the kind that made him sound small, like a frightened child begging for mercy.

"Please... stop," he pleaded, voice fragile but laced with fear.

But Hyunjin didn't stop.

Slowly, painfully gentle but unyielding, he peeled away each layer of Felix's clothes, exposing his vulnerable skin inch by inch. His fingertips traced the marks, lingering on the hickeys as if committing every detail to memory.

Felix whimpered softly, voice cracking. "Hyun... please..."

hyunjin leaned down, his breath warm against Felixs temple, whispering, "I'm not stopping. Not now."

The words were soft, but the promise behind them was rough.

Felix squeezed his eyes shut, tears spilling down as the ache inside him tangled with the fierce, consuming need burning in Hyunjin's gaze.

Hyunjin's fingers found Felix's chest, pinching gently but firmly at his nipples. Felix twitched, a shudder running through his body that mixed pain and pleasre—something Hyunjin craved to see.

Tears slipped down Felix's cheeks as his breath hitched, the subtle whimpers escaping him like music only Hyunjin could hear. The way Felix cried—so fragile, so exposed—it was intoxicating. It made Hyunjin's heart pound, a twisted blend of love and possession flooding his veins.

He lowered his mouth to Felix's stomach, pressing soft, lingering kisses along the smooth skin, each one like a quiet claim. Felix's body jerked slightly at the contact, the barest flicker of resistance met with Hyunjin's steady touch.

Hyunjin smiled against his skin, gentle. "You're mine, felix. every bruise, every twitch... it's all for me."

Hyunjin paused, eyes darkening as he slowly slid his hands away from Felix's trembling body. He shifted back just enough to tug at the hem of his own shirt, peeling it off in one smooth motion. The faint scent of sweat and something uniquely his own filled the air.

His gaze flicked to felixs wet lips, swollen and trembling, and Hyunjin leaned in again, pressing a slow, deep kiss—soft at first, then hungry—claiming those lips as his own. Felix responded with a shuddered breath, eyes fluttering closed for a moment.

Then, with deliberate ease, Hyunjin's fingers gripped the waistband of his sweats. He tugged them down just far enough to reveal the hard, throbbing cock—exposed and aching.

Hyunjin's voice was low, but still remained eerily soft. "You're going to feel every inch of this, love."

with a gentle but firm touch, he slid beneath the waistband of Felix's blue silk pajama pants, easing them down, making felix whimper softly.

The cool air brushed against Felix's bare skin as the pants pooled around his thighs, exposing him fully. Hyunjin's fingers trailed down to the delicate curve of Felix's hip, then slipped lower, moving carefully toward the place that already ached with need.

He brushed his fingertips against Felix's warm, sensitive entrance, teasing just the slightest touch—light. Felix's breaths cracked, little whimpers escaping him as his muscles clenched reflexively, trembling beneath Hyunjin's touch.

"Shh, love," Hyunjin whispered. "I said just relax. let me take care of you."

Hyunjin's fingers pressed gently deeper, stretching Felix's tight warmth, coaxing him open. Felix's eyelids fluttered, lips parted in a soft moan, his body twitching involuntarily under the tender assault.

When Felix was trembling, breathless, and open enough, Hyunjin slowly shifted forward. His cock, still hard and aching, pressed against Felix's slick hole.

with one slow, deliberate motion, Hyunjin began to push inside.

Felix's eyes squeezed shut, tears spilling over as sharp waves of pain and pleasure tangled inside him. His breath hitched, voice trembling as he whispered, "hyu-hyunjin..." he hiccuped. "please... pull out–st-stop..."

But Hyunjin's grip tightened on his hips, his expression darkening. His voice was low, almost a growl, cutting through Felix's desperate pleas.

"Shut up," he said harshly, fingers digging into Felix's skin as he started to move—slow at first, then deeper..

Each thrust sent a fresh ache through Felix's body, his sobs muffled. Hyunjin's eyes never left his face, watching every flicker of pain and submission, feeding off it, losing himself in it.

"Don't fight it," Hyunjin murmured. his movements grew quicker, harder, each thrust driving deeper inside Felix's body.

Without warning, Hyunjin hooked Felix's legs over his shoulders, opening him up even more. Felix's sobs turned sharper, pleading again, voice cracking. "Please—stop... hyun–please–"

"I said shut up," he hissed, his voice rough, almost desperate. "You don't get to tell me what to do."

Notes:

> okay, i definitely messed up with the last a/n, so let me clear things up —
>
> this is a safe space. everyone’s entitled to their own opinions, and that’s 100% okay. like seriously i want you to feel comfortable sharing whatever you think without fear of judgment.

when i asked “whose side are you on?” i was just looking for opinions, not trying to start any drama or tell anyone they’re wrong. so please, no judging others for what they feel.

i realise i might’ve sounded like “you should feel bad for felix, hyunjin is the bad guy”—but that wasn’t my intention at all.

YOU are YOU and YOU can have YOUR own opinion.

opinions are opinions. no one’s right or wrong. if anyone starts trying to judge or shame others, i won’t hesitate to block.

also tysm for all the kudos love u all sfmmm♥

Chapter 47: Dream

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: PTSD, trauma, self harm mentions and manipulation.

Chapter Text

"And you called me the monster. Don't you have any shame? You fucking useless shit."

The voice slithered through his head like venom.

"Look at you. Horrified to lose a single ounce of power. Because without it, what are you? Just a worthless sex doll. That's all you are, with that pretty face and that pathetic little body. How can someone like you—soft, fragile, disgusting—pretend they have a life? Are you insane?" The voice chuckled cruelly.

Hyunjin couldn't respond. His throat was raw, his tongue felt too heavy to move. His wrists throbbed, hot and wet—he couldn't tell if it was sweat or blood. Probably both. His face was a mess—nails had torn across his cheeks in a haze of self-hatred, and his fists gripped at his hair so tightly it felt like he was tearing himself apart strand by strand. His chest heaved, but the oxygen wasn't reaching his lungs. It never did.

"Why don't you just crack open already?"

He had tried. God, he had tried. How many times had he banged his head against the wall, desperate to knock the voice out of his skull? All he ever got were dizzy spells and bloody temples, never silence. Never peace.

"What will you do when he's gone, huh?" the voice spat. "Come crawling back to Appa? Cry into his shirt like a little whore?"

His heart pounded so loud he thought it might burst. His ribs ached

with the pressure of a panic he couldn't contain. His nails dug deeper into his scalp. His body screamed.

Then—

A voice. Soft. gentle.

"Hyun?"

A whisper, barely there. warm.

A hand—cool, careful—pressed something against his wrist. It stung, but it wasn't violent. It wasn't cruel.

His eyes snapped open, breath hitching in his throat.

Felix.

He was sitting beside him on the edge of the bed, brows furrowed, worry swimming in his eyes. In one hand, a bottle of antiseptic. In the other, a cotton ball, red-tinted and trembling slightly from how delicately he was trying to dab Hyunjin's skin.

What—?

His eyes darted down to his wrists. They were bandaged, done with care. Felix's fingers were smudged with dried blood. His shirt was wrinkled, like he hadn't slept.

Then it hit him.

Felix had been taking care of him. Of his scars. Quietly. Carefully. Like Hyunjin hadn't shattered him just last night.

"Hyun?" Felix's voice came again, barely above a whisper. "Why are you crying?"

Hyunjin hadn't realised he was. now the hot sting of tears came rushing back. He choked on a breath.

It was only a dream.

Hyunjin quickly shook his head, rubbing at his eyes with the back

of his hand. "Ah—morning, angel. What are you doing?" he smiled softly.

Felix clicked his tongue. "Tsk—don't move," he muttered as he moved the antiseptic bottle away. He capped it with a quiet snap and set it on the nightstand, then glanced back at Hyunjin. "You'll mess up the bandages."

"I'm fine," Hyunjin mumbled. "You should be asleep."

Felix scoffed, gently lifting Hyunjin's arm to re-wrap the gauze. "And leave you alone with that?" he murmured.

Hyunjin flinched. "Sorry," he said quietly, "I didn't mean—"

"No," Felix cut in, voice hollow. "You don't apologise—I didn't mean to raise my voice. I'm just a little sore. I think I passed out last night... again."

Hyunjin sighed gently, a soft, weary smile tugging at the corners of his lips. "Did you seriously finish another bottle of wine?"

Felix scoffed, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. "Uh, no? I mean... I don't really remember." His eyes flickered away, ashamed. "Proably. I mean there's an empty bottle in the kitchen."

Hyunjin's smile softened even more. "I'm sorry."

Felix opened his mouth to tell him to stop apologising.

"I shouldn't have said those things last night... I know you were just tired, you just needed some air. I'm—I—I didn't mean to scare you. I was just being an idiot." He paused, swallowing hard as if gathering courage. "I love you."

-

Felix sighed heavily, the weight of last night pressing down on his

chest like a suffocating fog. Well. Apparently, last night, he'd been an idiot again. According to Hyunjin's soft words, as soon as Felix got home, he'd exploded—yelling, storming around, then drowning himself in anger and wine until he passed out.

Felix closed his eyes, swallowing the bitter taste of guilt. How did he keep letting it slip like this? How was he still this fragile?

He scolded himself silently.

Gosh, why am I acting like a fucking child? I'm the one who's supposed to take care of him. I'm the one who's supposed to be strong, who's supposed to hold him up when he's falling apart. nut instead, I'm the one tearing us down. It's always my fucking fault.

Chapter 48: Worry

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Hyunjin hated himself. Truly, deeply, endlessly.

He hated how much he could loathe his own existence and still be too much of a coward to end it.

He hated every bit of himself that wanted to live. He called it pathetic.

If you're really in that much pain, why don't you do something about it?

Hyunjin tried. He tried.
But he could never pierce a knife into his skin.
Could never take that final step off the 10th-floor ledge.
Could never kick the chair out from beneath him after tying the noose.

He couldn't.

He hated watching other people smile with their fathers—not because he wanted it, but because it made something in him rot. He didn't crave it. He didn't want it. He just despised it.

He hated love, too. yet he craved it more than air.

He wanted soft, gentle hands to cradle his hollow body.
To whisper that he deserved to stay. To tell him none of it was his fault.

He found someone. But he could never let that someone say those things. Could never let him whisper "You're safe. I'm here."

Not after everything. only his mother had known the truth—the hell he lived, the nights he bled. she suffered alongside him.

No one else could ever know.
No one else could ever see the broken doll he used to be.

But when he saw Felix, somehow, all of that stopped mattering.

He devoted himself to him.
Swore he'd protect him, love him, keep him, own him.

Felix won't leave.
No.
There was no if.
Felix can't leave.
Hyunjin wouldn't allow it.
It couldn't happen. It can't. It can't.

Sometimes, he cried himself to sleep—zoning out and replaying everything that had ever happened to him.
None of it was fair. None of it.

Except for the lullabies. His mother's lullabies—soft songs she sang after he left his father's room, bruised and broken.

God, he missed her. Missed her so, so much.

He grieved her for months, spiraling through guilt, through longing. Until he finally accepted it. she just wanted peace.

She deserved it. And now, she has it.

For Hyunjin, there was no hesitation. No second thought. No flicker of guilt.
He would destroy anything that dared come between him and Felix.

Anything.

It didn't matter if it breathed, if it bled, if it once held a place in his heart.
It didn't matter if it cried or begged or bled forgiveness—
If it stood between them, it deserved to be erased.

And the terrifying part?
He meant it.

He'd kill a stranger.
He'd kill a friend.
He'd kill a god, if one existed, if that god so much as blinked in Felix's direction with judgment.

He'd kill his own child, if that child ever tried to pull Felix away.
He'd kill his own mother—resurrect her just to do it again—if she spoke a word of doubt.
He'd slit his own throat with trembling hands if Felix ever asked.

If that was the price to keep him,
to own him,
to make sure he never left—then so be it.

There was no morality in this kind of love.

It was obsession, raw and vulnerable.
It was a promise soaked in blood and desperation.

And Hyunjin didn't care.
He didn't want to be saved from it.
Didn't want to be told it was wrong.

Because Felix was his.
And anything that dared threaten that—even himself—wouldn't be breathing long enough to regret it.

-

Do I love him, or do I just pity him?

That question echoed in Felix's mind, relentless and tangled like a thorny vine. He couldn't find an answer that felt solid, only shifting shadows of doubt and pain.

Waking each morning with no memory of last night, it left Felix unsettled. It scared him—the distance growing between what he remembered and what he couldn't. Was it denial? Escape?

But then he saw Hyunjin. Vulnerable, covered in scars both visible and hidden, trembling. That sight tore at Felix's heart. How could he just walk away from someone so broken? It felt like a betrayal of everything he believed in—of kindness, loyalty, love. only a cruel man would abandon a soul so deeply wounded.

And yet, his feelings were a mess. Compassion mixed with fear, affection tangled with frustration, desire blurred with exhaustion. He didn't know what to call it anymore, or if he even deserved to feel anything at all.

His relationship with Hyunjin was different now. The warmth and comfort felt distant, replaced by sore and uncertainty. The arguments, the silences—they carved lines deeper than any scars on skin.

Felix hated how he'd lost control, how he'd yelled at Jisung and stormed away in anger. The guilt was a constant ache, a reminder that sometimes he was his own worst enemy.

Speaking of Jisung—his best friend was missing. tghe worry wrapped around Felix's heart like cold chains. Where was he? What had happened? It wasn't like Jisung to vanish without a trace.

Felix sat quietly, trying to breathe through the storm of thoughts. he knew he needed answers. but for now, all he could do was wait, and hope that somehow things would get better.

He hated how the thought of breaking up kept creeping into his mind—relentless, unwelcome, like a shadow that refused to leave. No matter how hard he tried to shove it away, it lingered there, whispering doubts he didn't want to face.

But maybe... maybe it wasn't such a terrible idea after all.

Not a full breakup—no. Not like tearing everything down and walking away forever. Just... space. Distance. Time to breathe.

Maybe they both needed that. To step back, untangle themselves.

Right now, it was 2 p.m., and Felix lay on the bed, the dull gray light filtering through the curtains. His fingers absently scrolled through his phone, but nothing really caught his attention. Then, the soft creak of the door pulling open sliced through the stillness.

"Angel?”

Notes:

sorry for the short chapters lol

Chapter 49: I didn't do anything

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: mental break downs and mild self harm

Chapter Text

The door opened fully. And there he was—Hyunjin. Always dressed the same. black long-sleeved shirt, black sweats. In one hand, he held a plastic bag.

"How are you feeling, love?" Hyunjin's voice was soft.

Felix cleared his throat and let out a slow sigh. "Fine. What did you get?"

Hyunjin smiled like he didn't notice the lack of warmth in Felix's tone. "Just some fruits. I got you cherries. Thought I'd make you a fruit bowl."

Felix's lips twitched upward, just slightly. "Thanks, Hyun."

But it wasn't a real smile, and Hyunjin noticed. Of course he did.

"Is everything alright, angel?" he asked, stepping inside a little further.

Felix hesitated. His fingers started fidgeting with the edge of the blanket, heart ticking just a bit faster. Maybe it was a stupid idea. Maybe he was just being overly sensitive again—too dramatic, too bratty, too much. But the thought had been weighing on him for days now, and the longer he ignored it, the heavier it felt.

"Hyunjin... I wanna ask you something," he said quietly.

Hyunjin tilted his head slightly, setting the bag down on the desk. He walked over and perched on the edge of the bed beside Felix,

hands resting gently in his lap. "Go on," he murmured.

Felix glanced down at his own hands, then up at Hyunjin, and back down again. Hjs voice wavered.

"I was thinking... if maybe... we could, like, take a bit of space from each other?"

Hyunjin's expression didn't change immediately, but felix saw the way his body stilled.

"I mean—" Felix rushed to explain, "I can stay at seungmin's for a few days or a week, and we could just... not be around each other so much. Just to clear our heads, you know?"

Hyunjin's voice came quieter than before. "...But why?"

And before Felix could even get a word out, Hyunjin was already continuing—his voice sharp with something that sounded a little like panic.

"Why don't we try to fix this instead of just running away from it?"

Felix's throat tightened. That tone. That tone made him feel like he wasn't allowed to be upset without first proving he had a right to be. He sighed, heavier this time.

"Hyunjin, I'm not running away. It's just space. That's all. It's something a lot of people do—"

"But we're not 'people,' Felix. We're us," Hyunjin interrupted. "If something's wrong, then just tell me. I'll fix it. I'll stop doing whatever it is—I'll change. Just tell me what you need."

And that was the problem, wasn't it?

Felix didn't want Hyunjin to fix anything right now. He didn't want to be guilted into thinking space was selfish. He just needed room to breathe—to figure out where the love was getting lost between the cracks.

But looking at Hyunjin now—eyes glassy, hands clenched like he

was holding himself together—Felix didn't know how to say that without breaking something even more fragile than his own heart.

Felix rubbed his hands together, knuckles pale and tense. "Hyunjin, don't get upset. Please. It's not like I'm breaking up with you. It's just space—just something we could try. You don't have to be so dramatic."

But Hyunjin looked like someone had stolen the air from his lungs. His hands were stiff, his jaw clenched slightly, but his voice was soft.

"Space?" he echoed like the word was foreign. like it didn't belong between them.

Felix nodded, looking away. "Yeah. just... some time."

Hyunjin barely managed to breathe. "Why would you want to stay away from me?" His voice cracked a little. "Lix, we've never done that before. When we got together, you said—you said—you'd never want a day without me."

Felix's jaw tightened. "Yeah, that was then, Hyunjin. We were different then."

"And what are we now?" Hyunjin whispered. "Different how?"

Felix's frustration started to bubble up, voice rising slightly despite himself. "You always do this! You bring up the past like it proves something! Like we're not allowed to grow or change!"

"I bring it up because it meant something." Hyunjin replied, still calm, still gentle.. "You said those things to me. And I believed you."

"People change," felix snapped. "We were teenagers, Hyunjin! I didn't think I'd be suffocating in a relationship five years later!"

That word—suffocating—landed heavy between them. Hyunjin flinched like it physically hit him, but he didn't yell, didn't fight back. He looked down at his lap, nodding slowly, almost like he deserved it.

"I didn't know I made you feel that way," he said quietly. "You never told me."

"Because every time I try to, you do this! You get all sad and fragile and make me feel guilty for even bringing it up!"

Hyunjin's eyes met his. They were glassy, but steady. "I'm not trying to guilt you, felix. I just..." His voice cracked again. "I don't know how to exist without you. I don't want to go to bed in an empty room. I don't want to make breakfast without hearing your voice. I don't even want to wake up if you're not beside me."

Felix blinked hard.

"And now you're asking me to be okay with not seeing you for a week?" Hyunjin breathed. "That's like asking me to stop breathing and pretend it's fine."

Felix hated the way his chest tightened at those words. But he also hated how Hyunjin always seemed to win—even when he didn't mean to. Even when he was trying to be reasonable and calm and soft.

"It's not about love, Hyun," Felix muttered. "It's about needing room to think. To be. Just... by myself. Please understand that."

There was a silence. A long one.

Then Hyunjin finally nodded, slowly, as if it physically hurt. "Okay," he whispered. "Okay, angel. If that's what you need."

Felix swallowed hard, not expecting the sudden agreement.

"I'll miss you," Hyunjin added softly, eyes cast down. "Even if it's only a day. I'll still miss you like hell."

And just like that, Felix felt guilty again. Even when it was his idea. Even when he was trying to do something right.

He didn't know why it always felt like losing when Hyunjin didn't fight back.

-

Hyunjin screamed. With a violent shove, he flipped the table, sending metal tools and weapons crashing to the ground in a deafening clatter. The sound echoed off the concrete walls, but it was nothing compared to the chaos inside his head.

His nails dug deep into his scalp, desperate to tear away the face he no longer recognised—the face of someone abandoned, broken, betrayed.

He couldn't breathe. His chest caved in and refused to expand, panic wrapping tight around his lungs. Every nerve in his body shook violently, his knees finally buckling beneath him as he collapsed onto the floor.

Tears poured down his face, fast and uncontrollable, like they had been waiting to break free for years. He sobbed so hard he started choking on it.

In the far corner, Jisung sat frozen—silent, horrified. He didn't dare move, didn't dare make a sound. What could he possibly say?

Hyunjin slammed his fists against the ground again and again, the sharp sound of knuckles cracking against concrete slicing through the air. He barely felt the pain.

"It's not fair," he rasped, voice broken and trembling. "I do everything for you. Everything. Why can't you just stay? Is it that hard to fucking ask?"

His sobs rose again, rough and shaking. "Just love me. Love me like I love you. That's all I ever wanted."

His voice fractured with grief. "You promised. you fucking promised me. you said you wouldn't leave. you said forever, remember?!" He screamed so loud his throat burned.

"What did I do—TELL ME WHAT I DID—FUCK—" he gasped between cries, curled into himself on the cold floor like a child trying to disappear. "I didn't do anything... I didn't... I didn't..."

With one last slam of his fists, blood now smearing the grey beneath him, he whispered through clenched teeth, "Why isn't it enough? Why am I never enough?"

Chapter 50: Footage

Notes:

⚠ Content warning⚠
chapter contains: self harm mentions

Chapter Text

"Please, just let me review it. I swear I won't take long," Minho pleaded, his voice cracking with desperation.

"I already told you, sir. Civilians aren't allowed access to the footage," Officer Junho replied, his tone flat and unbothered. "I've already reviewed it. There was nothing on there."

Minho stepped forward slightly. "You don't understand how important this is to me. It'll only take a moment—please."

Junho's jaw tightened as he let out a sharp sigh. "Sir, if you keep insisting—"

"What's the issue here, Junho?" a firm female voice interrupted.

Junho turned slightly, visibly annoyed. "This guy wants to review the store camera footage. I told him already, I checked it—nothing useful. But he won't let it go."

Minho turned toward her immediately. Her badge read Nari.

"I need to see it," Minho said, chest heaving. "Please."

Nari frowned. "And why exactly can't he view it?"

Junho rubbed his forehead. "Because the chief gave a direct order. We don't show footage to non-officials—"

"Well, the chief's not here, is he?" she cut in sharply.

"But—"

Minho's breath hitched. "Ma'am, please. My partner's been missing for three days. I just need to see where he went—just the stretch of road near the convenience store."

Officer Nari's expression softened just slightly. "What's his name?"

"Han—Han Jisung," Minho said immediately, like he'd been holding the name on the tip of his tongue all morning.

She nodded, stepping past Junho and sitting down at the desk. Her fingers tapped swiftly across the laptop keyboard, searching.

Her gaze flicked up. "Officer Han?" she asked, her tone shifting.

"Yes. Yes—he's an officer. Works at the Seoul National Firm Station."

She paused, eyes narrowing just slightly. "And you are?"

Minho didn't hesitate. "His boyfriend."

A long silence passed.

Junho scoffed under his breath. "Nari, you're really gonna risk your job for a civilian?" he muttered, not low enough for Minho to miss it.

"I said I'll take responsibility," she replied firmly, already standing. She turned to Minho. "Come with me."

Minho's knees nearly gave out from relief. He swallowed hard, blinking fast to hold back tears as he followed her down the hallway, hope finally flickering to life in his chest.

-

The surveillance room was dim and cold, humming with the quiet buzz of monitors and security feeds. Nari typed rapidly at the control panel, eyes scanning the timestamped footage flying by on-screen. Minho stood behind her, arms crossed tightly, pulse pounding in his ears.

"Okay," she muttered, "we've accessed the Myeongdong convenience store cameras—timestamp matches the rough time you said he might've been there."

The footage played in grainy clarity. The store was quiet, mostly empty—until a familiar figure walked into frame.

Minho leaned in. "That's him," he breathed. "That's Jisung. That's his uniform."

Jisung walked past the camera, police badge on full display. There was no hesitation in his step, like he had a place to be.

"Can we please follow where he goes?" Minho asked, voice tight.

Nari nodded. "We can trace the public cams and some street feeds if he's in a patrol car. Give me a second."

Minutes passed. One screen after another flickered with scenes of Jisung's routine—arriving at the station, greeting other officers, grabbing files. He looked normal. Perfectly, frustratingly normal.

Then, a shift.

"There," Nari pointed. "He's leaving again. That's Unit 34. He's alone."

Minho's throat went dry. "Where is he going?"

Nari typed again, her fingers flying across the keyboard. Camera feeds swapped in and out until finally, the patrol car appeared on a traffic camera. It was headed south.

Another monitor picked up the car. Then another. The vehicle rolled through the streets, nothing unusual... until it pulled into a quiet residential area.

Minho's heart stopped when the camera caught it.

Jisung stepped out of the car, looked around briefly, then entered a building.

"That building..." Minho whispered.

Nari looked at him. "You recognise it?"

He nodded slowly, blood draining from his face. "That's one of my friend's apartment."

Nari's expression darkened instantly. "There's no interior feed?"

"No, they don't have indoor surveillance."

They stared at the monitor. Jisung never came back out.

Minutes passed. Still nothing.

Nari reached for her radio. "This is Officer Nari—requesting immediate backup and protocol initiation for residential breach and search. Suspect possibly inside private residence."

A distorted voice crackled back with confirmation.

She turned to Minho. "You're staying here. I'll lead the entry team."

"What—no—"

"Sir," she said firmly, "you're not armed. If anything's happened to your friends, I promise you—you'll be the first to know. But you cannot interfere right now."

Minho clenched his jaw. "Just—call me. the second you know something."

"I will."

And with that, she was gone. the door to the surveillance room swung shut behind her, leaving Minho standing in the silence, staring at the still image of the building where the man he loved had vanished.

And Jisung hadn't come back out.

—-

Hyunjin was slouched on the couch, his face blank, lips parted slightly as he stared at the flickering cartoon playing on the TV. The colors moved fast, voices high-pitched, obnoxious. It barely registered in his mind.

His head was pounding. His limbs ached. His chest—empty.

The apartment was dim, only the blue light from the screen casting weak shadows across the living room. On the kitchen counter sat a pile of bloodied tissues, dried and crumpled. Some had fallen to the floor, stuck to tiles with brown-red patches. The stitching on his wrist was sloppy—he hadn't cared to be clean this time. The lines were jagged. Red. Angry. He'd bled from his thighs too. A shallow slice across his ribs. A few on his stomach.

It didn't hurt anymore. Nothing did.

Felix had left last night. Packed a few things. Said it was temporary. Just space. Just air.
And when the door closed, Hyunjin collapsed. On the floor. In the bathroom. Razor in hand.

Now, the scars itched. The blood had dried. He hadn't moved in hours.

He had one earbud in, tuned in to the hidden mic in felix's phone. Just in case Felix came back. Said something. Anything. But there was only static. The occasional clatter. Once, he thought he heard a sigh—but it wasn't Felix's.

He closed his eyes. Counted ten slow breaths. But his heart never slowed.

And then—
Knocking.

Not on his door. From next door. Barely audible. Hyunjin opened his eyes, blinked slowly, tuning in.

"Seoul Police Agency."

The voice was muffled. Clear. From outside.but not on his door. the neighbours probably.

He inhaled sharply through his nose. Police. Again?

He didn't panic. Didn't even move.

There was nothing left to hide.

He'd disconnected the last of the cameras this morning. Snipped every wire. Burned the leftover pills in the sink, flushed the ashes. Felix was gone, so what was the point?

Only the bloodstained tissues remained. He hadn't bothered cleaning them up. Let them see. Let them find the mess and draw their own conclusions.

Let them see the scars if they wanted to.

Maybe they'd check the blood. Run a test. find it all belonged to him. maybe they'd see his wrists. his thighs. his ribs. see how he barely held himself together.

Maybe they'd feel sorry. Maybe they'd feel guilty.
And maybe they'd finally leave him alone.

Chapter 51: Mined your own business

Chapter Text

A sharp, deliberate knock echoed through the apartment—this time, right on Hyunjin's door.

His heart thudded in his chest, but it wasn't panic or fear. It was numbness.

For a split second, a dark thought flickered in his mind—grab a knife, end it all here, right now. kill them all if it came to that.

But even in his broken state, the thought felt foolish. reckless.

He was too tired. Too broken to fight.

So slowly, Hyunjin pushed himself upright, every muscle protesting. He shuffled toward the door, fingers curling and uncurling.

His breath was shallow, his eyes glassy and slightly red. his hand twisting the cold metal knob.

The door creaked open.

There stood a woman in police uniform. Behind her, three officers—two men and another woman—stood alert.

Her hair was cut short. Her face was plain but firm.

"Good evening, sir," she said clearly. "Seoul Police Agency. We have a warrant for a full search of every apartment in this building. Are you aware that suspect officer Han Jisung has entered without leave?"

Hyunjin's face was a mask of exhaustion and detachment, eyes rimmed red but unblinking. He nodded faintly, voice barely above a whisper. "No."

Officer Nari's gaze sharpened. "If you would, please step aside. We'd appreciate your cooperation to keep this as brief as possible."

Hyunjin's fingers twitched at his sides.

But his voice was flat, "Go ahead."

The officers exchanged glances but stepped inside.

One of the male officers stepped forward, his voice calm but firm. "Sir, please stay in the living room and have a seat. We'll need to ask you a few questions while we conduct the search."

Hyunjin didn't argue. His limbs felt heavy, like they barely belonged to him anymore. He moved slowly to the couch and sank down.

The officer pulled out a small notebook and pen, flipping it open as he glanced at Hyunjin. "What's your full name?"

"Hwang Hyunjin," he replied.

"And your date of birth?"

"July 5th, 2000."

The officer nodded, scribbling the information down.

Meanwhile, the other officers were already surveying the room. One of the females bent down near the kitchen counter and picked up a crumpled, dried tissue stained with dark brownish-red spots.

"Sir," she said softly, holding it up. "Is this yours?"

Hyunjin's eyes flicked toward the tissue..

"Yes. It's mine."

The officer exchanged a look with Nari before nodding. "May we see where this came from?"

Hyunjin hesitated..

Slowly, almost reluctantly, he rolled up the sleeves of his black

shirt.

A map of jagged scars, faded and fresh, crawled across his pale forearms—thin lines, deep.

The officers exchanged glances, the silence stretching like a chasm.

One of the male officers cleared his throat quietly. “Sir, these are self-inflicted?”

He didn’t look up. “Yes.”

Another officer crouched down beside him, voice softer now. “Have you considered getting help? We can connect you to services—there are people who can support you.”

Hyunjin’s eyes remained fixed on the scars. He said nothing.

Nari stepped closer, her tone gentle but direct. “You’re not alone, Sir. We’re here to help.”

-

The next twenty minutes passed in a blur. The officers moved efficiently through the apartment, opening cupboards, rifling through drawers, inspecting every corner. Yet, despite their thorough search, they found absolutely nothing suspicious—no hidden weapons, no substances, no signs of forced entry or struggle.

Meanwhile, one of the female officers lingered near Hyunjin, sitting carefully on the edge of a chair opposite him. Her voice was calm.

“Have you thought about getting some help? Therapy can be really beneficial, you know. There are people trained to support you through whatever you’re dealing with.”

Hyunjin’s gaze remained distant, unfocused. “It’s just… past stuff. Stress mostly,” he said flatly, voice tired.

The officer nodded gently but pressed a little further. “When you say past stuff, what do you mean?”

Hyunjin's fingers tightend slightly in his lap. “I don’t owe that to anyone.”

The officer offered a small, understanding smile. “That’s fine. Just know the option’s there if you ever want it. We can also give you some helplines.”

Hyunjin didn’t respond.

The silence stretched. Nari returned, signaling that the search was complete and that they were wrapping up.

“Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Hwang. We’ll be in touch if anything comes up.”

Hyunjin nodded, barely moving.

As the officers gathered their things and headed toward the door, from the hallway, behind a closed door, came a soft thud.

“What was that?” one of the officers whispered sharply.

“Probably one of my canvases tipped over,” Hyunjin muttered.

An officer leaned toward Nari. “That room had nothing—just paintings and art supplies.”

But Nari wasn’t convinced. She straightened. “Apologies for the interruption—but do you mind if I take another look?”

Before Hyunjin could answer—THUD. Louder this time. Another. THUD. From inside the wall.

Nari didn’t wait. She drew her gun smoothly, signaling the other officers as she stepped past Hyunjin, her boots silent against the floorboards.

The floor creaked beneath her weight as she approached the room. She reached for the knob.

Another thud. Closer now. Urgent.

She opened the door.

The art room was chaos—canvases stacked and leaning, splattered paint drying in chaotic patterns, brushes abandoned mid-stroke. Nothing immediately suspicious.

“Clear the room,” Nari ordered quietly.

As the others swept through, she stepped closer to the wall where the sound had come from. She leaned in. Held her breath.

THUD.

Right there. Behind the wall.

She crouched, eyes narrowing at what looked like an uneven patch of plaster low in the corner. hjust a bump—barely noticeable. she pressed it.

It moved slightly. hollow.

Another THUD—closer, sharper, more desperate.

She turned to call for equipment—but that’s when it happened.

A small metal sphere rolled across the floor.

“What the—?”

The door slammed shut behind her. Locked.

The sphere cracked.

A hiss. Gas began pouring out.

“GAS!” Nari barked, yanking her collar over her nose. “COVER!” she shouted to the officers outside, muffled through fabric.

She backed to the door, fired once—BANG. Again—CRACK. The knob shattered.

She slammed her shoulder into the wood. It splintered slightly.

Again. THUD. The frame groaned.

But before the third push—a gunshot rang out.

CRACK.

Nari stumbled back as blood bloomed from her neck. She'd been shot. Her gun dropped. She gasped—choking on her own breath, hand clutching the wound as her knees buckled.

A second shot tore through the wall.

Then another.

Gunfire erupted.

Screams. Two officers fell, blood spreading across the floor.

From behind the sealed door came a voice—calm.

"You should've minded your own business."

Chapter 52: Muffled cries

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Gore, rape, necrophilia, extremely graphic gore, murder, non-con, torture, sex with a corpse, body horror, vile and disgusting scenes

Chapter Text

“So… kicking the wall does make a sound,” Hyunjin mused with a low chuckle, circling Jisung. “Guess I’ll need to reinforce the walls next time.”

His voice was light, almost sing-song, but the edge in it was unmistakable.

Jisung hadn’t been touched.

Because pain would’ve been too merciful.

No—Hyunjin wanted him to watch.

Jisung was still chained to the far wall, wrists raw beneath iron cuffs, duct tape stretched tight across his mouth. His chest heaved, soaked in sweat. Panic flared in his bloodshot eyes as he took in the scene before him.

Four officers—two men, two women—bound and gagged just like him. One of them made his breath hitch violently.

Nari.

He’d worked with her before. A few cases. She’d always been sharp like him.

Now she looked just as broken as he felt.

Jisung’s body ached from dehydration and exhaustion. He hadn’t

eaten in days—Hyunjin only ever offered him bread and water, which he refused out of spite. Everything was a haze. He barely remembered being knocked out and dragged here.

This wasn't Hyunjin's art room anymore.

This was something else. Somewhere else.

A cold, concrete basement. Windowless. Empty, aside from them—and the wooden table stacked with tools and a bright lamp.

Hyunjin hummed quietly as he ran his fingers along the weapons—scalpels, pliers, drills, bone saws. All laid out with surgical precision.

Then, a soft noise.

A muffled groan.

One of the female officers stirred—her eyelids fluttering as she regained consciousness. Her groan turned panicked when her senses caught up. The chains. The cold. The man standing at the table.

She squirmed. The chains rattled. Her movements woke the others—another officer gasped against the tape, then another. One by one, they awoke, blinking in terror, eyes darting around the dim room.

Hyunjin turned toward them with a slow, wide smile.

"There we go," he cooed. "All my good little guests are finally awake."

But the warmth in his voice died just as quickly.

He moved toward the first female officer without hesitation. Her muffled scream shot through the room as he grabbed her by the hair and yanked her up. She kicked, thrashed—but her legs were still tied, useless. He dragged her across the floor, her body scraping against the rough concrete, leaving streaks behind.

The others screamed behind their gags—Jisung most of all. His

wrists bled from pulling at the chains.

Hyunjin ignored them.

He laid the woman onto a metal surgical table in the center of the room, forcing her onto her back. She writhed violently as he strapped her down—leather buckles locking her wrists, thighs, even her head.

“There we go,” he said sweetly, brushing the hair from her forehead like a nurse. “Stay still now.”

He turned back to the table of tools.

“Hmmm,” he hummed, fingers dancing across the blades before plucking up a long saw. “This one.”

The moment he turned back around, the woman on the table thrashed violently. Her screams were louder now—pure panic, breathless and soaked in dread. Sweat glistened on her skin. Tears streaked from her eyes.

The other officers fought against their restraints, helpless to do anything but watch.

Hyunjin rolled his eyes. “So dramatic,” he muttered. “You act like I’ve never done this before.”

He stepped closer, tilting his head.

“Trust me—she’ll feel everything.”

And then, he pressed the teeth of the saw to her stomach with excruciating slowness.

“Don’t squirm too much,” he whispered. “I’d hate to slip. I want this to last.”

He smiled.

And began to cut.

The first slice was slow.

The serrated teeth of the saw bit into her skin, tearing muscle, catching bone. Her body convulsed beneath the restraints—veins bulging in her neck as her scream tore through the tape, muffled but bloodcurdling.

Hyunjin didn't flinch.

He watched her the whole time, his brows slightly furrowed in concentration, as though perfecting a brushstroke. The saw dragged downward with a wet, grinding sound, blood pooling fast beneath the table and soaking into the cracks in the concrete.

The smell of copper filled the room.

Her eyes rolled back. She thrashed wildly, legs jerking within the restraints, as the metal tore through her stomach, past her pelvis—

Crack.

Bone snapped under the pressure.

Jisung felt bile rise in his throat.

Hyunjin kept going until the woman was split open completely, the table now drenched, intestines slipping from the open cavity like ribbons.

But she was still alive.

Hyunjin cocked his head, as if admiring his work.

"Still breathing?" he asked softly, almost impressed. "You're tougher than I thought."

Then—without pause—he walked around the table, picked up her right arm, and pressed the saw against her shoulder joint.

The muffled screaming intensified—ragged, hoarse, inhuman.

The saw dug in again.

It jerked against the bone with every back-and-forth motion, a horrible scraping sound echoing through the walls. Blood spattered across Hyunjin's cheek, but he didn't blink.

Jisung was shaking violently. His chains rattled with every tremor. The other officers were either sobbing or frozen stiff, wide-eyed and pale.

Hyunjin finished one arm and dropped it to the floor with a wet smack.

Then calmly moved to the other.

"No one's going to help you," he whispered to the dying woman as her eyes twitched, barely conscious, pupils blown wide with agony. "That's the part I think you all forget. no one's coming."

The last cut was the slowest. she was nothing but torn flesh and trembling nerves by the time the blade stopped.

And then—

Silence.

The kind that felt loud.

Hyunjin exhaled softly, stepping back from the table like an artist admiring a finished painting. His eyes scanned the trembling faces in the room. jisung looked ready to vomit, his entire body trembling, veins bulging in his neck as he screamed behind the tape.

The other officers wept.

"Now," Hyunjin said gently, turning back to his table of tools. "Who's next?"

Hyunjin tilted his head at the mangled corpse on the table, brows pinched as if something about the composition irked him. Then slowly, he walked over to the bottom half of her body.

"Hmm," he murmured, fingers curling around what remained of her

hips. he yanked the blood-soaked pants down, tearing the fabric in one motion until her lower half was bare, exposed under the overhead light.

He adjusted her legs—spread them apart, repositioning her on the surgical table like a mannequin. Like she was nothing. Her body twitched slightly from nerve spasms.

“Much better,” he whispered.

Then he turned to the officers.

They were shaking—sweat mixing with tears, their taped mouths gasping rapid breaths through their noses. One of the male officers, younger, was staring straight down at the floor, avoiding the corpse, avoiding him.

Hyunjin’s gaze settled on him.

“You.”

The officer flinched.

Hyunjin walked toward him, then knelt in front of him like a friend about to share a secret.

“Stand up,” he said softly. “I’m giving you a choice.”

The officer didn’t move. couldn’t.

So Hyunjin stood and grabbed a nearby axe—an old, rusted thing with dried brown staining the edge. He slammed it onto the floor beside the officer’s feet.

CLANG.

Everyone jumped.

Hyunjin leaned in again, his voice quiet, sing-song. “You fuck her… or I take your head off right here. Simple.”

The officer screamed behind the tape, eyes wide, violently shaking

his head. His whole body jerked in protest, muscles straining against the chains.

But Hyunjin wasn't smiling anymore.

He grabbed the man by the collar, dragging him up with a strength that seemed impossible for his frame. He kicked the officer's feet out from under him, slamming him hard against the blood-drenched table, face just inches from the split-open woman's corpse.

"I said fuck her."

Hyunjin raised the axe slowly—high above his shoulder, the blade gleaming under the light. "Or I'll cut your dick off and shove it in her."

The room erupted in chaos—screams behind tape, chains clattering, the wet drip of blood hitting the floor.

The officer's knees buckled.

His eyes were wide with pure terror, his breath ragged and uneven behind the tape. jhis body trembled uncontrollably. Hyunjin's smile widened, cold and cruel.

Without a word, Hyunjin stepped forward and began untying the officer's hands. the leather cuffs slipped free, revealing pale shaking fingers that immediately curled inward, trembling violently.

The officer stared, frozen, at the scene before him. the mangled, half-dismembered corpse splayed grotesquely on the table, blood pooling beneath.

The axe in Hyunjin's hand gleamed.

A strangled, terrified cry tore from the officer's throat, muffled but raw, shaking the air between them.

Hyunjin's voice dropped to a whisper, sharp and patient. "You want to live? Then do it."

The officer's legs wobbled like a newborn, knees buckling under the

weight of fear and revulsion. His trembling hands fumbled at the zipper of his pants, every movement an agony as he peeled them down inch by inch.

He didn't look up—not once—as his fingers clumsily freed himself, hands slick with sweat.

Then, with slow, unsteady steps, he shuffled forward. His shaking hands slid his cock free.

Hyunjin held the axe loosely but menacingly in one hand, eyes glittering with twisted fascination.

The officer's breath hitched as he approached the corpse. His face was a mask of horror—eyes wide, jaw clenched so hard it seemed his teeth might shatter.

He hesitated a heartbeat.

Then he sank down onto the cold flesh, shivering violently as he began to slide in.

A dry, sickening sound echoed softly—the friction of flesh on torn tissue.

Hyunjin's lips curved into a dark smirk.

Slowly, painfully, the officer began to thrust.

Each movement was shaky, soaked in terror.

Hyunjin leaned in, watching every twitch of muscle, every flicker of agony and disbelief painted across the officer's face.

dThe room was thick with the scent of blood and sweat, the sound of ragged breaths and muffled sobs.

And in that moment, Hyunjin savored it all—this perfect symphony of horror, submission, and despair.

"Good," he murmured softly. "Keep going. I want to see every second of this."

It hadn't even been a minute before the officer's movements faltered.

His body trembled violently, every thrust becoming weaker, more desperate.

Then, with a choked sob muffled beneath the tape, he pulled back.

Tears streamed down his pale cheeks, mixing with the grime and sweat that clung to his skin. His eyes were wild—pleading, broken.

He tried to scream behind the tape, begging for it to stop, for mercy, for anything. His voice was nothing but muffled whimpers and sobs, ragged gasps that filled the cold.

Hyunjin's lips curled into a cruel grin, cold and unyielding.

"Back," he commanded softly.

The officer froze, eyes darting between the axe in Hyunjin's hand and the bloodied corpse beneath him. His body trembled uncontrollably, legs wobbling as if they might give out at any second.

He tried to move back—but his own fear betrayed him.

His legs buckled, knees hitting the floor, and no matter how much he tried to scramble away, his feet were still chained.

Hyunjin stepped forward, slow and deliberate, raising the axe high above his head.

For a brief second, the entire room seemed to hold its breath.

And then—

With a sickening, thunderous crack—

Hyunjin brought the axe down with brutal force.

The blade cleaved through the officer's skull in a spray of bone and

blood, splitting his head open like a rotten fruit.

The sickening wet sound echoed off the concrete walls.

The officer's body jerked once, then slumped forward, lifeless.

The muffled sobs cut off abruptly, replaced by an eerie silence broken only by the soft drip of blood pooling onto the floor.

Hyunjin stood over the corpse, the axe dripping crimson.

He glanced at the others—their wide, terrified eyes locked on him, mouths gagged but screaming silently.

"Anyone else want to try?" he taunted.

Chapter 53: Pasta

Chapter Text

“How much pasta do you want?” Jeongin’s voice called from the kitchen, the sound of boiling water and clinking cutlery filling the background.

“Just a little, thanks,” Felix replied.

He was curled up on the corner of the couch, legs tucked beneath him, an oversized hoodie swallowing his frame. Across from him, Seungmin sat with his arms folded, gaze quietly intense as he scanned felix's visible skin—specifically the dark, discolored splotches blooming across his wrists, neck and forearms.

They looked like fingerprints.

“I’m serious, Lix. You should really get them checked out,” Seungmin said. “They look painful.”

Felix offered a dismissive shrug, rubbing at the side of his neck, like trying to hide the marks.

“It’s seriously nothing. I was the one that got drunk… I think,” he muttered.

Seungmin raised an eyebrow. “You think? What’s that supposed to mean?”

Felix shifted, pulling his sleeves down farther, almost defensively. “I mean… I don’t really remember most nights. Probably because I was drunk.”

Seungmin leaned forward, his tone sharpening. “What’s ‘probably’ supposed to mean? You sound like you don’t believe it yourself.”

Felix’s throat tightened. He blinked at the floorr. “No, it’s not like that—Hyunjin would never—”

“I never said anything about Hyunjin,” seungmin cut in.

Silence.

Felix's chest rose and fell a little quicker now. He let out a heavy breath, avoiding Seungmin's eyes.

"Look, Lix… I don't care who it was," Seungmin said after a pause, voice gentler this time. "Whether it was Hyunjin or someone else, you need to get it checked out. Those bruises—" he gestured lightly, "—they're not nothing. You need to get tested. DNA traces. Something. Please."

Felix stayed quiet.

The soft clatter of plates broke the silence as Jeongin walked over from the kitchen.

"Here's yours, and here's yours—and mine," he said cheerily, placing three warm pasta bowls on the coffee table in front of the couch. "Don't complain, I used the good cheese."

"Thanks," Felix murmured, still dazed.

Jeongin plopped down beside his boyfriend, twirling his fork. "No problem. Made it extra garlicky for your sad soul."

Felix let out a soft laugh.

The silence that followed wasn't loud, but it pressed on Felix's chest. He stared at the steam rising from his food, trying to focus on anything else.

Seungmin spoke again—quietly, but firmly. "Felix… If you don't feel safe, you can stay here."

Felix's head snapped up. "I am—just for a few days."

Jeongin didn't look up from his plate. "We mean it. You've got a key, you know that."

"I—" Felix's voice cracked. "I didn't come because I don't feel safe. I just needed some space."

"Have you heard about Jisung?" Jeongin asked cautiously.

Felix's fingers froze around his fork.

Seungmin glanced sideways, catching it.

Jeongin kept eating.

Felix stared down at the curls of pasta, his appetite dissolving completely. The steam rising from his plate stung his eyes.

“No,” he said. “No one has.”

Jeongin’s fork clinked against the bowl. “It’s been what—almost a week now? That’s not just someone ghosting.

Felix’s throat tightened again. His knuckles turned white around the utensil.

“I said I haven’t heard anything.”

Jeongin didn’t push.

Seungmin did.

“He didn’t message you?” His voice was neutral, but his eyes weren’t. “You two were the closest. I thought he told you everything.”

Felix bit the inside of his cheek. Hard. “We haven’t talked in a while.”

“Why not?” Jeongin asked, softer now. “He really cared about you.”

Felix didn’t answer. The room felt suddenly too hot. He blinked, eyes burning, and set his bowl aside.

“I don’t know,” he whispered. “He just stopped replying.”

But that wasn’t true. Their last argument burned in his head.

He looked down at his sleeves again. tugged them tighter.

Seungmin was still watching. And he knew. He always knew more than he said.

Jeongin spoke up again, quieter now. “Lix… if something happened to Jisung… do you think it has something to do with hyunjin? Don’t get me wrong. But… Jisung would tell me things he didn’t tell you. All I know is he was working on Hyunjin’s case…”

Felix’s heart stuttered.

He stood up.

“I’m not hungry,” he said, brushing invisible crumbs from his hoodie. “I think I’m gonna go lie down.

“Lix—” Jeongin reached for his arm gently, but Felix flinched without meaning to. Just a small jerk. Enough.

They both noticed.

Felix didn’t wait for a reply—just turned and walked down the hall to the spare bedroom, shutting the door quietly behind him.

And once he was alone, in the silence, felix finally let himself cry.

Not loud.

Just soft, tired sobs. only guilt and regret.

And maybe worse—knowing something was wrong. with him. with the bruises. with hyunjin.

And not being brave enough to say it.

Chapter 54: Drink

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Extremely graphic gore, torture, body horror, cannibalistic themes, vile & disgusting scenes.

Chapter Text

Jisung sat curled in the corner of the basement, knees to his chest, his hands still bound, his shirt soaked in sweat and tears. His eyes—swollen and red from hours of crying—stared blankly ahead. There was no fight left in him. Only the sound of his shallow breathing and the occasional clatter of chains when his body trembled.

The room had transformed into a living nightmare.

Blood painted the floor in sticky pools. Splashes of it stained the walls like violent brush strokes. Body parts had been scattered carelessly, like trash. Two officers now lay lifeless and mutilated. One male officer's body twitched every few seconds, despite being long dead—nervous system spasms echoing the horror of his final moments. His fingers had been sliced off.

Only Nari remained untouched—gagged, wide-eyed, her body taut with dread. Her chest rose and fell in shallow, panicked bursts. silent tears streamed down her face, but she never took her eyes off Hyunjin.

He was across the room now—standing at a stained wooden table, sleeves rolled up, humming softly.

A blender buzzed violently in front of him.

Inside it: skin, fingers, shards of bone—ground together into a chunky, grey-pink slurry. Bits of flesh clung to the inside of the glass, smearing as the blade whirred beneath it.

The sound made everyone flinch.

Except Hyunjin.

Hyunjin was… calm. He looked like someone prepping a smoothie after a morning jog—relaxed. Not numb anymore.

Once the mix was fully blended, he clicked the machine off. Silence slammed into the room like a wave.

He reached over, picked up a glass, and poured the contents with gentleness. The thick, bloody sludge gurgled as it slid into the cup.

Hyunjin turned, glass in hand.

And walked toward one of the officers with missing fingers–the alive one.

The man recoiled before Hyunjin even reached him, his head shaking violently, chains clinking with each tremor. His breath hitched into ragged gasps.

Hyunjin crouched down, inches from his face, and ripped the tape from his mouth in one swift jerk.

The officer howled.

Then choked on his own breath, desperate to speak.

“Please—please don’t—don’t make me—I can’t—please, sir—I’m not—don’t—please just kill me—”

His words crumbled into sobs.

Hyunjin smiled like a parent indulging a child.

“Kill you?” he echoed, mock-thoughtful. “After all this work? that’d be such a waste.”

He lifted the glass slowly.

“Now. Drink it.”

The officer wailed, tears spilling fast.

“Please—please—I’m begging you, I’ll do anything, just don’t make me—please—please—”

Hyunjin’s smile didn’t falter.

He grabbed the officer by the hair, yanked his head back, and pressed the cup to his lips.

“Open up,” he cooed, almost lovingly. “I made it just for you.”

The officer screamed.

But there was no one left to save him.

Hyunjin tilted the glass with care, the thick, lumpy liquid sliding toward the trembling officer’s lips.

But just as the first drop touched his tongue—the man convulsed.

A guttural retch tore from his throat and he vomited violently, splattering blood, bile, and half-digested food all over his lap. The sound was loud, wet, shameful.

Hyunjin froze, mid-pour. His smile dropped.

The stench hit fast. He recoiled slightly, lips curling in visible disgust. Slowly, he placed the glass down on the ground with exaggerated grace.

then straightened.

“Really?” he said, his voice sharp now—disappointed, almost offended. “I go through all this trouble, and this is how you thank me?”

The officer was heaving, choking on spit and bile, hands twitching against the chains, too weak to even beg.

Hyunjin wiped his hand on a bloodied rag, the disgust in his eyes turning cold.

“You humans have no respect for art,” he muttered.

Then—without warning—he picked up the long, serrated knife from the table.
the metal shimmered under the dim basement light, its edges already rusted red.

He knelt slowly.
Met the man’s panicked gaze.
smiled again.

“It’s fine,” Hyunjin murmured, dragging the blade lightly down the officer’s sternum. “You don’t have to eat it.”

He leaned in. “But you do have to feel this.”

And then—he pressed.

The blade sunk in slowly. Inch by inch.
A sickening crunch as it parted flesh. Then muscle. Then rib.

The officer let out a animalistic scream—high, piercing, hopeless.
his body thrashed weakly, spasming under the pain, but Hyunjin held him steady with one hand.

“There we go,” Hyunjin whispered, voice soft like lullabies. “Let it hurt.”

He twisted the knife ever so slightly. the scream broke into choking sobs.

Behind him, Jisung sobbed too.
nari had shut her eyes, praying without words.

And Hyunjin?

Hyunjin hummed again.

just loud enough to drown out the sounds of agony.

Hyunjin twisted the knife again—slow circles that carved agony deep into the officer’s chest. The man’s screams shredded the stale

basement air, a broken symphony of pain. His fingers clenched the cold chains, knuckles whitening with desperate strength, but the knife's bite swallowed every ounce of his will.

After what felt like an eternity, the spasms stilled. The officer's eyes fluttered open once more, then rolled back as his body went limp. His head lolled sideways, and thick, dark blood spilled from the wound, pooling beneath him like a crimson river.

Hyunjin finally exhaled a long, slow sigh. His grip on the knife relaxed as he stood upright, towering over the scene with a calm that felt more terrifying than rage.

He turned his gaze toward Nari, who sat rigid in her corner, her breath shallow and trembling.

Walking over, Hyunjin crouched down beside her. His eyes narrowed.

"You have my mother's name," he said quietly. "Nari."

He let the name hang in the air, savoring the silence. "She was a beautiful woman. You wouldn't even know."

Nari's wide eyes blinked, confused and terrified. tjhe faintest tremor ran through her body, but she didn't dare move.

Hyunjin's lips curled into a cruel smile.

"But you? With that name—that hideous face—you're nothing like her."

He stood and circled her slowly. His gaze roamed over every inch of her—her tear-streaked cheeks, her trembling lips, the fear in her eyes.

"You don't deserve that name," he spat. "Not looking like a shattered thing, all broken and ugly."

He crouched down again, now inches from her face, the darkness in his eyes almost suffocating.

“I’m going to rip your hideous face off,” he whispered, voice cold and low. “Tear your skin until there’s nothing left but bloody flesh.”

He let the threat linger, watching her shrink back, her body taut with terror.

Hyunjin’s smile was the last thing she saw before he stood, turning away as if bored.

“And maybe then,” he said, “you’ll understand what it means to carry a name worthy of beauty.”

Hyunjin’s eyes gleamed darkly as he reached for a sharp, gleaming knife from the table.

Without hesitation, he strode toward Nari.

His hand shot out, grabbing her roughly by the arm. Despite the chains binding her wrists, his grip was iron.

He dragged her across the cold concrete floor, the chains rattling violently with each step.

Nari struggled weakly, terror flooding her every breath, but Hyunjin remained merciless.

He shoved her onto the stained surgical table with a harsh shove.

Before she could fully react, he secured her tightly—binding her wrists, ankles, and torso with thick leather straps.

Nari’s heart pounded frantic and wild, every movement useless against the restraints.

Hyunjin circled the table, the knife glinting in his hand as he leaned close to her face.

A thrilled smile spread across his lips.

His blade glided smoothly under her chin, the cold steel biting through skin.

A raw, desperate scream tore from her throat, muffled only by the tape strapped tightly over her mouth.

Her body writhed against the restraints, panic flooding every inch of her being.

But Hyunjin didn't stop.

Slowly, deliberately, he peeled the tape away from her lips, exposing her trembling mouth and ragged breaths.

He leaned in close, eyes cold and unyielding.

"I want to hear every scream," he hissed softly.

Her screams exploded into the room, loud, jagged, filled with terror and pain.

Jisung, curled in the corner, flinched violently, his fists tightening as her cries sliced through the basement's heavy air.

This was the price—this was his warning.

For even thinking to take Felix away from him.

Chapter 55: Tomorrow

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Two days later:

8:04 pm.

Hyunjin cried.

He couldn’t breathe.

His body was slumped over the kitchen counter, trembling. Sweat poured from his skin, soaking his shirt, slicking his hair to his face. Bottles of pills lay scattered across the tiles—some open, some empty, all useless.

It didn’t matter.
No matter how many monsters he slaughtered, no matter how much blood painted his hands—he couldn’t survive a second without Felix.

Without his angel.

Funny, isn’t it? Angels are supposed to guard you. not destroy you.

“IT’S NOT FAIR!” he screamed, fists slamming into the countertop again and again, bruised knuckles popping. “YOU WERE MEANT TO PROTECT ME. YOU WERE MEANT TO SAVE ME. DO IT PROPERLY!”

His voice cracked. He was losing it. Already lost it.

No number of slit throats. No number of drugs. No amount of blood shed could replace that feeling—Felix's presence. Like light on his shoulder. Like something holy pressing gently against the chaos in

his chest.

But now everything was wrong. It is wrong.
Felix wasn't supposed to leave.

And Jisung?
Jisung remained untouched in the secret artroom.

Hyunjin had considered it. Killing him. Burning him alive. slitting him open just to see if he'd scream.

But no.
That was too merciful.

Hyunjin needed him to suffer. Slowly. Mentally. Until madness hollowed him out.

He force-fed him through a tube. Tied him down so tight he couldn't wriggle. Not even to cry. No escape. No starvation. Just the long, endless wait.

Hyunjin wanted Jisung to rot from the inside.

But tonight… Hyunjin was a mess.

Felix had promised to return tomorrow.

Tomorrow. Just one more day.

"It's fine," he whispered to himself. "felix will be back tomorrow. It's fine. It's fine—"

It wasn't.

Everything was too loud. Too much. the drugs only made it worse. his hands were shaking. hde'd only taken two pills—forced himself to stop before the edge.

Because suicide wasn't an option.
He wouldn't die. He refused.

But it enraged him.

Felix was supposed to be here.
To hold him.
To calm the screaming inside his skull.
To guard him from this world.

His angel was meant to save him.
So why the fuck did it feel like he was being left to burn?

Yesterday, 6:23 a.m.

The morning news played softly in the background. The volume didn't matter—Hyunjin had it memoried already.

"A woman in her mid-forties has been arrested in relation to the deaths of four officers, whose mutilated bodies were discovered late Monday night inside her apartment. Police say the crime scene was one of the most gruesome in recent years. The woman, whose identity remains withheld, is also facing charges of child neglect. Authorities suspect this may not be her first offense."

Hyunjin smiled, eyes dull, lips cracked. His coffee sat untouched, cold on the table. He hadn't slept. He didn't need to.

He watched the news describe his masterpiece—unaware of who really authored it.

He'd chosen her on purpose. A nobody. Two hours away. Quiet neighborhood, low security. Neglectful, careless. Easy to blame. Easy to throw away.

Three days ago, Hyunjin had stuffed four trash bags full of the human remains. Flesh, bone, uniforms soaked in maroon. The blood had dried by then—he liked it that way. Less messy.

He waited until she went to work. Drove a stolen car. Wore gloves, hair net, plastic hazmat suit sealed tight to his wrists and ankles. He carried the bags into her apartment like groceries.

Every limb was placed with surgical precision. A hand in the fridge. A jawbone on the stove. An eyeball floating in her kid's cereal bowl.

It was art.

And then he left.

No trace. No DNA. No scent. No footage. He took the stolen car back and set it ablaze in a different county. Watched the flames crackle like lullabies.

It wasn't about vengeance. Not exactly.

It was about reminding the world that justice was a fucking joke..

Now, they'd be blamed on a woman who couldn't even feed her own children.

Perfect.

Hyunjin stirred his cold coffee.

The world kept spinning. But only because he let it.

He looked at the clock.

8:17 p.m.

Tomorrow, Felix was supposed to come home.

His angel. his light.

the only thing keeping him from burning the world down completely.

and until then?

Hyunjin would wait.

and pray.

and if god didn't answer?

He'd rip Heaven apart himself.
Just to get him back.

Notes:

I don't want to see any of you fucking goofballs commenting under readers who enjoy this story with shit like:

"B-but it's rape! You shouldn't enjoy it!!"
"Why are you on Hyunjin's side? He literally raped Felix!"
"Why are you on Felix's side? He's so selfish!!"

Shut. The. Entire. Fuck. Up.

I swear on everything—if I get even ONE more comment that shames others for their opinions or enjoyment of this fic, I will delete it. No hesitation. This space is a SAFE SPACE.

S.A.F.E. S.P.A.C.E.

If you don't like what's happening in the story? Cool. Move on. But don't leave bullshit like:

"I'm gonna skip this chapter."
"This made me uncomfortable, but I'll keep reading anyway."

DON'T.
JUST DON'T.

You are not required to announce that you don't like something, especially when I've already added CLEAR and THOROUGH content warnings.

It's not hard. Read the tags. Respect the space.

And if you really feel the need to say something, say it TO ME directly.
DO NOT shame other readers for liking the genre or the dynamic.

If you come to me with disrespect, I'll politely and

lovingly tell you to fuck off.

To those of you who support me, leave kudos, comment kindly, and actually read the warnings—thank you, thank you, thank you. I love you endlessly.
♥ Baiii~

Chapter 56: Today

Notes:

⚠ Content warning⚠
chapter contains: self harm mentions

Chapter Text

7:02 p.m

The apartment door clicked softly as Felix stepped inside.

The first thing he noticed was the smell.
Clean linen and sandalwood—Hyunjin's favorite candle, still faintly burning on the coffee table. The place was spotless, clean. No stray clothes, no dishes in the sink, not even a speck of dust on the counters. It didn't feel lived in. It felt... staged.

Felix swallowed, toes curling inside his shoes. His hoodie sleeves hung long over his hands as he shut the door behind him.

"Hyun?" he called quietly.

No answer.

Then, from the corner of his eye—he saw him.

Hyunjin lay curled on the couch, fast asleep. His long limbs folded in, his head buried against the throw pillow, hair sticking damply to his forehead.

Felix's heart ached.
He stepped closer.

Hyunjin's wrists were bare—pale and thin, littered with scars both faded and fresh. Some pink and tender, some almost white from age. His fingers twitched slightly, restless even in sleep. His face was puffy, nose red like he'd been crying for hours.

Felix stopped in front of him, staring down.

This was the man he'd loved for years.

The man who had protected him, spoiled him, adored him like he hung the moon. The man who called him angel.

And yet—only a few hours ago, sitting in Jeongin's spare room, Felix had been turning the word "breakup" over in his mouth like glass he couldn't spit out.

Maybe they weren't right for each other. Maybe he couldn't keep doing this. Maybe—

His chest tightened painfully.

Because now, seeing Hyunjin so small and fragile, curled up like a boy who hadn't been hugged in years... it felt cruel. The guilt pressed.

He knelt down beside the couch. Carefully. Quietly.

Hyunjin didn't wake. His breathing was uneven, almost shuddering, like his body hadn't realised it was safe to rest.

Felix brushed a strand of damp hair off Hyunjin's forehead.

He thought about Seungmin's voice earlier that week.

"It's not love if only one person can provide."

Felix had hated how true it sounded.

Because Hyunjin always provided. He carried the weight of both of them. Paid for the apartment, cooked most meals, kissed Felix's knuckles when they trembled from anxiety. When Felix was sad, Hyunjin fixed it. When Felix cried, Hyunjin wiped his tears.

But when Hyunjin fell apart?
Felix froze. Every time. Because Hyunjin never did. He never fell apart in front of him. But the scars said it all. He was fallen, broken, and there was nothing felix could do it about.

He'd never been enough to catch him. Never been enough to put him back together.

And wasn't that supposed to be love?
To save each other equally?

Felix bit his inside lip.

He could leave. Right now.
Hyunjin wouldn't even know until morning.

Hyunjin stirred faintly, a small twitch running through his fingers before his eyes fluttered open—red-rimmed and glassy. He blinked against the dim lamplight, disoriented for a moment. Then his gaze landed on Felix.

And everything shifted.

A slow, trembling breath escaped him. His face softened—relief blooming so starkly it was almost painful. His lips parted, and the corners of his mouth curved upward weakly, trembling like he didn't quite believe what he was seeing.

"...Lix?" His voice was hoarse from crying. He sniffled sharply, wiping at his cheek clumsily with the back of his hand. "Oh my god."

He sat up too quickly, dizzy, his movements frantic but unsteady. Felix reached out instinctively, steadying his shoulder. Hyunjin clung to him instantly—hands curling around Felix's wrists. His fingers trembled against Felix's skin.

"You're here," hyunjin whispered, almost laughing through the tears welling in his eyes. His shoulders shook, breath hitching. "You came back. I—" he cut himself off with a wet sniffle, ducking his head as if embarrassed by how fast he was unraveling.

Felix swallowed hard, his chest aching at the sight.

"I missed you," Hyunjin murmured, voice breaking. "I missed you so

fucking much, angel. You don't—" He choked on the words, squeezing his eyes shut as a tear slipped down his cheek. "I thought —God, I thought you wouldnt come back."

Felix's fingers hesitated over hyunjin's damp hair, brushing it back gently. His voice was quiet, careful. "I said I'd be back."

Hyunjin let out a shaky laugh. "I know. I just—" He lifted his head, meeting Felix's gaze with such raw intensity it pinned Felix in place. "I needed you so bad, love. I don't work right without you. I don't —" His breath faltered, hitching sharply. "everything's quieter now that you're here."

The words made Felix's stomach knot painfully.

Hyunjin leaned forward, burying his face in Felix's hoodie, breathing him in like he needed proof. His voice came out muffled against Felix's chest. "Please don't leave me again. Please."

Felix froze. His hands hovered awkwardly in the air before settling on Hyunjin's back. The warmth of Hyunjin's body pressed close. He could feel the shiver in his bones, the way he clung tighter like he'd drown without him.

And Felix hated himself for how much that broke him.

He thought about Jeongin's quiet offer. About Seungmin's sharp words. About the bruises he'd been hiding.

But right now, with Hyunjin's arms wrapped around him and his desperate voice whispering please into his chest, Felix couldn't move. culdn't even think straight.

"I'm here," Felix whispered back, so soft it almost wasn't there.

Hyunjin exhaled a trembling breath—relieved, in a way that made Felix's guilt bite deeper. He pulled back just enough to cup Felix's face with both hands, thumbs brushing under his eyes like he was memorizing every inch of him.

"You're my angel," Hyunjin breathed. "don't ever take that away from me."

Felix's throat closed. He couldn't tell if it was love, or fear, or something far darker holding him in place.

Chapter 57: Drugged

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: mentions of drugging

(See the end of the chapter for more notes.)

Chapter Text

Felix didn't deny it.

There was a part of him—a heavy, aching part—that wanted to break up. He hated it. Hated how loud it was in his head.

But then again...

His thoughts drifted back.

Back to Chan.

It was stupid. He hadn't planned it. He'd only gone with Jeongin and Seungmin to that bar to clear his mind, to get away from the apartment and breathe somewhere Hyunjin wasn't.

He hadn't expected to run into their boss.

Of course, Jeongin and Seungmin—being the little twats they were—had ditched him almost immediately. "Order us shots," they'd said, and then promptly vanished into the crowd, leaving Felix alone with Chan at the bar.

He'd sworn to kill them both later.

But... then he and Chan started talking.

And somehow, it felt easy.

Too easy.

Something about the way Chan listened—really listened—made Felix's chest feel lighter. The boulder on his shoulders eased, just a fraction. He'd gotten drunker than he intended. Dumb drunk. Loose-tongued drunk. Saying things he'd sworn never to say out loud, least of all to someone he barely knew.

And yet—

One part of their conversation wouldn't stop echoing in his head.

"I'd wake up not remembering last night. With bruises."

"Alcohol doesn't do that," Chan said, brows furrowed. "You sure you weren't drugged?"

"Drugged? Pft, don't be silly. Why would... why would he want to drug me..."

"I'm not accusing anyone," Chan replied carefully, "but those bruises sound purposeful. Someone left them there."

"I mean... he's never aggressive with me. Ever."

Chan's voice lowered. "Maybe that's what he wants you to think."

"..."

"Shit—sorry. I didn't mean—"

"Don't apologise," Felix had cut in, rubbing at his temple. "Please. I just—God, I have a big fuckin' headache now."

Felix shut his eyes now, remembering.

What scared him wasn't just Chan's words—it was the clarity of them.

He'd had more shots with Chan that night than he'd ever had with Hyunjin. Stronger liquor too. And yet he remembered every syllable, every tilt of Chan's voice, every faint wrinkle of concern on

his brow.

When he drank with Hyunjin, though?

He remembered nothing.

He'd wake up sore. Bruised in places he couldn't explain. Sometimes finger-shaped marks along his thighs or wrists. Sometimes his neck. And Hyunjin would tell him he'd gotten too drunk. That he'd been a mess. That he'd liked it.

Felix swallowed hard.

That was love, right?
Wasn't it?

His hands trembled faintly against Hyunjin's back where they rested now.

No, no, he told himself. Hyunjin loved him. Hyunjin adored him. Hyunjin would never hurt him.

And yet...

He remembered how Chan had looked at him when Felix mentioned the bruises. Not pitying. Just concerned.

"Someone left them there on purpose."

Felix's stomach turned.

He'd brushed it off then. Laughed it away. But now? Now, with Hyunjin clinging to him like a drowning man, whispering, "Please don't leave me," into his chest...

Felix felt trapped.

Because he wanted to believe Hyunjin. He wanted to believe in their love. But why did it feel like he was sinking?

Why did it feel like Chan's words were the first gasp of air he'd had in months?

And worst of all—

Why, when Hyunjin kissed his knuckles and called him "angel," did part of him feel more afraid than adored?

Maybe Felix was rejecting that gleam of reality.

Maybe he had to.

Because if he didn't, then what did that mean for the past six years? What did that make him?

No. He refused to believe it wasn't all rainbows and sunshine.

Because Hyunjin loved him. Hyunjin had never once raised a hand to him. Not once in six years. Not even in anger. He never shouted, never slammed a door, never showed an ounce of aggression toward Felix.

Hyunjin adored him. Protected him. Spoiled him. That was what love was.

Wasn't it?

...But what if.

What if Chan was right?

What if Hyunjin wanted him to believe he'd never hurt him? What if that was the point?

–

9:02 PM.

Felix sat on the couch curled up. A film of some sitcom played quietly on the TV, laugh tracks echoing faintly in the background.

In front of him sat a small plate: a slice of banana bread, still warm.

A cup of tea beside it. steam curled lazily off the surface, carrying the faint smell of chamomile.

Hyunjin's favorite.

Felix's eyes lingered on the cup.

From the kitchen, he heard the faint clatter of utensils—Hyunjin making scrambled eggs, humming low under his breath. His voice was soft, melodic. Safe.

Felix's chest tightened.

He looked back at the tea.

Eyed it. Hard.

He didn't know if he should drink it or not.

It was stupid. So stupid. He hated himself for even thinking it.

But Chan's voice wouldn't leave his head.

"Alcohol doesn't do that... you sure you weren't drugged?"

His fingers twitched in his lap.

Was this what paranoia felt like?

The tea was probably fine. Just tea. Chamomile, sugar, a touch of honey—exactly the way Hyunjin always made it. Felix knew that.

And yet...

His heart thudded painfully as he stared at the steam curling from the cup, as if it was daring him.

He reached out. Slowly.

His fingertips brushed the handle. Warm.

In the kitchen, Hyunjin hummed louder like nothing was wrong. Because nothing was wrong... right?

Felix's breath hitched.

What if Chan was right?

What if he was drinking proof that Hyunjin only wanted him pliant, forgetful, vulnerable enough to never leave?

He froze. His hand hovered there, unsure if it should lift the cup... or shove it away.

Hyunjin finally emerged from the kitchen, two plates in hand—scrambled eggs still steaming, flecked with herbs, neat toast on the side.

"Here we go," he said softly, setting one plate in front of Felix and the other down beside his own spot on the couch. He glanced at Felix with a small, tired smile, his hair still slightly damp from his earlier shower.

That smile... it was so normal.

But Hyunjin's gaze flickered, just briefly, to the untouched tea.

Felix's chest tightened. His fingers curled against his knees.

Before he could think it through, the words slipped out.

"You can have it."

Silence.

Hyunjin paused mid-sit. The moment stretched. Felix's pulse pounded in his ears.

Then—Hyunjin blinked. His expression didn't change. He simply tilted his head slightly, then shrugged like it was nothing.

"Sure," he said lightly.

He reached out, fingers wrapping around the cup handle with an easy grace, and lifted it. He blew across the surface once, the steam

swirling away.

And then he sipped.

A soft hum escaped him, approving. "Perfect," he murmured, placing the cup back down on the table with a gentle clink.

Felix felt his lungs loosen all at once, a rush of relief making his face burn hot with embarrassment.

God. He felt like a real idiot.

Of course Hyunjin wasn't drugging him. That was insane. This was Hyunjin. His Hyunjin. Six years. Not once had he hurt him. Not once had he been anything other than—

Felix forced a shaky laugh and reached for his plate. "Thanks babe," he mumbled.

Hyunjin smiled faintly, soft, and leaned over to press a quick kiss to Felix's temple before settling down beside him.

And just like that, everything felt normal again.

Almost.

Because even as Felix lifted his fork, he couldn't shake the tiniest sting of shame crawling up his throat.

Why had it felt like a test?

And why—deep down—did he feel like Hyunjin knew exactly what he was doing?

Notes:

ALMOST 400 KUDOS LETS FUCKING GOOOOOOOOOOOOO love u all sfm

Chapter 58: Always

Chapter Text

Of course Hyunjin didn't drug the tea.
Of course Hyunjin knew Felix would ask him to drink it.
Of course Hyunjin knew exactly what Felix was thinking.

Because Hyunjin had heard it all. Every word. Every drunken confession in that bar. Through the hidden mic he'd chipped into Felix's phone.

At first, it enraged him. The thought of Chan's voice slithering into Felix's ear, planting seeds of doubt, daring to turn Felix's angelic gaze away from him—it made his blood boil.

But then Hyunjin breathed. Sat with it. thought about it.

Felix was anxious. Felix was scared. That wasn't Felix's fault.

And fear… fear could be sculpted.

So Hyunjin decided to wait. He let it simmer—carefully, quietly—until the perfect moment arrived.

And now, as he swallowed a sip of that untouched tea under Felix's eyes, he felt a slow satisfaction unfurl in his chest. He hummed approval, placed the cup down, kissed Felix's temple gently—soft, careful, tender.

Perfect.

It was risky, yes. But Hyunjin needed this. He needed Felix to see—to believe—that he was still that loving, caring, quiet boyfriend. The man who cooked for him. Who kissed his worries away. Who never, ever raised his voice, let alone his hand.

Felix would relax. Hyunjin would make sure of it.

Because that was how it always worked.

He'd dismantle the doubt gently. Patiently. Prove himself with little touches, small gestures—until Felix felt stupid for even thinking it.

And then?
Felix would hold himself tighter to Hyunjin than ever before.

Hyunjin smiled faintly to himself, slicing his toast with the side of his fork.

Felix really was his angel. And angels didn't leave heaven, not when they were treated so well.

Hyunjin glanced sideways, catching the way Felix stared down at his plate, shoulders softening slightly.

Yes. It was working.

Hyunjin didn't know why—out of all things—the smallest bulb in his mind flickered.

He won't believe you.

He's going to leave you.

It wasn't loud. Wasn't panicked. It whispered. Gentle. Like a reminder. Like truth dressed in silk.

And Hyunjin?

He wasn't the kind of man to brush away such thoughts.

He didn't ignore them.

No—he snatched them.

Cradled them in his palms like fire.

He would take that single thought and devour it. Sift through every possible cause, every potential crack. And then he'd crush it. Burn every bridge that could possibly lead Felix away from him.

Because Hyunjin didn't do heartbreak.

He did prevention.

So now, even as smiled over a quiet dinner, his mind was racing. calculating.

If Felix asked more questions—he'd be ready.

If Felix needed space again—he'd cut off the outside noise before it reached him.

If Chan so much as looked at Felix again—

Hyunjin's jaw twitched.

No.

Chan wouldn't get the chance.

He'd already taken too much. That conversation in the bar? That smug tone? That concerned bullshit? No.

He'd twisted Felix's mind. Sowed doubt into something sacred.

Hyunjin would erase him. Quietly. Neatly.

Just like the others.

And Felix wouldn't have to worry about a thing.

Because Hyunjin loved him.

And love meant protection.

Even from truths.

Even from freedom.

Even from himself.

Hyunjin reached over, brushing crumbs off felix's chin with the gentlest touch.

"Messy boy," he whispered with a soft grin.

Felix smiled faintly.

And Hyunjin's chest tightened in a twisted sort of relief.

Still here.

Still his.

But for how long?

The whisper came back.

He's going to leave you.

Hyunjin blinked. Smiled.

And kept chewing.

Because if that was true—

then there were things that needed to be done.

Quietly. Quickly.

Before tomorrow ever had a chance to arrive. l

Hyunjin knew it would be stupid. Risky.

To kill Chan.

Well… no. Not kill.

Hyunjin's lips curved faintly at the thought, a smile tugging at his face as he rinsed Felix's empty plate in the sink.

Death was too quick. Too merciful.

No—Chan didn't deserve that.

He'd need to peel him apart, inch by inch. rip his nails off one by one, hear him scream until his throat bled raw. Make him choke on his own teeth, swallow his own tongue. hyunjin pictured it vividly —small, precise slits carved into his skin, salt poured mercilessly into each wound until the pain would feel endless, unbearable.

Not death. No.
He'd keep him alive for days.

Because Chan needed to understand.

He needed to understand what happens when you dare to touch something that doesn't belong to you.

Hyunjin dried his hands, staring down at his reflection in the dark kitchen window. His eyes were calm. His breathing steady. Not a trace of hesitation.

He'd done it before. He could do it again.

And yes—it was risky. Killing Felix's boss again? Riskier than anything he'd ever done. Felix would notice eventually. He always did. But Hyunjin couldn't afford that drift.

Not when Felix was already slipping through his fingers, clinging to those doubt-seeds Chan had planted.

That stupid Chan.

Hyunjin's hand clenched the towel until his knuckles turned white. He pictured Chan's face. That concerned little look—like he thought he could protec Felix better. Like he even deserved to.

Pathetic.

Hyunjin would tear it all away. That false comfort. That fake "safety" Felix seemed to glow under after talking to him.

Because Felix didn't need Chan.

Felix didn't need anyone.

He only needed Hyunjin.

Always.

Chapter 59: Scared

Chapter Text

I had a knife in my hand.
But he still kept touching me.
Because he knew I was too scared to use it.

I was four the first time he raped me.
As I grew, it became a game. A game I hated.
He knew I hated it, so he twisted it into punishment.

How to avoid punishment?
No. How do I avoid punishment?

By bringing other kids to be punished.
Bring them, and be safe.

I always felt... happy
bringing them home.
Because I knew I wouldn't be touched.

I smiled, looked into their eyes, told them we'd play games,
promised ramen and marshmallows.

They left the house hollow.
And I couldn't have been happier.
Because I was untouched.

When the days came that I was touched,
I hated it. Not for myself,
but because it reminded me how they must have felt.
This is what I put them through.

I swore I deserved it when my mom told me to go.
But soon I understood, she was just as scared.

The first time I held a knife was when I was six.
I came home late. The monster got angry.
I got scared. I grabbed the knife.

He dragged me to his room.

I couldn't do anything.
I had a knife in my hand,
but he still kept touching me.
Because he knew I was too scared to use it.

It wasn't until I was fourteen that I finally slit his throat—
but the punishment for slitting his throat was that he was already dead.

He didn't feel it.
It enraged me.
He only felt seven stabs.
He didn't feel the knife tear through his neck,
didn't burn alive.

It wasn't until I was sixteen that I ran away,
leaving everything behind.

I was eighteen when I laid eyes on an angel.
I was nineteen when I approached him.

I swore to myself that
he swore to be there, to protect me, to save me.

He did save me.
He didn't protect me.
He was there,
but not as much as I wanted.
He had "work."

I questioned it.
An angel's work is to protect, to guard.
Why could he never do it properly?

But I don't care.
I love him.
He loves me.
I, the devil, had managed to make an angel fall in love with me.

And I will hold onto his wings,

tear them,
hang on by my nails in his flesh.

I will never leave.
You will never leave.

I love you.

Chapter 60: Alone

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: Bipolarity and mental break downs

Chapter Text

"What's that supposed to mean???" Hyunjin's voice cracked like glass, sharp and desperate.

Felix flinched, his hands tightening around the mug of coffee he hadn't even touched. "It just... I—" He fumbled, words slipping like water through his fingers. He couldn't look at him. Not right now.

Hyunjin stepped closer, barefoot on the cold floor, eyes wide and wet. "Is this about the new guy? Chan?" His voice trembled, almost a whisper by the end.

"No—it's not. Don't cry Hyunjin." Felix's voice softened for a moment, but he still wouldn't meet his gaze. His fingers fidgeted against the mug.

Hyunjin's breath hitched. "You won't even look me in the eye," he said, broken. "You tell me not to call you angel, or love anymore, you—you left me—"

"I didn't leave you," Felix snapped suddenly, setting the mug down with a sharp clink. "I just needed some space."

Hyunjin stared at him, stunned, his chest rising fast. "Space?" His voice cracked again. "I gave you everything, Felix. I waited. I—I fixed myself because you said you'd come back and now you—"

"Hyunjin, stop." Felix finally looked up, his gaze tired but firm. "This isn't about fixing yourself. This is about us. About how I feel like I can't even breathe without worrying how youll react. I can't even have friends without you getting—"

Hyunjin cut him off, voice sharp now, trembling with anger and fear. "Without me getting what? Protective? Is that what this is?"

Felix's lips pressed tight. His silence was answer enough.

Hyunjin's hands shook. He stepped closer, pleading, his voice breaking into a whisper. "I'm not trying to hurt you. I love you. You're my angel, Felix—"

"Don't call me that!" Felix's voice rang louder this time.

Hyunjin froze. His face went pale, his lips parting soundlessly.

The silence that followed was deafening.

Hyunjin didn't flinch.

He stood perfectly still, breathing deeply through his nose. He didn't scream. He didn't cry. He just stared at Felix, like he was trying to memorise him again—every twitch of his brow, every quiver in his lips,

"...I'm sorry," Hyunjin whispered. "I didn't mean to upset you."

But Felix wasn't done.

"I can't live like this, Hyunjin. I can't fucking keep pretending like everything's okay just because you make me tea and kiss my forehead and tell me I'm your little angel—when half the time, I wake up with bruises I can't explain."

Hyunjin stayed quiet.

"I've spent months convincing myself it's nothing. But now—" Felix's voice cracked. "Now I flinch when you walk into the room. I don't even know if it's love anymore or just—just fear."

Still, Hyunjin stayed calm.

His hands remained loose at his sides. His breath even.

So Felix kept going.

"For all I fucking know, you might be stuffing bodies in a fucking basement!" he snapped, voice rising. "You sure you weren't the one who kidnapped Jisung—"

"STOP IT."

Felix stumbled a step back.

Hyunjin's chest heaved once. Then again. His knuckles were white from clenching too tightly. His voice, when he spoke again was lower.

"You don't say shit like that," he hissed. "Not to me."

Felix blinked.

"I—" he started, but Hyunjin took a step forward.

"You think I'd hurt him?" Hyunjin said, voice trembling. "You think I would lay a finger on your closest friend just because he hates me?"

Felix didn't respond. Couldn't.

"Go on," Hyunjin laughed bitterly. "If you think I'm some kind of monster, say it. Say it out loud. Listen to how stupid you sound."

Felix's throat felt dry. "I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did," Hyunjin cut in. "You did. And you've been thinking it for weeks."

Hyunjin's voice cracked—barely above a whisper now.

"You used to look at me like I was your whole world."

He stared at Felix.

"Now you look at me like you're waiting to find a body under the floorboards."

Felix's voice rose, sharp and desperate. "You don't get it, Hyunjin! I can't keep living like I'm walking on eggshells! I can't pretend

everything's fine when I'm scared of you!"

Hyunjin's eyes darkened, something snapping inside him. "Scared of me?!"

Felix swallowed hard, then said the thing that cut deeper than anything before. "Maybe you're not the man I thought you were"

The words hit Hyunjin like a physical blow. His face twisted—pain, rage, despair crashing over him in waves.

Then he fell.

To his knees on the floor, fists smashing against the ground. His screams tore through the apartment.

"STOP—STOP SAYING THAT–" Hyunjin begged through tears, voice breaking into fragments. "Please—PLEASE—don't say that–don't leave me–I'm sorry–I'm so sorry–"

But the screams didn't stop.

Hyunjin clawed at his own face, scratching furiously, as if trying to rip the pain out from inside. His nails tore at skin, red marks blossoming instantly.

Felix stood frozen, horror gripping his chest. He wanted to run, to leave before it got worse. But something inside him held firm.

He whispered shakily, "Hyunjin—please–stop–"

But Hyunjin's shaking hands kept tearing, his breath ragged, eyes wildt.

Felix's heart broke into pieces.

He didn't know what to do.

Should he leave the shattered man on the floor and save himself?

Or stay and try to hold onto whatever was left?

His legs felt weak, but he stayed rooted. Because despite everything

—he still cared.

No.

It wasn't fair.

Felix couldn't keep staying. He couldn't keep babying Hyunjin every time he broke down like this. It wasn't his job to fix him. Not forever.

His voice was barely more than a whisper. "I can't do this."

Without another word, Felix turned away, steps heavy as he walked toward the door.

Behind him, Hyunjin's screams erupted—desperate, filled with panic.

"NO–NO–PLEASE DONT LEAVE–IM SORRY–"

Hyunjin's voice cracked, begging and crying all at once.

"DONT–DONT LEAVE ME ALONE–I CAN'T BE ALONE—PLEASE FELIX–"

But Felix's hand was already on the doorknob.

He hesitated a moment, hearing Hyunjin's fractured cries echo through the apartment—his body shaking, breaking apart on the floor.

And then, with a final breath, Felix opened the door and stepped out.

The moment the door clicked shut behind him, hyunjin lost what little control he had left.

His screams turned into wild, animalistic howls—no longer words, just noise.

He thrashed, banging his fists against the floor, his nails digging into raw flesh, blood mixing with tears.

The room felt colder without Felix's presence, emptier.

Hyunjin was utterly alone in his madness now.

Chapter 61: Talk

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Felix didn't know how to feel.

His hands gripped the steering wheel so tightly his knuckles turned white, his chest heavy and aching. A huge part of him wanted to turn around, slam the car into reverse, run back and throw himself into Hyunjin's arms. Apologise. Tell him he wouldn't leave. That he'd stay, no matter what.

But he couldn't.

Because Felix was scared.

This was the second time he'd seen Hyunjin crash out like that.

The second time in six years.

And both times… it had shaken him to his core.

He didn't even know where he was going anymore. His brain was fogged, his heart hammering in his chest. He sucked in sharp inhales and shaky exhales, trying not to completely break down.

His GPS blinked faintly in the dark. He wasn't heading home.

He was heading to the café.

Where Jeongin and Seungmin should be.

But if he was honest with himself—more than Jeongin, more than Seungmin—he wanted to see Chan.

Chan always listened. Chan didn't pry or push or make him feel like he was insane for doubting himself. He just… listened.

Felix sniffled, swiping the back of his sleeve across his eyes quickly before his vision blurred too much to see the road. His foot pressed heavier on the accelerator.

He wanted to tell him.

Everything.

Felix's throat felt tight, like if he opened his mouth even slightly, all the tears he'd been holding back for weeks would come spilling out.

The traffic lights glowed green ahead, blurring with his tears. He pressed harder on the gas, blinking fast, trying to keep himself composed.

But he couldn't stop thinking of Hyunjin's face.

The way he'd screamed. The way he'd clawed at himself.

Felix's stomach twisted violently. He slammed his palm against the steering wheel once, a sharp, frustrated smack, his breath catching. "Fuck—"

He couldn't do this alone.

Not anymore.

Felix's mind wouldn't stop spinning.

Should I break up with him?

the thought stabbed sharp and sudden.

Or was he just being dramatic? A childish idiot who couldn't handle his own boyfriend's breakdowns?

He didn't want to keep living like this. He didn't want to keep waking up with bruises shaped like fingerprints pressed deep into his skin, his lower back aching so badly it hurt to even sit down sometimes. And Hyunjin's excuses—God, they replayed in his head.

"Drunk sex," Hyunjin would laugh it off, ruffling Felix's hair like it

was nothing. "You were wild last night, angel."

Felix gripped the wheel tighter, his palms damp.

But he couldn't remember it. Not once. Not a single time.

Even if he had been drinking, shouldn't he at least remember something? A touch, a kiss—anything?

And even if he had been blackout drunk, wasn't that the point? Didn't being that drunk mean you couldn't consent in the first place?

He swallowed hard.

But then his brain twisted the knife further.

Hyunjin was drunk too… right?

Right?

Felix's breath hitched. His mind reeled through every memory, every late-night morning after. Hyunjin never seemed hungover. Not once. His hands steady, his eyes clear. Always smiling that same soft smile, always pressing kisses against Felix's temple like nothing was wrong.

Felix's stomach churned violently. What if Hyunjin hadn't been drinking? What if all those nights weren't what he thought?

His heart pounded louder in his ears.

Because suddenly, he wasn't sure what scared him more—Hyunjin's breakdowns, or the quiet way he might be lying.

Minutes later, Felix finally pulled into the café parking lot.. The neon "OPEN" sign buzzed faintly against the glass door, and the familiar smell of coffee grounds and warm pastries leaked out into the cool night air as he stepped out of the car.

He shoved his hands into the pockets of his hoodie, pulling it tighter around himself as he walked quickly toward the small building. His head felt heavy, his eyes stung. He just needed to see someone. Anyone. Preferably Chan.

Felix pushed the café door open—

And slammed straight into someone.

The force knocked him back, and before he could catch himself, hvcis feet slipped against the polished floor. He yelped, tumbling onto his back—only to feel the solid weight of another body crash down right on top of him.

Felix's breath whooshed out in shock.

And then—he looked up.

His eyes widened. Holy. Shit.

It was Chan.

Their faces were mere inches apart, noses almost brushing. chan's strong hands braced against the floor on either side of felix's head, holding himself up just enough that their chests barely touched. his dark eyes blinked down at felix in surprise, strands of messy hair falling slightly into his face.

Felix's breath caught in his throat.

"Felix?" chan stammered, blinking rapidly like he wasn't sure if he'd just tackled a random stranger or not. His breath was warm against Felix's cheek.

"...Hey—" Felix managed to whisper, heat rushing to his face.

Chan's gaze flicked down briefly—to Felix's lips—then back to his eyes.

Felix swallowed hard, every thought tangling in his head at once.

And then—

“Holy shit, what the fuck are you two doing?!”

Felix jolted. Jeongin’s voice snapped him out of his daze from somewhere nearby, loud enough to draw attention from a couple of tables.

“Fuck—felix–sorry–”chan immediately stood, straightened up, clearing his throat, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment. He offered Felix a hand. Felix, face burning, took it, letting Chan pull him up in one motion.

“I didn’t mean to—I wasn’t paying attention, I swear–” he ran a hand through his hair. “Are you okay? You didn’t get hurt, did you?”

Felix waved a hand, forcing a small smile.
“I’m fine. No worries.”

Chan’s gaze softened, concern still shining in his eyes.
“What are you doing here this late anyway?”

Felix hesitated, then said quietly, “I wanted to talk. just… privately.”

Jeongin, who had been nearby, threw a sharp offended glance felix’s way.
“Private, huh? Yeah, I’m not interested,” he muttered loudly enough for them to hear before turning on his heel and walking away.

Chan watched himk go, then looked back at Felix.

“I’m actually done with work for the night,” he said, a slight smile tugging at his lips. “I mean—we could go for a walk, talk somewhere quieter?”

Notes:

> sooo i kinda made a spotify playlist for this fic if anyone else can't live without listening to music while reading.
>
> link: https://open.spotify.com/

playlist/0D1BeduUaBCgqr257eqk4K

or

my spotify user: iloveferret

Chapter 62: Kiss

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

7:22 PM.

The park was quiet, the only sounds the faint creak of the swings and the distant hum of passing cars. A cool breeze rustled the trees above them, carrying with it the faint scent of wet grass.

Chan's swing tilted gently, his sneakers dragging softly against the ground as he looked over at Felix, who stared down at the ground, his hands clenched tight around the swing's chains.

"Did… you break up?" Chan asked softly, careful not to push too hard.

Felix's breath hitched. He shook his head.

"No… we didn't break up. But I—" He hesitated. "I think I want to. I mean—I don't really know…"

He ran a hand through his hair, exhaling shakily. his chest felt tight.

"Hey," Chan said gently. "It's fine if you don't know. Take your time. No one's rushing you, Felix."

Felix let out a bitter laugh that sounded closer to a sob. "It feels like I'm rushing myself."

Chan frowned, his fingers twitching like he wanted to reach out but wasn't sure if he should. "You've been holding this in for a while, huh?"

Felix didn't answer at first. He just stared at the ground, swinging faintly. His voice finally cracked through the quiet.

“I don’t know why I feel scared. I mean—he’s never acted like this before. Maybe it’s my fault. Maybe I’m just… overthinking again. Maybe I’m being dramatic.” His hands twisted tighter around the chains. “Maybe I’m the problem.”

“Felix,” Chan said firmly.

Felix blinked, glancing up at him.

“Please,” Chan said softly, “just take a few breaths for me.”

Felix obeyed, sucking in a shaky inhale, then exhaling slowly. His shoulders sagged, and his swing swayed gently.

After a moment, Felix spoke again—quieter this time. “It’s like he’s twisting my mind or something.”

Chan’s brows furrowed. “Twisting how?”

Felix shook his head helplessly, eyes glassy. “He’s just so… good at making me feel crazy. Like everything’s in my head. One second he’s crying, begging me not to leave, and the next he’s smiling and making me tea like nothing happened. And I—I start doubting myself. Like maybe I imagined it all. Like maybe I’m the one ruining everything.”

Chan’s swing creaked faintly as he shifted closer, his voice steady but low. “that’s not normal.”

Felix’s throat tightened. He stared at his lap. “He’s never hit me. Not once. He’s never yelled at me. He’s so… soft, all the time. But then there’s these… moments. These blackouts I don’t remember. Waking up with bruises. His breakdowns. The way he looks at me sometimes, like—”

“Like what?” Chan prompted gently.

Felix’s fingers trembled on the chains. “Like if I ever left, he’d stop existing.”

Chan’s chest ached at that. He stared at Felix, wanting so badly to close the space between them, to steady his shaking hands. “Felix…

that’s not love. that’s dependence. and it’s dangerous.”

Felix’s breath caught, and for a moment, he almost said something —maybe agreed—but instead, his voice came out small, cracked.

“Then why do I feel guilty? Why do I feel like I’d be killing him if I left?”

Chan’s jaw clenched. “Because he’s made you feel that way. and that’s not fair to you.”

Felix sniffled, quickly wiping at his face with the sleeve of his hoodie, embarrassed. “I hate this,” he muttered, voice raw. “I hate feeling like I’m betraying him just by talking to you.”

Chan’s heart twisted. He leaned just a little closer, voice calm but firm.

“You’re not betraying him,felix. you're just trying to survive.”

Those words hit Felix harder than anything else. His chest squeezed painfully. He stared down at his shoes, blinking hard against the sting in his eyes.

Chan’s swing creaked again as he shifted closer. “Do you want to come back to my place for a bit? Just… to clear your head?”

Felix hesitated, staring at him. His lips parted like he wanted to say yes, but his voice failed him.

Chan didn’t push. He just waited.

Felix finally whispered, “I… I don’t know.”

Chan nodded slowly, his tone warm and steady. “That’s okay. You don’t have to decide right now. But you’re not alone in this, felix.”

Felix blinked at him, the tightness in his chest loosening just a fraction.

“Gosh,” Felix finally chuckled weakly, his voice still hoarse. he sniffled, wiping his face with the sleeves of his hoodie. “Sorry for

dumping all that bullshit on you," he murmured, forcing a small smile as he stood up from the swing, rubbing his arms awkwardly.

Chan let out a soft laugh, shaking his head. "It's perfectly fine. honestly, I'm glad you told me all that," he said warmly, standing up too. His voice was steady in that soothing way Felix had always noticed.

Felix smiled faintly, the corners of his lips twitching upward. He shoved his hands deep into his pockets and took a step forward—

Only for his foot to catch against the edge of the mulch.

"Agh—!"

Before he knew it, he pitched forward with a startled yelp, and the world tilted—

Straight into chan's arms.

Chan grunted softly at the sudden impact, his hands shooting out instinctively to steady felix by his waist. "Woah—hey–" he said quickly, catching him with surprising strength before theyboth fell over.

Felix's breath hitched.

For a split second, everything stopped. His chest pressed against Chan's. Chan's hands, warm and steady, gripped his waist. Their faces were so close he could see every detail.

"Fuck—sorry!" Felix blurted out, his face burning hot as he scrambled upright again, though Chan's hands lingered on his arms just long enough to steady him. "I just keep tripping over my own damn feet—"

He stopped.

Because he felt it.

A brush. Warm. Gentle. Barely there at first. Then firmer.

Lips.

On his.

Chan was kissing him.

Felix froze. It was soft—hesitant, like Chan was holding his breath too. Felix's pulse exploded in his ears, every muscle in his body tense but… he didn't move.

When Felix's breath hitched sharply, Chan immediately pulled back.

His face was flushed crimson in the dim park light. "Shit—sorry—I didn't mean to—" His voice was rushed, panicked, words stumbling out in a flurry. "I shouldn't have—I wasn't thinking—"

But before he could finish—

Felix's hands shot up, gripping the front of Chan's hoodie, and he kissed him back.

Hard.

The sound of their lips colliding was quiet but deafening in the empty park air. Felix poured every ounce of pent-up frustration, fear, and desperate longing into it, his fingers curling tighter into Chan's hoodie.

Chan froze for a second, stunned—then melted into it, his hands instinctively cupping Felix's face, thumbs brushing gently against his damp cheeks as he kissed him back, slower this time. Softer. Like he didn't want to scare him off.

Felix's knees felt weak. He pressed closer without thinking, inhaling sharply between kisses. He could taste the faint hint of coffee still on Chan's lips, could feel the warmth radiating from him, grounding him in a way he hadn't felt in so long.

When they finally broke apart, both of them were slightly breathless.

Felix stared up at him, chest subtly heaving, his face flushed and

eyes wide. He didn’t know what to say.

Chan blinked down at him, his hands still cupping Felix’s face, thumbs stroking soothingly without thinking. “...Felix,” he breathed softly, almost like a question.

Felix swallowed hard. His voice trembled.
“I—”

He couldn’t finish.

Instead, he surged forward and kissed him again.

Notes:

sorry not sorry jajajaajajaa... dont hate me ;-;

Chapter 63: Footsteps

Chapter Text

Jisung's body was screaming.

Muscles cramped. Skin slick with sweat. Breathing ragged through his nose, the tape across his mouth soaked with spit and tears. But he didn't stop—not now. Not when hope was just barely within reach.

His gaze was fixed on the corpse.

One of the male officers. The one Hyunjin had mutilated, gutted, and discarded like trash days ago. Or was it weeks?

There—right there in the back of his neck, still lodged deep in the flesh—was the knife.

The handle jutted out at an awkward angle, covered in dried blood, but untouched. Untouched because Hyunjin hadn't needed it anymore.

It was Jisung's only chance.

He twisted his bound wrists again, metal chains grinding raw against bone. The pain was dizzying, but he didn't stop. Couldn't stop. He shuffled forward slowly—inch by inch—his back scraping against the wall, knees bent tightly, shoulders hunched like a wounded animal. His toes stretched out, bare and cold, slick with blood that wasn't his.

The corpse was just out of reach.

Jisung whimpered behind the gag, tears stinging the corners of his eyes as he pushed harder. His toes brushed the dead man's shoulder—then slipped off. He bit back a sob.

Again.

He repositioned, shaking from exhaustion. Pressed his heel to the

floor. Slid forward until his spine screamed. Stretched his leg as far as it could go—fingers twitching in chains, body trembling.

His toe nudged the shoulder. It moved slightly.

Too loose. Not enough leverage.

He tried again, angling his foot lower—hooking under the collarbone.

Come on. he begged silently, sweat dripping down his temple. His breath hitched. The corpse shifted.

Come on, come on…

With a slow, dragging pull, Jisung began to bring the body closer—centimeter by agonising centimeter.

The chains clinked with every movement, loud in the silence. Every sound made him freeze, heart racing, terrified Hyunjin might return and find him mid-escape. But Hyunjin was nowhere to be seen. Not yet.

The corpse bumped against his foot now. Closer. do close he could smell the rot setting in.

The knife glinted under the light—its handle slick, its blade still lodged in bone.

Jisung let out a strained groan through the tape as he leaned, chest heaving, muscles shaking with effort. His fingers strained behind him, wrists bent at an impossible angle.

He twisted sideways, shoulder burning as he angled his ankle up—heel pressed awkwardly against the dead man's temple—trying to tilt the corpse just enough to align the knife with his bound hands.

Another inch. His chains bit into his skin. A tear slipped down his cheek.

His fingertips brushed the handle.

Almost.

If he could just get it into his grip. Just one chance. Just one weapon.

He shifted again, pressing harder with his foot—harder—

The corpse jolted. The knife shifted.

Jisung grabbed.

The knife came free with a wet schlick, splattering cold blood onto Jisung's trembling hands.

For a split second, he just stared at it—his chest heaving, sweat stinging his eyes. The weight of it in his grip felt unreal. His fingers shook violently around the slick handle, but he didn't care.

He had a weapon.

Jisung shifted awkwardly, twisting his bound wrists forward and jamming the blade between them. The chains clinked loud in the dead silence of the basement.

He pressed.

The blade screeched against metal.
Sparks. Tiny, pitiful sparks danced and died instantly.

It wasn't going to be easy.

He gritted his teeth behind the gag, grunting through the muffling tape. His wrists strained painfully as he sawed furiously, forcing the blade edge between the iron links. Each pull of the knife sent vibrations up his arms, making his bones ache, bt he kept going.

Metal against metal.

He'd have to keep this up for hours. Maybe more.

His wrists were raw already, the skin torn where the cuffs bit into them. Fresh blood smeared slick between his hands, making his grip

slippery on the handle. He hissed through his nose, adjusting, wiping the blade on his sleeve before going again.

Scrape. Grind. Scrape.

He didn't even know if it would work. The chains were thick, built to hold men twice his strength. His arms were weak, trembling with exhaustion, but he refused to stop. His breath came quick, harsh, echoing off the concrete walls.

Scrape. Grind. Scrape.

Time blurred. His palms blistered. His knees ached from the cold floor. His shoulders burned like fire. But every time the knife edge hissed over the metal, every time sparks spat out weakly, he imagined it breaking—imagined himself free.

He pictured himself lunging forward, driving the blade into Hyunjin's throat. again and again and again, until the monster stopped breathing.

That image kept him going.

Another stroke. another scream of metal.

His hands were trembling violently now, his whole body shaking from tired and hunger.

And then—

Footsteps.

Upstairs.

Jisung froze. His blood turned to ice.

The stairs creaked.

Hyunjin was coming back.

Chapter 64: Sex

Chapter Text

The basement was thick with silence, broken only by Hyunjin's ragged breaths as he slumped down onto the chair across from Jisung. His hands trembled slightly as he rubbed at his face, wiping away tears that seemed almost ashamed to fall.

"And I—I just keep asking myself, why would he do that?" Hyunjin's voice cracked as he spoke, barely more than a whisper.

He slouched further, burying his face in his hands before pulling away to stare at the bound Jisung pressed against the wall, who was sitting on the knife, hoping Hyunjin wouldn't notice.

"Do you know why?" Hyunjin's gaze was sharp, almost accusing, though no answer came from Jisung's taped lips. "I mean, he tells you everything, right?"

Hyunjin sighed, long and heavy. "I just can't deal with this bullshit anymore."

The cold concrete beneath Jisung pressed into his back, the knife digging into his skin. He shifted uneasily but stayed still, hoping Hyunjin wouldn't move him.

"I should've just killed him. Why didn't I kill him? Oh, right. because it was 'too risky.' Too risky to ruin what, exactly? My little game?"

He leaned forward suddenly, voice dropping to a soft, almost intimate murmur. "I'm going to bring little Christopher down here. I will. I'll make him suffer for touching what's mine. For letting his words wrap around Felix's mind."

Hyunjin's eyes darkened, but his tone was gentle, unsettling in its calm. Then, out of nowhere, he smiled—soft.

"I could just fuck you right here and now, Jisung," he said quietly,

voice almost teasing. “Would you let me?”

The question hung heavy in the air.

Hyunjin sighed, shaking his head slowly. “No. I won’t. Having sex with you is the last thing I need right now.”

He ran a hand through his hair, frustration clear in every movement.

“I just need sex. Just sex. With my angel.”

His voice dropped to a whisper, barely audible.

“But he’s not here.”

Hyunjin’s eyes flicked back to Jisung’s.

“So… should I just fuck you instead?”

Hyunjin rose slowly from the chair, the faint scrape against concrete echoing softly in the basement. He took a few steps toward Jisung, eyes locked on the bound figure pressed against the wall.

He stopped just inches away. His voice dropped to a whisper.

“Will you?” he asked, his breath warm against Jisung’s skin. “Have sex with me?”

Jisung’s eyes widened behind the tape, panic flashing immediately.

Without hesitation, he shook his head violently, the motion quick and desperate.

His refusal was clear.

Hyunjin leaned in closer, his voice softer now.

“Good,” he murmured. “Because I don’t want it either.”

Hyunjin straightened up,a cold smile spreading across his lips.

“I’m going to pay your boyfriend a little visit,” he said softly. “Get

drunk. Fuck him senseless. Make sure he's not missing out just because you're not there."

Jisung's eyes went wide in horror.

A sudden, sharp scream tore from deep within his throat, muffled—his body thrashing violently against the restraints. The chains rattled loudly as he fought desperately.

Hyunjin watched with amusement, his smile never faltering.

"Relax," he whispered. "I'll take care of him."

–

One hour earlier:

Hyunjin had gone berserk again.

His cries echoed off the walls of the apartment. the sting of his tears mixed with the metallic bite of blood, warm and salty as it trickled down his thighs. He hadn't gone for his wrists this time—not tonight.

He pressed the back of his shaking hand to his mouth, trying to silence the scream rising from deep inside.

The kiss—Felix's kiss—played over and over in his mind.

The wetness of it. The softness of those lips against another man's skin. the tenderness that wasn't meant for him.

Felix had just cheated on him. Not for lust—but with an angel's kiss meant for healing, a kiss that Hyunjin believed was his alone to give and receive. A sacred bond twisted into betrayal.

How could his angel be so careless? So cold?

Hyunjin's breath hitched, breaking into ragged gasps as he clawed at his thigh, fingers digging into raw flesh and stitched skin. The

pain burned—a furious, searing reminder that he was still alive, still here, still tethered to a world that felt more like a cage with each passing second.

His body was broken. His soul was hollow.

He wanted to become empty. To disappear. To drown beneath the weight of everything.

Forty minutes passed like an eternity.

The room grew colder. Hyunjin sat slumped on the living room floor, staring blankly at the cracked ceiling.

He whispered to himself, voice hoarse and broken. Why? Why? Why?

-

Of course, Hyunjin hadn't truly meant it when he told jisung he'd have sex with his boyfriend. It was just words meant to tear at Jisung's sanity, to watch him squirm in helpless rage. He savored the way Jisung's eyes widened, the muffled screams behind the gag. Fear was intoxicating.

But hell, sex was the only thing that ever quieted the storm in his head. the only thing that could cure his mind in a state of madness. And yet, he couldn't—not yet. Not with anyone else.

No. He'd wait.

Felix would come home, sooner or later. He always did. His angel always came back.

And when he did?

Hyunjin's lips curved into a slow smirk. He'd make Felix sleep, drug him—just a small dose, nothing lethal, just enough to keep him numb. And then he'd punish him. Not just physically, but deeply. Intimately.

Then, once he broke him enough? He'd cage him.

Hyunjin could already picture it—the chains, the lock, the dark room where no one else could reach him. No more late-night visits to Jeongin. No more whispered secrets to Seungmin. No more stolen kisses from that pathetic little rat, Chan.

He'd twist Felix's mind until there was nothing left but him.

Every seed chan had planted—every trace of doubt, fear—Hyunjin would burn it out. Slowly. Carefully.

Until Felix remembered what he was.

His.

Chapter 65: I'm breaking up

Notes:

⚠ Content warning⚠
chapter contains: sexual themes

Chapter Text

felix exhaled shakily against chan's chest, his cheek pressed to the warmth of his skin. the faint thump of chan's heartbeat was steady. they were both naked beneath the sheets, tangled in the quiet aftermath of what had just happened.

So, yeah. They'd had sex. And Felix—god—he'd started crying halfway through.

Not out of guilt. Not regret. But because the way Chan held him felt like something he'd been starving for his entire life. Something he'd begged for silently in Hyunjin's arms but had never received.

Chan was gentle. Not the kind of "gentle" Felix was used to—the careful, possessive kind Hyunjin used, like every soft kiss was a leash around his throat. No. Chan's gentleness felt different.

It felt free.

In Chan's arms, there was no pressure. No suffocating expectation. Just warmth. Just safety. The kind of safety that let him breathe for the first time in months.

Felix remembered the way Chan's hands had cupped his face, tentative at first, like Felix was something precious, not something to be owned. The way he'd kissed him—slowly, patiently—pausing every time Felix hesitated, waiting for him to nod before continuing.

It was everything Hyunjin never gave him.

When Hyunjin was soft, it still felt like control. Like even in

tenderness, he was claiming, marking, taking. He'd whisper "just a few more minutes, angel" in that sweet voice, and Felix always obeyed.

But Chan? Chan would've stopped. The second Felix asked, he would've stopped.

And that, somehow, broke him.

"Sorry for crying," Felix whispered hoarsely, voice trembling as he tried to laugh it off, but it only made his chest ache worse.

Chan shifted slightly, his arm tightening around Felix's waist, pulling him closer. He tilted his head down, brushing a kiss against Felix's forehead.

"Please," Chan murmured with a small, breathless chuckle, his fingers gently threading through Felix's soft blonde hair. "Don't apologise."

Felix closed his eyes, soaking in the warmth. His breath hitched again, but he didn't hide it this time.

"I just..." he whispered, voice fragile. "I didn't know it could feel like this. Like... I wasn't scared the whole time."

Chan's chest rose slowly beneath him. "You shouldn't have to be scared. Not ever." His thumb brushed soothingly along Felix's cheek, catching the dampness of his tears. "Not with me."

Felix let out a shaky breath, curling closer into Chan's embrace, fingers clutching lightly at his chest like he never wanted to let go.

For the first time in so long, he felt... light.

-

5:19 a.m.

Felix stirred faintly in Chan's bed, the early morning light spilling in

through the curtains. He felt warm. Safe. Chan's arms were still wrapped around him loosely, their bare skin pressed together under the sheets.

He glanced at Chan—still asleep, hair messy, lips slightly parted—and smiled faintly.

He didn't really feel guilty.

He should've, right? But he didn't. Because before he'd climbed into Chan's bed, before Chan's hands had traced his skin so tenderly it made him cry, Felix had already made up his mind. He'd texted Hyunjin.

"I'm breaking up."

Just three words. No explanation. No apology. No opening for Hyunjin to twist it back onto him. And then he'd turned his phone off.

So it wasn't cheating. Right?

Maybe old Felix would've agonised over it. He would've stared at his phone, waiting for the guilt to drown him, waiting for Hyunjin's name to flash on the screen and tear him apart with every manipulative word. But now?

In Chan's arms, he felt nothing but certainty.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow, he'd go home. He'd face Hyunjin, properly end it, pack his things, and leave for good. Move in with Chan, even just temporarily, until he figured himself out.

The thought didn't scare him like he expected it to. It felt... doable. Like breathing.

For once, he wasn't scared of tomorrow.

He didn't know—

Hyunjin had read the message hours ago.

-

The second Hyunjin received the message—just thre words, "I'm breaking up"—

he froze.

At first, he laughed. A broken, breathless sound that cracked sharply through the silence of his apartment. He laughed so hard it hurt, tears spilling hot down his face, because surely—surely it was a joke. A sick dream his mind had made up to torture him.

"It's not real," he whispered, clutching his phone so tightly his knuckles turned white. "He's teasing me. My angel wouldn't—he wouldn't..."

But when he didn't wake up, when the screen stayed lit with those words, that laughter curdled into something monstrous.

He screamed.

He clawed at his skin, dragging his nails down his chest, arms, thighs—until he couldn't take it anymore. Until the agony turned to numbness. But even pain wasn't enough.

So he left.

He grabbed his knife and wandered into the night.

By dawn, 29 people were dead.

Mostly men. Abusers, drunks, loudmouths who deserved to bleed. A few women too: addicts who'd sold their children, prostitutes who smiled too much at strangers, anyone who reminded him of betrayal.

Each slit throat felt like one step closer to quieting his rage, his despair, his suffocating heartbreak. Blood soaked his clothes, sticky and warm, but for a brief, fleeting moment, he felt alive.

Like maybe, just maybe, this would silence the hurricane in his chest.

But when he returned home, his boots tracking crimson across the hardwood, the silence hit him harder than ever.

He stared at his phone.

The message was still there.

"I'm breaking up."

Hyunjin's laugh cracked again, more hysterical this time. His eyes were wild, glassy, unfocused. He stumbled through the apartment to his artroom.

The paintings. The ones he'd spent months perfecting. Every canvas was Felix—Felix laughing, Felix sleeping, Felix's hands, Felix's smile. His angel immortalised in acrylic and oil.

Hyunjin tore them from the walls one by one.

"WHY?!" His voice broke. He stabbed through one painting, then another, then another. The sound of ripping canvas filled the room, mingling with his screams.

"WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!" He plunged the knife straight through Felix's painted eyes, splintering the wooden frames. "WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?! I LOVED YOU—I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING—"

His chest heaved violently.

"PLEASE," he screamed, slamming the knife down so hard the tip bent. "PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME. COME BACK. I CAN'T—"

He collapsed onto the shredded remains of his art, hands slick with paint and blood, trembling violently.

And for the first time in years, Hyunjin felt truly, horrifyingly hollow.

Chapter 66: You promised

Chapter Text

“You sure you don’t want me to come with you?” Chan asked. His hand lingered on Felix’s wrist like he was afraid to let go.

Felix forced a small smile. “I’m fine, Chan. I’ll be back soon, promise.”

Chan hesitated, but after a moment, he sighed and nodded, brushing his thumb over Felix’s knuckles. “Text me the second you’re done, okay?”

“I will,” Felix murmured.

-

Now, standing in front of the apartment door, Felix’s stomach twisted painfully. His fingers tightened around the keys.

He stared at the familiar door, the faint scratch near the bottom where Hyunjin had once dragged in a painting too wide for the frame. His chest ached.

I should’ve asked Chan to come with me, he thought, biting his lip hard.

Felix inhaled sharply, holding his breath as he slid the key into the lock.

Click.

He twisted the knob. The door creaked open.

And there he was.

Hyunjin.

Standing right in front of the door.

Felix froze. His heart dropped straight to his stomach.

“Hyun…” His voice cracked.

Hyunjin smiled, almost tender.

And then something sharp buried itself deep into Felix’s abdomen.

The pain was instant, white-hot, blinding. Felix gasped—a strangled sound—before choking, coughing as a rush of blood flooded his throat.

Hyunjin’s hand pressed close as the knife twisted.

“You promised,” Hyunjin whispered, voice trembling like he was seconds from sobbing. “You promised you wouldn’t leave me, angel.”

Felix’s hands trembled, clutching weakly at Hyunjin’s shirt, red blooming fast across the fabric. His vision blurred, a wet sound catching in his throat as more blood slipped past his lips.

Hyunjin’s grip tightened, pulling him closer, holding him up even as Felix’s body began to fold in on itself.

“Why would you break your promise?” Hyunjin’s voice cracked. His thumb brushed Felix’s cheek, smearing blood like paint. “Don’t you love me anymore?”

Felix’s breath hitched, shallow and wet. He tried to speak, but only a broken gasp escaped.

Hyunjin’s smile trembled, his eyes glassy with tears. “It’s okay,” he whispered, kissing Felix’s damp cheek. “I’ll fix it. I’ll fix us.”

-

Felix shook himself out of his wild thoughts, fingers tightening around the keys. He sucked in a shaky breath, steeling himself, before sliding the key into the lock. Click.

The sound echoed in his chest.

He turned the knob slowly, the hinges groaning as the door creaked open. The familiar scent of sandalwood candles hit him first, but it was faint—faded, almost suffocated by something metallic underneath. blood.

Felix stepped inside cautiously, shutting the door quietly behind him. “Hyunjin?” His voice was soft, uncertain, like he was scared of the answer.

No reply.

His eyes swept the room.

The coffee table was a mess—an open bottle of pills, half-spilled across the wood. Two mugs sat cold and untouched beside crumpled blood-stained tissues. a A sewing kit lay open next to it, a needle still threaded like it had been abandoned mid-use.

Felix’s stomach twisted.

“Hyunjin?” he called again, quieter this time.

A sound came from the bedroom.

Faint. Broken. q muffled, shaky cry.

Felix’s heart dropped. His feet moved on instinct, slow and careful across the floor as if any noise might shatter the fragile quiet. He reached the bedroom door and hesitated only a second before twisting the handle.

The door creaked open.

And there he was.

Hyunjin sat hunched on the edge of the bed, wearing sweatpants but shirtless, his pale skin covered with angry red slashes and stitched-up wounds. Scars—old and fresh—painted his body like a portrait of pain. His long hair clung damply to his temples, his shoulders trembling faintly.

He looked up.

Their eyes locked instantly.

"...Felix?" Hyunjin's voice broke on his name, a hitch in his throat. His lips parted slightly, trembling. His eyes—red like he'd been crying for days straight—widened in disbelief.

Felix froze in the doorway, breath caught in his chest.

Hyunjin blinked, and a tear slipped down his cheek. His chest rose in a sharp, trembling inhale, like he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"You came back," he whispered, almost to himself, voice so small it barely carried.

Felix's heart ached violently in his chest. He didn't know what to say.

"Hyunjin… I need to tell you something."

But Hyunjin wasn't listening.

A shaky smile spread across his face, wet with tears. "It's okay," he whispered, his voice hoarse. "You don't have to say it. I forgive you."

Felix blinked. "What?"

Hyunjin stood up slowly, unsteady on his feet, his body trembling as he crossed the room toward him. His fingers twitched faintly at his sides, like he didn't know whether to reach out or hold back.

"It's fine, love," Hyunjin murmured again, his words soft but frantic, desperate. "I know you didn't mean it. You just… got

confused for a little while. I forgive you. I do."

Felix's throat tightened. "Hyunjin, I didn't—"

"Shh," Hyunjin cut him off gently, stepping closer, his trembling hands finally reaching to cup Felix's face. His touch was warm. "You don't have to explain. You don't have to say sorry. I know."

Felix's brows furrowed. "I'm not apologising,"

Hyunjin's red-rimmed eyes softened in a way that made Felix's stomach turn. "You don't need to," he whispered, thumbs brushing tenderly over Felix's cheeks. "I know you love me. I know you didn't mean it. Just…" He swallowed thickly. "Just don't do it again. Please."

Felix's heart pounded. Panic coiled sharp in his chest.

"Hyunjin," he said, voice unsteady. "I'm not—"

"I forgive you," Hyunjin repeated, almost louder this time, as though if he said it enough, it would overwrite reality. His breath hitched, his lips brushing against Felix's temple in a trembling kiss. "It's okay. Everything's okay now that you're home."

Felix's stomach dropped.

"Hyunjin," he said again, more firmly, trying to step back—but Hyunjin's hands tightened against his face, holding him still.

"Stay," Hyunjin whispered, eyes wild and glistening. "Stay here with me. You don't have to say anything else."

Felix's heart thudded painfully. He opened his mouth—but Hyunjin kissed him.

It wasn't rough—it was soft. Gentle. Loving in a way that felt wrong, suffocating.

Felix didn't know why.
He didn't pull away.

Even though every fiber of his mind screamed at him to move, to shove Hyunjin back, to run, he didn't.

And that terrified him more than anything else.

Hyunjin's lips were trembling against his, wet with salt from tears. His hands cradled Felix's face like he was glass, like if he let go, Felix would vanish forever.

Before he could let that dark rush swallow him whole, Felix shoved him back, palms flat against Hyunjin's chest.

"Hyunjin," he said sharply, breath ragged. "Breathe. Just—breathe first."

Hyunjin blinked, disoriented, his chest heaving like he'd forgotten how to. Felix stared into those red eyes and forced the words out before he could lose his nerve.

"I want to break up."

The room went still.

For a split second, there was no sound except Hyunjin's uneven breathing. His pupils trembled. His lips parted, but nothing came out. Then—

"No."

It was soft. Barely audible.

Felix's heart thudded painfully. "Hyu—"

"No, no, no, no, no," Hyunjin's voice cracked, a broken whimper slipping through as he stepped closer, trembling hands gripping Felix's hoodie like a lifeline. Tears poured freely down his cheeks now, his breath coming in sharp, shallow gasps. "No, you—y-you can't. You can't do this to me."

Felix swallowed hard, his voice quiet but firm. "Hyunjin, listen—"

"You promised," Hyunjin sobbed suddenly, his voice raw and

hoarse. “You promised me, angel. You said you wouldn’t leave. You swore—you swore!” His hands trembled violently, clutching Felix’s sleeves tighter, knuckles white.

Felix’s chest caved at the sound of his voice, but he held his ground. “Hyunjin, I—”

“You promised!” Hyunjin’s voice cracked louder this time, though it wasn’t angry—it was devastated, frantic, pleading. His legs buckled slightly as he pressed his forehead to Felix’s chest, clinging desperately. “Please. You can’t leave me. You don’t understand—I can’t—” He gasped, sucking in shaky breaths between words. “I can’t be without you. You are me, angel. You can’t—please—”

Felix’s hands hovered uselessly in the air. Hyunjin’s tears soaked through his hoodie, his cries muffled against him.

“I’ll die,” Hyunjin whispered, voice trembling and small. “If you leave me, I’ll die. You don’t want that, do you?”

Felix’s heart stopped.

Hyunjin looked up at him then—eyes wide, glistening, wild. His lips quivered as he whispered again, softer this time. “You wouldn’t do that to me, right? You wouldn’t kill me?”

Chapter 67: Let me go

Chapter Text

Felix swallowed hard, forcing his voice steady.

“Hyun,” he said quietly, firmly. “I’m… I’m going to go now.”

Hyunjin’s grip on his sleeves twitched.

Felix exhaled, his words heavy. “We’re broken up. I need you to hear me. Don’t call me. Don’t text me. Don’t—don’t come looking for me. It’s over.”

Hyunjin froze. His trembling stopped, his breath hitched sharply against Felix’s chest. Then, slowly, his fingers curled tighter, clutching so hard it hurt.

“No,” Hyunjin said, his voice barely a whisper.

Felix’s heart hammered. He placed his hands on Hyunjin’s shoulders and pushed lightly. “Hyun—let go. Please.”

But Hyunjin didn’t budge. Instead, his grip snapped from Felix’s sleeves to his wrists, holding him there. His tear-streaked face lifted, and the look in his eyes made Felix’s stomach drop.

“Hyun,” Felix said again, louder this time, panic creeping into his voice. “Stop. Let go.”

Hyunjin shook his head slowly, tears dripping off his jawline. “You don’t mean that. You’re upset. I know you are. You’re just confused —he’s confusing you. You don’t—” His words stumbled as his voice cracked. “You don’t get to walk away from me, angel.”

Felix’s pulse skyrocketed. He pushed harder, struggling against Hyunjin’s hold. “Hyunjin, let me go! Stop it!”

But Hyunjin only tightened his grip, pulling Felix closer.

“You can’t leave me,” he murmured, like he was trying to convince himself as much as Felix. “You promised. You’re mine.”

“Hyunjin, stop! You’re hurting me!”

That seemed to snap something in Hyunjin—his face twisted, anguish breaking through, but instead of letting go, he pressed Felix back toward the wall.

Felix shoved at his chest, panic clawing up his throat. “Hyunjin! Let go!”

“NO!” Hyunjin’s voice ripped through the room. His tears blurred his vision as his grip trembled but didn’t falter. “You can’t leave me. You’re all I have! You’re all I am!”

“Hyunjin, STOP!” Felix shouted, his voice cracking with panic as he shoved at Hyunjin’s chest again.

But Hyunjin didn’t move. His grip was iron, fingers digging into Felix’s wrists, his tear-streaked face twisted with desperation.

“I can’t—” Hyunjin gasped, voice trembling. “I can’t lose you, angel. You promised! You promised–”

“LET ME GO!” Felix screamed, his heart pounding so violently.

Hyunjin shook his head frantically, his grip tightening, his voice breaking. “No, no, no, you don’t mean this—you don’t—”

That was it.

Felix’s body acted before his brain could catch up. He yanked one wrist free, bracing his other hand against Hyunjin’s shoulder, and drove his knee upward—hard—into Hyunjin’s stomach

Hyunjin let out a guttural cry of pain, his grip instantly loosening as he doubled over, collapsing to his knees. His arms wrapped around his stomach, gasping, choking on his breath.

Felix didn’t wait. He bolted.

He stumbled backward, heart racing so fast it made him dizzy, then spun on his heel and sprinted for the door. His hands fumbled wildly with the lock, shaking so hard he nearly dropped the keys.

Behind him, he heard Hyunjin groan—weak, pained. “Angel… don’t…”

The sound ripped at Felix’s chest, but he didn’t stop. He wrenched the door open, shoved himself through it, and slammed it shut behind him with a force that rattled the frame.

His breath came in sharp gasps as he tore down the hallway, barely remembering to grab his phone from his pocket. His fingers trembled as he pressed the elevator button over and over, his pulse deafening in his ears.

Behind the door, he could still hear it—Hyunjin’s muffled cries, broken, desperate.

“Don’t leave me… please…”

Felix’s stomach twisted painfully, tears burning his eyes—but he didn’t look back.

The elevator dinged open, and Felix practically stumbled inside, pressing the ground floor button so hard his fingertip hurt. As the doors closed, he slumped against the wall, chest heaving, adrenaline surging through every vein.

He was out.

Felix stumbled out of the apartment building, the cold night air hitting him like a slap. His breaths came out in ragged bursts, his hands trembling uncontrollably.

He didn’t know what to do.

Should he call the police?
Should he run back to Chan’s and just… pretend it never happened?
Should he go back and try to reason with Hyunjin again?

His mind spun. His stomach twisted with nausea. gHe hadn't even packed any of his things—his clothes, his photos, his things—all of it was still back there. With him.

Felix staggered to a bench outside the building and sat down hard, burying his face in his hands. His knees bounced uncontrollably, his chest aching. Every time he shut his eyes, he saw Hyunjin's face. The tears. The broken way he'd said you promised.

Felix's phone slipped in his sweaty grip as he fumbled it out of his hoodie pocket. He stared at the screen, thumb hovering over Chan's name in his messages.

But then his eyes darted to the emergency call button.

Would they even believe him? Could he really call the police on Hyunjin? The thought made his stomach churn. What if it just made things worse?

His vision blurred with tears. His fingers trembled as he typed:

I don't know what to do.

He hit send. Chan's name.

A reply came almost instantly:

Where are you?

Felix swallowed hard, wiping at his face as he typed back, fingers shaking so badly he could barely hit the letters:

Out front of the building.

Before he could finish, a voice cut through the night.

"Felix?"

His head snapped up, and there was Chan. Running toward him, his hoodie half-zipped, worry etched deep into his face.

Felix barely managed to stand before Chan was there, gripping his

shoulders, scanning him up and down. “Jesus, Felix—what happened? You’re shaking.”

Felix’s lips parted, but no words came out. His throat closed up. His chest hitched. And then—

He crumpled.

Right into Chan’s arms.

Chan held him tightly, one hand cradling the back of felix’s head, the other firm around his waist, grounding him. “It’s okay. You’re okay. I’ve got you,” he murmured, voice steady despite the panic in his own chest.

Felix clutched Chan’s hoodie like it was the only thing holding him up, sobbing quietly into his chest. His words came out broken, muffled against Chan’s shoulder:

“I—I couldn’t—I just left—I didn’t take anything—he’s gonna—”

Chan hushed him gently, rubbing his back. “You don’t need your things right now. You’re safe. Just breathe for me, okay? We’ll figure it out.”

Felix’s knees buckled again, but Chan caught him easily, holding him tighter.

“Come on,” Chan whispered, guiding him toward his car parked down the street. “We’re going home.”

Chapter 68: Uh oh

Chapter Text

11:46 PM.

Chan shut the door quietly behind him, the faint click sounding loud in the quiet of the apartment. He turned, his eyes immediately softening at the sight of Felix slumped on the couch, still pale.

“I’m sorry,” Chan said gently, stepping closer. “I should’ve texted first before coming. I didn’t want to scare you.”

Felix shook his head weakly, wiping at his face with the cuff of his sleeve. “No… no, I’m glad you came.”

Chan exhaled slowly, crossing the room and kneeling in front of Felix so their eyes were level. He rested his hands lightly on Felix’s knees, grounding him. “What happened back there?” he asked softly. “I need you to tell me everything.”

Felix hesitated, his fingers knotting tightly in his hoodie strings. His throat felt dry, but the words began to spill out anyway.

“I went in to break up with him. I thought—I don’t know—I thought maybe he’d be sad, but he’d accept it. But… he didn’t.” Felix swallowed hard, staring past Chan. “He kept talking over me. He wouldn’t listen. He said he forgave me even though I didn’t apologise. He just—he just held me so tight, like he wouldn’t let me leave. And when I finally told him, he started crying.”

Chan’s hands tightened slightly against Felix’s knees. “And then?”

“When I told him I was going, he grabbed me. Wouldn’t let me move. I—” His voice cracked, trembling. “I told him to stop. I yelled at him. He didn’t listen. So I kneed him. He fell down, and I just… I ran.”

Chan’s jaw tightened, but his voice stayed even. “You did what you had to do, felix.”

Felix squeezed his eyes shut, his shoulders curling inward like he was trying to make himself smaller. “I feel sick, Chan. I didn’t even take any of my stuff. And I keep seeing his face. the way he looked at me. Like I betrayed him.” His fingers trembled against his hoodie strings.

Chan reached forward, gently cupping Felix’s cheek with one hand. “You didn’t betray anyone,” he said firmly. “You protected yourself. that’s what matters.”

Felix nodded faintly, but his eyes glistened with fresh tears.

Chan hesitated for a beat, then spoke carefully. “Felix… I think we need to get you checked out at the hospital. Just in case.”

Felix blinked at him, startled. “Hospital?”

Chan’s thumb brushed gently under his cheekbone. “You’ve been through a lot. The bruises… the blackout you told me about. You’re hurt, even if you don’t feel it right now. And if Hyunjin grabbed you tonight, we need to make sure you’re okay.”

Felix swallowed thickly. The thought of doctors, bright lights, questions—it made him dizzy. But Chan’s voice was grounding.

“And,” Chan added gently, “we need to report Hyunjin to the hospital too. For his sake. He’s suicidal. He self-harms. He needs help he’s not getting.”

Felix’s chest tightened painfully. He pictured the pills on the table. The sewing kit. The red scars lacing Hyunjin’s skin.

-

The apartment was silent. Too silent.

Felix sat curled on the couch, knees drawn up to his chest, his hands faintly gripping the fabric of his hoodie. Chan had left not

even twenty minutes ago, promising he'd be quick, that he'd file the report and be back before Felix could even miss him.

But now, without Chan's steady presence, the apartment felt unbearably empty.

Felix's eyes wandered the room, unfocused. The faint hum of the fridge, the ticking of the clock—it all sounded too loud. He was barely aware of himself breathing until—

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Felix's head snapped toward the door.

…What?

Another knock, harder this time.

His brows furrowed. Chan wasn't expecting anyone. And he would've texted if he'd forgotten his keys.

Slowly, hesitantly, Felix slid off the couch, his bare feet padding softly against the floor as he crept toward the door.

And then—

Ding.

The familiar notification chime rang out from the coffee table behind him, sharp in the quiet. Felix froze mid-step, glancing back at his phone.

Weird timing.

He turned, moving slowly toward it. he reached for the device. His screen lit up bright.

And when he saw the name, his stomach dropped violently.

Jisung.

Felix's chest tightened. Jisung hadn't texted him in days—not since he'd vanished. Hands shaking, he snatched the phone up, swiping

the notification open with a slightly shaking thumb.

The message burned against the screen.

its hyunjin
hes the killer
hes coming for you
run
get out
go to the police station

Felix's breath hitched sharply. His heart pounded so violently it hurt.

And then—

BANG.

A gunshot.

Felix jumped violently, nearly dropping his phone. His pulse roared in his ears as he whipped toward the door—

The doorknob twisted.

The door swung open.

And there he was.

Hyunjin stood framed in the doorway, his tall figure shadowed against the hall light. His eyes were swollen, his nose red from crying, face pale and hollow. His hands gripped a metal bat so tightly his knuckles were bone-white.

"Angel," Hyunjin breathed, voice cracked and broken.

Felix's mouth opened, a scream crawling up his throat—

But before he could make a sound, Hyunjin's arm moved.

Something small and sharp whistled through the air—

CRACK.

pain exploded across felix's head. His vision went white-hot, then blurry—

and then nothing.

just black.

Chapter 69: Run

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Earlier:

Jisung's wrists burned—blistered, and slick with blood. The cuffs bit deep into his skin, the metal cold against the heat of his flesh. His fingers trembled uncontrollably as he pressed the knife's edge against the iron, grinding and scraping with every ounce of strength left in his broken body.

Hours had passed, but he hadn't dared stop. Not once.

Every scrape echoed in the suffocating silence of the basement, each sharp screech of metal a torment and a promise all at once.

His breath was ragged, lungs burning as exhaustion clawed at his mind. Muscles cramped so fiercely that every movement sent stabbing pain through his arms and shoulders, but Jisung refused to yield. He had to get free. Had to.

With a shaky inhale, he pushed the knife deeper into the seam between links, his fingers curling painfully around the handle. Time slowed. His body screamed to stop, to rest, but the image of Hyunjin's cruel smile, the endless nights of fear, pushed him forward.

Suddenly—a thin crack echoed sharply in the stale air.

Jisung froze, heart hammering.

Had the cuff broken?

He twisted the blade harder, sparks flying brighter now, and the metal gave way with a sickening snap.

A rush of adrenaline flooded him as he wrenched his wrist free. Blood poured from the raw wound where the cuff had dug in, but pain was distant now.

He worked frantically at the other cuff, urgency fueling his trembling hands.

Freedom was close. So close he could taste it.

Jisung ripped the tape from his mouth in one violent pull, skin tearing painfully as he sucked in a shuddering gasp of air. His lips stung, saliva and blood stringing between the adhesive as he flung it aside. No time to think. No time to stop.

He bent down, fumbling at the rope binding his legs. His fingers slipped on the knots. He clawed at it until it finally gave way. His legs spasmed when he moved them, pins and needles shooting up his calves from hours of immobility, but he forced himself upright.

His knees nearly buckled. The room tilted. But he didn't care—because there it was.

The door.

Heart pounding, Jisung staggered forward, every step a jolt of pain up his swelling body. He grasped the knob with trembling hands and twisted violently. Locked.

"Fuck," he hissed under his breath, panic seizing his chest.

He spun around, eyes darting wildly. And then he saw it.

The table.

Hyunjin's weapon table.

Minutes ago, Hyunjin had stood there—calmly selecting a gun, a metal bat—before glancing back at him with that unnerving grin and leaving. Jisung's stomach churned, bile rising in his throat at the memory.

He limped over as fast as his legs would carry him.

And then he saw it. His phone.

He snatched it instantly, nearly dropping it in his trembling hands. “Come on, come on—” he pressed the side button. The screen flickered, then died.

Zero percent.

“Fuck!” His eyes snapped to the weapons. jhe grabbed a gun—hands shaking violently as he checked the magazine. Loaded. Thank god.

He stuffed two blades into his pocket, the cold steel biting through the thin fabric, and turned back to the door. His pulse scremaed in his ears as he raised the gun with both hands, fingers sweating against the grip.

Bang.

The shot rang out like thunder in the basement. The knob held.

Bang.

He grit his teeth, flinching at the recoil. Still nothing.

“COME ON!” His scream tore out of him as he fired again.

Bang.

This time, the lock shattered, splintering metal scattering across the floor.

Jisung staggered forward and pressed his hand to the door, shoving it open slowly, cautiously. A staircase spiraled upward into darkness, steep and narrow. He tightened his grip on the gun, chest heaving.

One step. Then another. Each one was agony, his body screaming at him to stop. His vision blurred around the edges, but he refused to slow down.

And then—

A door.

He stumbled forward and twisted the knob. It opened.

And for the first time in what felt like years—he saw the sky.

The night stretched above him like freedom itself, stars blinking faintly through the inky black. His breath caught in his throat, trembling as he stepped through, the cool air slamming against his skin.

He looked around—he was on an abandoned part of the apartment, walled off from the rest of the building.

He didn't think. He just ran.

His feet pounded against the concrete, heart hammering as he sprinted for the glass doors at the far end. He slammed them open, and the cold wind whipped against him, biting his face, filling his lungs with the first taste of real air in what felt like forever.

And he ran.

He didn't dare look back.

-

Jisung's lungs burned like fire, his legs screaming with every step, but he didn't stop until he saw it—a faint glow in the distance. A convenience store.

He practically crashed through the automatic doors, the bell chiming sharply overhead.

The few customers inside froze, staring at him. Blood streaked his clothes, his wrists raw and torn, his face pale and wild-eyed.

He didn't care.

He stumbled straight to the counter, slamming his badge down so hard it rattled the plastic candy display. “Police,” he panted, voice hoarse, ragged. “I need a phone charger. Now.”

The young cashier—wide-eyed, trembling—nodded frantically, scrambling under the counter for a charger.

Jisung leaned heavily against the counter, his chest heaving. “Call 112. Right now. Report—” He sucked in a sharp breath. “Report multiple homicides. Basement at 43 Insadong Apartments.” His voice cracked, raw from hours of silence and screaming.

The cashier froze, his hands trembling over the phone.

“Do it!” Jisung barked, slamming his bloodied palm against the counter. “NOW!”

The kid jolted and dialed immediately, his voice shaky as he spoke into the receiver.

Meanwhile, Jisung’s shaking hands grabbed the charger and jammed it into his dead phone, plugging it into the nearest socket by the register. He stared at the black screen, urging it to power up, his breath coming in short frantic bursts.

Behind him, two customers whispered nervously. One of them pulled out a phone and began filming. Jisung didn’t even register it—his entire focus was on that screen.

Come on. Come on.

The phone finally buzzed to life, lighting up in his bloody hands.

Instantly, dozens of missed notifications flooded the display—news alerts flashing across the screen. His stomach dropped as he read the headlines:

"Over 20 Dead in Overnight Killing Spree."
"Bodies Found Across Multiple Alleys—Police Suspect Serial Murderer Still at Large."

Jisung’s stomach lurched violently.

Hyunjin.

It had to be Hyunjin.

His fingers shook as he scrolled furiously, searching, until he found what he was looking for: Felix's number.

He pressed and immediately messaged.

its hyunjin
hes the killer
hes coming for you
run
get out
go to the police station

Notes:

how are we feeling so far?

describe ur emotion as of right now in one word
and explain why...

im just curious ab my readers :)

LOVE U ALL SMMMMM

Chapter 70: Forgive

Chapter Text

Felix's eyes fluttered open slowly, his lashes damp with sweat, vision swimming in murky shapes and dim light. His breath came shallow, his chest heavy. For a moment, there was only fog.

And then the cold hit him.

A sharp chill against his back. The floor was stone—cement. He could feel it beneath his skin. His cheek was pressed to it, sticky with something that had already begun to dry. A sharp metallic scent filled his nose.

Blood.

His eyes snapped fully open, panic lurching through his chest like a lightning strike.

He tried to move—but his limbs didn't obey.

Something was wrong. Something was very wrong.

His breath stuttered through his nose, rapid and uneven as his eyes darted around the room. he took in everything in fragments.

A flickering light overhead, swaying slightly from a rusted chain. The bulb buzzed, its weak yellow glow casting shadows across the concrete walls.

Stains—blackish-red—were smeared across the floor in jagged patterns. Some were dried to a dark crust. Others were fresher. Still wet.

tables stood nearby. One was clean, surgical. the other was not.

Tools. Metal. Shiny.

Felix's heart thudded painfully against his ribs, nausea twisting his stomach.

He tried to scream—but a thick strip of duct tape sealed his mouth shut. His breathing turned ragged through his nose, panic clawing at his chest like a wild animal.

He struggled. Instinctively. Desperately.

His arms were wrenched behind his back, wrists cuffed tightly with cold metal. His ankles were bound too—chain, not rope.

He writhed violently, trying to twist onto his back, trying to kick, trying anything.

The chain rattled.

Felix stilled, breath catching in his throat.

For the first time, he noticed something else—someone else.

A presence. Behind him. Quiet. Watching.

A chair sat tucked just past the shadows, barely visible in the dim light. Someone was sitting in it. Silent.

Breathing.

Felix's blood ran cold.

The figure shifted slightly—just enough for the light to catch on the sharp line of a jaw. a flash of red near the lips. not lipstick.

Blood.

Felix's heart stopped.

And then a voice—soft, tender—cut through the silence.

"You're awake."

Felix's entire body jolted. His breath hitched sharply through his nose, eyes wide, tears already pooling at the corners.

The figure stood slowly, the chair scraping faintly as it shifted.

Hyunjin.

He stepped into the light, barefoot, wearing black sweats and long sleeved shirt, blood drying across his collarbone like smudged paint. His eyes were wide, glassy, exhausted—but calm.

Too calm.

“I was starting to worry,” Hyunjin said softly, crouching in front of Felix’s trembling form. “You’ve been asleep for so long.”

He tilted his head.

“I hit your head pretty hard,” he added. “I didn’t want to hurt you too much. But you’re so fragile, angel. So easy to bruise.”

Felix whimpered behind the tape, his shoulders shaking.

Hyunjin smiled.

And then he reached forward, brushing a knuckle softly across Felix’s bloodied cheek.

“You’re safe now,” he whispered. “You’re home.”

Felix thrashed. He screamed through the tape, a garbled, muffled cry of pure terror—but Hyunjin just sighed, like it hurt him.

“Don’t do that,” he murmured. “You’ll make me sad again.”

Hyunjin stood slowly. He turned his back to Felix for a moment, his voice trembling but steady enough.

“I’m not going to hurt you, angel,” he said softly. “I could never hurt you. You know that, don’t you?”

Felix’s body tensed, muffled pleas vibrating against the tape over his mouth, but Hyunjin continued as if he hadn’t heard.

“No,” Hyunjin murmured, pacing a slow circle, fingers dragging lightly across the blood-stained table as he spoke. “I don’t want to hurt you. I want you to hurt me.”

Felix's eyes went wide, confusion twisting with terror in his chest.

Hyunjin turned back toward him, his expression twisted in a fragile broken kind of smile. "You've already done it here—" he pressed a trembling hand to his chest, just over his heart, "—so what's the difference if you do it here too?" He gestured vaguely to his own body.

He crouched again, closer this time, close enough that felix could feel his breath against his damp skin. His hands rested on his knees, his head tilting slightly, his voice lowering to a near-whisper.

"You left me, Felix," Hyunjin said, his words like glass on the verge of shattering. "You promised you never would, and then you did. You cut me open worse than any knife ever could." His hand slid upward, fingernails grazing faintly across his own neck like a threat made against himself..

Felix whimpered, shaking his head violently, muffled cries spilling frantically past the duct tape.

Hyunjin smiled faintly at that, though his eyes glistened with fresh tears. "You see? You feel bad, don't you?" He crouched lower, his face mere inches from Felix's. "Good. You should. So go on. Make it even. Hurt me back. Tear me apart. Punish me for not being enough for you."

He spread his arms slightly, exposing himself, his voice dropping into something eerily calm—accepting. "Do it. I'll let you. I'll even thank you for it."

Felix shook his head frantically, his chest heaving, muffled screams growing more panicked as Hyunjin reached out, taking one of Felix's trembling, cuffed hands gently in his own. He guided it upward slowly—toward himself.

"Come on, angel," Hyunjin whispered, a tear sliding down his cheek as he pressed Felix's fingertips against his own chest, over his heart. His voice cracked. "You've already broken me here. Finish the job."

He leaned closer, his lips brushing against Felix's ear.

“Please.”

Felix’s entire body jerked in fear and revulsion. Hyunjin only smiled faintly, pulling back just enough to look him in the eye—tears and madness swimming in his gaze.

“It’s okay,” he whispered. “I’ll forgive you. I always forgive you.”

Chapter 71: Beautiful

Notes:

> ⚠ Content warning⚠
> chapter contains: mentions of child sexual abuse (CSA), mentions of rape, trauma, PTSD themes.

Chapter Text

Hyunjin rose to his feet slowly. His bare steps echoed softly against the concrete floor as he circled Felix. He dragged a chair from the corner with a sharp screech of metal against cement and set it directly in front of Felix before lowering himself into it.

He sat backward, straddling the chair, his arms folded across the backrest as he leaned forward. His face was calm now as his bloodshot eyes locked onto Felix's trembling ones.

"You know," Hyunjin started quietly, "I lied to you."

Felix stiffened, his every nerve screaming at him to run—except he couldn't.

Hyunjin tilted his head slightly, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips. "remember what I told you about my parents? That car crash?" He let out a breathy chuckle. "It never happened."

Felix's eyes widened. His muffled cry was faint, desperate.

Hyunjin's smile twitched, and he leaned in closer, his elbows resting on the chair. "They didn't die in a car crash, angel. I killed them."

The words dropped like a blade into the silence.

Felix jerked violently against his chains, his muffled screams growing louder, but Hyunjin didn't flinch. His gaze was steady—too steady.

"I was fourteen," Hyunjin continued. "I stabbed him over a hundred

times. Watched the life bleed out of him right there on the kitchen floor."

Hyunjin's fingers traced patterns along the chair's chipped wood as he spoke. "He deserved it. He raped me. Over and over. And he made me…" His voice cracked faintly. "…he made me bring other kids over. Forced me to watch. Forced me to help."

Felix's muffled sobs filled the air, tears spilling freely down his cheeks now.

Hyunjin's lips curled faintly. "My mother… oh, she was an angel. The most beautiful woman to ever exist. She loved me. She looked after me. She was the only good thing in that house."

He inhaled slowly. "When I killed him, I thought she'd be happy. I thought she'd thank me." His smile faltered, trembling slightly. "But she didn't. She killed herself, because of me. Because of what I did. But then I soon realised, she was at peace."

He paused, the faintest crack in his voice. "I smothered her. Held her and told her it was okay while she struggled. And when it was over, she looked… perfect. Peaceful. Like she forgave me."

Felix shook violently, the chains rattling sharply against the floor. His muffled sobs broke louder, pleading sounds spilling uselessly against the duct tape.

Hyunjin leaned closer, his hands gripping the backrest tightly. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"I turn ugly things into art, angel. That's what I do. I make them beautiful."

His gaze darkened, locking onto Felix's tear-streaked face.

"My father was ugly. I made him… hideous."

He tilted his head.

"My mother was beautiful already. Just like you."

Felix whimpered, shaking his head.

Hyunjin's fingers twitched faintly on the chair. "So tell me, angel," he murmured. "If she could look after me—love me—why couldn't you?"

Felix squeezed his eyes shut, choking on a sob, his entire body trembling in terror.

Hyunjin's voice broke then, trembling as he whispered.

"Why couldn't you just be my angel?"

Hyunjin swiped angrily at his tears with the back of his hand, his expression twisting between grief and something darker. His voice cracked, trembling but sharp.

"You'll never understand," he whispered, almost shaking. "You could live in my skin, feel every scar he carved into me, and still—still you wouldn't get it. What my father did to me…"

His lips curled faintly, bitterly. "And it doesn't matter," he said, quieter this time, almost to himself. "It doesn't matter how many times I do it to you… you'd never understand."

Felix's breath stammered through his nose. What was 'How many times I do it to you.' supposed to mean.

Hyunjin crouched suddenly, leveling himself with Felix's eyes. His gaze softened—disturbingly gentle, as though he didn't even realise how horrifying his words were. He reached out, brushing his knuckles down Felix's cheek with a tenderness that made Felix flinch violently away.

"That's why I drugged you," hunjin murmured, his tone almost soothing. "not because I hate you. Not because I wanted to hurt you."

He tilted his head, smiling faintly.

“I did it so you wouldn’t remember.” His thumb pressed softly against Felix’s damp cheekbone, smearing the tear track there like it was paint. “Because I’m not a monster, angel. I didn’t want you to feel it. Not like I felt it.”

Felix’s lungs seized, he writhed against the chains harder, his muffled scream breaking hoarse behind the tape.

Hyunjin’s brows furrowed at the sound. He hushed him softly, leaning closer until Felix could feel his breath against his face, warm and steady.

“I’m protecting you,” Hyunjin whispered, like it was obvious. “Don’t you see? I love you too much to let you suffer the way I did. So I make it painless for you. I make it beautiful.”

His voice trembled on that last word, something glinting in his wet eyes. He leaned even closer, their noses nearly touching.

“I’ll keep drugging you if I have to,” he murmured. “I’ll keep you safe from the ugly parts. Because I’m not a monster, Felix. I’m saving you. Just like I saved her.”

Felix let out a muffled sob, squeezing his eyes shut.

Hyunjin’s hand slid from his cheek to the back of his neck, fingers curling tenderly in his hair. “Shh,” he breathed. “You don’t have to be scared. I’ll take care of everything.”

And then, hyunjin’s lips brushed Felix’s temple in a feather-light kiss.

“I won’t let you remember the ugly parts, angel. only the beautiful ones.”

Chapter 72: Do it

Notes:

listen to 'W.D.Y.F.M.' while reading this chapter :b

Chapter Text

Hyunjin’s hand slowly slipped into the pocket of his sweats. Felix flinched, chains rattling faintly against the cement, his wide tear-glossed eyes locked on Hyunjin’s every motion.

When Hhyunjin’s hand emerged, he was holding something small, glinting faintly in the dim light. A necklace. A thin, delicate chain of silver, dangling from his fingers, its single charm shaped like a wing. Tiny. Fragile.

Felix’s breath stuttered sharply through his nose.

Hyunjin’s gaze softened, his thumb stroking idly over the charm as though it were something sacred.

“This was my mothers,” hyunjin said.

Felix whimpered weakly behind the tape, shaking his head in tiny. Hyunjin ignored it, his focus fixed entirely on the necklace, his voice dipping almost to a whisper.

“She wore it every day. Even after what happened… she never took it off.” His fingers brushed the wing again, his eyes distant. “When I —” his voice hitched faintly, “when I held her, it was the last thing I saw. Right here.” He touched his collarbone, fingers ghosting the spot like he could still feel her.

He looked back at Felix, and his smile trembled wider.

“And now,” he said softly, stepping closer, “it’s yours.”

Felix shook, pulling back instinctively, but Hyunjin’s free hand cradled the back of his neck with chilling gentleness, holding him

still.

“Shh,” Hyunjin soothed. “Don’t fight me. You deserve this. You’re my angel.”

Felix’s chest heaved with muffled sobs, tears spilling hot down his face. He writhed weakly, but Hyunjin simply hushed him again, brushing a tear away with his thumb before unclasping the chain.

“Beautiful things should be passed on,” Hyunjin whispered. His tone had that strange, serene calm again, like he believed every word with his whole heart. “She loved me. She would’ve loved you too.”

He draped the chain around Felix’s neck slowly, the cold silver pressing against Felix’s clammy skin. The faint click of the clasp closing echoed loud in the silence.

Hyunjin’s fingers lingered there, stroking the charm gently where it rested against Felix’s chest. His expression softened into something devastatingly tender, tears threatening again at the corners of his eyes.

“Perfect,” he breathed. “It suits you.”

Felix squeezed his eyes shut, shaking his head frantically.

“She was my angel before you. But now you are.”

Hynujin pressed a soft, lingering kiss to Felix’s damp cheek, his lips ghosting against trembling skin.

“You’ll wear it forever.”

Hyunjin pulled back slightly, gazing at him with a look so unhinged and full of devotion it made Felix’s blood run cold.

“And no one will ever take you from me.”

Hyunjin stared at Felix for a long moment, his fingers twitching faintly at his sides, before finally moving closer. His expression was

calm in a way that was almost worse than his earlier trembling desperation.

“Hold still,” he murmured softly. His hands came up slowly, deliberately, and Felix flinched violently, chains clattering, but Hyunjin only hushed him. “Shh… It’s okay, angel. I’m not going to hurt you.”

His fingers hooked under the edge of the duct tape.

Felix’s breath stammered sharply through his nose, and then—

Rip.

The tape tore off in one motion, stinging so sharply Felix gasped aloud, his lips raw and burning. The second his mouth was free, a broken, trembling sob escaped him.

“Hyunjin, please—” His voice cracked horribly, hoarse from screaming into the tape for so long. “Please stop, I’m begging you —”

But Hyunjin didn’t respond. He simply knelt there, gaze steady, almost serene, as Felix’s frantic words poured out between sobs.

“I don’t want this! I just want to go home! Please—please, Hyun, you don’t have to do this—” His voice broke entirely, collapsing into ragged pleading. “I’ll do anything, I swear, just let me go—”

Hyunjin only tilted his head slightly, eyes glistening. His silence was suffocating.

Then, without a word, he reached behind Felix. There was a metallic click.

Felix froze.

The cuffs around his wrists sprang open. His hands fell limp into his lap, stiff and trembling, the skin raw where the metal had bitten in.

Felix stared down at them in shock, too stunned to even move.

Hyunjin crouched lower, his movements slow and deliberate, and unlatched the chains binding Felix's ankles. They slid away with a dull clatter against the concrete floor.

His mind raced, screaming at him to run—but hyunjin was still right there.

"Why…?" Felix stuttered, his voice a broken whisper.

Hyunjin's expression softened almost painfully. He sat back on his heels, his hands loose at his sides.

"If you want to kill me," he said, "do it now."

Felix's breath caught sharply in his throat.

Hyunjin's lips trembled faintly, but his eyes were steady as they locked onto Felix's.

"I want to die in your hands, angel," he whispered. "If that's what it takes. If you hate me that much… if you want to run… then end it."

He slowly reached down and pulled something from behind his back—a knife. Small, sharp, silver, its blade catching the dim light.

He flipped it in his grip and held it out, handle-first, toward Felix. His hands didn't shake.

Felix stared at it, heart pounding so hard it hurt. His breathing turned frantic, ragged.

"Take it," Hyunjin murmured gently. "do it."

Felix's hands trembled horribly at his sides, his breath coming in sharp, broken gasps. His gaze stayed locked on the knife Hyunjin was holding out to him, its blade glinting in the flickering yellow light.

"Hyun…" felix's voice cracked.m "Please, don't do this. Just—just stop. Please."

Hyunjin's jaw clenched. his arm remained extended, the knife still offered in his steady grip. His other hand curled into a trembling fist against his knee.

"Take it," he said again, firmer this time, his voice quivering at the edges.

Felix shook his head rapidly, tears streaking down his cheeks. "No, I don't want to hurt you—I just want to go home—"

"DO IT!"

Hyunjin's scream tore through the basement like an explosion. Felix flinched so hard he nearly toppled backward, his chest heaving, his heart slamming painfully against his ribs.

Hyunjin surged closer, pressing the knife against Felix's trembling hands, forcing him to feel its cold handle. His voice cracked like glass.

"I can't live like this!" Hyunjin shouted, tears streaking down his pale, hollow face. His entire body trembled violently. "I can't live without you,felix—you don't get it–you—you left me, and I—"

His words broke off into a choked sob. His free hand clutched his own shirt, balling the fabric over his heart like he was holding himself together.

"I don't know how to exist without you—" he cried, his voice raw, desperate. "I wake up and I can't breathe because you're not there —I feel like I'm rotting, Felix-"

Felix's lips trembled, his voice nothing more than a whisper. "Hyun, please—"

"JUST STAB ME!" Hyunjin screamed, collapsing forward onto his knees. His grip on the knife shook violently as he shoved it closer toward Felix. "Please, angel! If you can't love me, then kill me! Just —just end it! I'm begging you!"

His forehead pressed against Felix's knees as he sobbed openly, his voice shattering into ragged pleas. "Please, Felix… I don't care if it

hurts. I don't care if it's slow. I don't want to wake up tomorrow if you won't be there."

Felix's breath hitched sharply, his hands trembling as he pushed at Hyunjin's shoulders weakly. "Stop saying that—please stop saying that—"

But Hyunjin only clung tighter, pressing the knife into Felix's hands like he wanted him to feel the weight of it. His words came out broken, soaked in tears.

"Do it," he begged again, quieter now, almost delirious. "Stab me. I'll smile for you, angel. I'll smile while you do it."

Felix's chest caved with a sob, shaking his head frantically. "I don't want to hurt you!"

Hyunjin's head snapped up suddenly, his tear-streaked face twisting in anguish. He screamed again—louder this time, his voice ragged and raw

"THEN LOVE ME!"

The words slammed into Felix like a punch, leaving him frozen, trembling under Hyunjin's desperate stare.

Hyunjin's hands dropped, his body sagging as he sobbed against Felix's lap. "Please," he whispered, so softly it barely reached Felix's ears. "Love me… or kill me. I can't… I can't do this anymore."

Chapter 73: Open the door

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

Felix's hands trembled violently as his gaze darted past Hyunjin's sobbing form—
the door.

It was barely cracked open. Just enough.

His breath caught sharply. Run.

Before another thought could form, Felix's body moved on instinct. He shoved Hyunjin's hands off him, bolting upright with a burst of strength he didn't know he still had. His legs screamed in pain, his bare feet slapping against the cold cement floor as he sprinted.

"Felix?" Hyunjin's voice cracked, sharp and panicked.

Felix didn't stop. He shoved the door open with all his weight and stumbled through it, slamming his shoulder painfully against the frame. Behind him—

"NO!" Hyunjin's scream tore through the room.

Felix's heart thundered so hard it hurt as he barreled into the next room—

And froze.

What the hell?

It wasn't an exit.
It wasn't even a hallway.
It was Hyunjin's art room.

Felix's stomach twisted violently as his eyes darted across the space. Paintings lined the walls—dozens, maybe hundreds. Canvases stacked on the floor. Sculptures. Sketches pinned to boards.

And every single one—
Every brushstroke. Every carved line.
They were of him.
Felix.

Most of the torn and stabbed.

Different expressions. Smiling. Sleeping. Crying. One painting—his chest bare, head tilted, eyes shut—looked disturbingly intimate. Another—a sculpture—was twisted, abstract, but Felix could still see himself in it. His freckles. His jawline. His eyes.

"FELIX!" Hyunjin's voice thundered behind him, closer now, unsteady footsteps pounding against the cement.

Felix's chest seized with terror. He didn't think—he couldn't think. He bolted again, tearing past canvases and supplies, his shoulder knocking over an easel. He spotted the bedroom door—

Their bedroom door.

He slammed into it, twisting the knob violently, shoving himself inside. He spun and slammed it shut, locking it with shaking hands.

His chest heaved painfully, every broken breath echoing in the deafening silence of the room. His back pressed to the door as if his weight alone could keep it shut.

On the other side—Hyunjin's fists pounded against the wood.

"FELIX!" His voice cracked, feral and desperate. "OPEN THE DOOR!"

Felix stumbled backward, his trembling legs nearly giving out. His gaze darted wildly around the bedroom—their bed, their drawers, everything looked normal, painfully familiar, like it hadn't become a cage.

“FELIX!” Hyunjin screamed again, slamming his fists harder against the door. “DON’T RUN FROM ME–”

Felix’s hands fumbled desperately for anything—anything—that could be used to barricade the door.

Hyunjin’s fists slammed against the wood, each pound rattling the door in its frame.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

“FELIX! OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!”

Felix staggered backward, his back hitting the dresser. His chest heaved painfully, lungs burning as he stared at the door like it might burst open any second.

BANG. BANG.

“DON’T DO THIS TO ME!” Hyunjin’s voice cracked. “DON’T FUCKING RUN FROM ME!”

Felix’s breath hitched sharply. His trembling hands gripped the dresser behind him until his knuckles went white.

And then—

Silence.

Felix froze. The pounding stopped. His ears rang in the sudden, suffocating quiet. He didn’t dare move.

Seconds ticked by.

Then—softly, faintly—

“Felix…” Hyunjin’s voice was barely a whisper now, shaking so hard it barely sounded like him. “Please… open the door.”

Felix’s stomach twisted violently, tears burning his eyes. He squeezed them shut, pressing a hand over his mouth to stifle any sound.

“Felix,” Hyunjin said again, softer, broken. His forehead thudded gently against the door. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you. Just… please. Open the—open the fucking door.”

Felix bit down on his trembling lip, his breath coming fast and shallow.

“I’m not mad anymore,” Hyunjin whispered, his voice trembling like glass ready to shatter. “I just… I just need you, angel. Please. Open the door for me.”

Felix shook his head violently, silent sobs wracking his chest.

“Don’t leave me like she did,” Hyunjin pleaded, voice breaking completely now. “Felix… don’t make me be alone again.”

A sharp thud—Hyunjin’s palms pressed flat against the wood, as if he were clinging to it.

“Open the door,” he whispered again, almost begging. “Please. Please, angel.”

Felix’s breath came in sharp, panicked gasps as his eyes darted wildly around the room. Weapon. I need something—anything.

His gaze landed on the glass lamp by the bedside table. His trembling hands snatched it up, fingers slick with sweat as he gripped it tightly, holding it like a lifeline.

BANG!

The door shook violently under Hyunjin’s fists.

BANG! BANG!

“OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!” Hyunjin’s scream was guttural, feral, nothing like his earlier pleading tone.

Felix staggered backward, lamp raised, heart pounding so hard he felt sick.

Another slam—this one louder, wood splintering sharply.

CRACK.

The frame was breaking.

Felix's pulse screamed in his ears as the door jolted violently, the lock straining. Hyunjin screamed again, voice raw, manic. "I SAID–"

BANG!

"OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR–"

The door finally gave, swinging inward with a deafening crack of wood.

Hyunjin surged forward—

Felix didn't think. Didn't breathe.

He swung.

The lamp left his hands with all the strength he had left, whistling through the air before—

SMASH.

It hit Hyunjin squarely on the side of his head, the impact sickening. Glass exploded into shards across the floor.

Hyunjin's body jerked violently, his eyes rolling back as he crumpled forward like a ragdoll. His tall frame collapsed to the floor with a heavy, lifeless thud.

Felix froze, chest heaving. The shattered lamp lay scattered around Hyunjin's unmoving body, a faint trail of blood already blooming from his temple, soaking into his pale hair.

Felix's knees buckled. His grip trembled in the empty air where the lamp had been.

"…Hyunjin?" his voice cracked in a hoarse whisper.

Hyunjin didn't move.

Not a twitch.

Not a sound.

Felix staggered back against the wall, his hands trembling violently as tears streaked down his face. His entire body shook. He couldn't breathe.

What now?

Felix's chest seized, adrenaline surging through every nerve as he bolted for the door. He didn't dare glance back at Hyunjin's still form on the floor.

He yanked the bedroom door open, feet slipping slightly on the shattered glass, and sprinted down the hall. His bare soles slapped against the cold floor as he fumbled for the apartment door, wrenching it open with trembling hands.

The night air hit him like ice.

Felix stumbled out into the hallway, down the stairs—he didn't even wait for the elevator. His legs burned with every step, aching from exhaustion, but he didn't stop. He barreled through the building's front doors and out into the dead of night.

The cold hit harder out here, biting against his damp skin, his lungs screaming as he gasped for breath. He didn't even have his phone. He didn't know where to go.

And then—

Red and blue lights lit up the street.

Felix froze. His wide eyes locked on the swarm of police cars screeching to a halt in front of the building. Doors flung open, uniformed officers spilling out, voices sharp and commanding as they drew their weapons.

Felix's knees nearly gave out.

And then—

“FELIX!”

His head whipped toward the voice, his chest constricting painfully.

Jisung.

Jisung was there. Bruised, bloodied, limping slightly—but there. Alive.

Felix’s lips parted, but no words came out—just a broken, choked sound as Jisung ran toward him.

The moment they collided, felix crumpled into his arms, his fists clutching jisung’s shirt like he’d disappear if he let go. jisung held him tight, his own breath sharp against felix’s ear.

“It’s okay,” Jisung rasped, one hand cupping the back of felix’s head protectively. “I’ve got you. You’re safe now.”

Felix’s trembling worsened as his tears soaked Jisung’s shoulder. His voice was barely audible, shaking. “He’s—he’s in there—Hyunjin—”

“I know,” Jisung murmured, pulling him tighter. He glanced up at the officers. “Secure the apartment. Now!”

Felix flinched at the sound of boots thundering past them, officers shouting commands as they surged into the building.

But jisung didn’t let go.

“Your okay,” he whispered again, his voice steadier this time, grounding Felix as the chaos blurred around them. “You’re safe. I promise.”

Notes:

so uhm... how are we feelin?? :D

Chapter 74: I love you, my angel.

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Chapter Text

One year later.

Hyunjin was dead.

Long gone. His massacres had been dissected in documentaries, splashed across headlines, and used in true-crime books that sold faster than coffee. they called him The Serial Artist. Others preferred The Monster Slayer.

His face had become a cultural stain—grainy photographs of his hollow eyes, all haunting the world long after he stopped breathing.

And still, his past remained untouched. Nothing was ever confirmed. No proof. No clarity. Just whispers.

Some swore he was abused into madness. Others claimed he'd been born that way—a devil sent down by God as punishment for humanity.

Anyone who had ever remotely known Hyunjin was dragged into the chaos. Felix couldn't step outside without cameras flashing in his face, couldn't scroll online without seeing headlines screaming–

"THE SURVIVOR OF A MONSTER: FELIX LEE TELLS HIS STORY."

He hated it. Every moment of it. The articles reduced him to nothing but Hyunjin's survivor, a living footnote to someone else's evil. He didn't want fame. He didn't want sympathy. He just wanted to exist again.

Jisung didn't fare much better. Therapy became his second home—grueling, heavy sessions week after week. Felix remembered vividly

the day Minho saw Jisung again after everything. Minho, usually so composed, broke down in sobs so raw Felix had to leave the room.

They healed together. They fought through it together. And not long after, Minho and Jisung got married. Quiet ceremony. Small guest list. No cameras. Just rings, tears, and promises.

Felix himself found therapy in waves. A little at first—then more. A lot more. Sometimes he left sessions trembling. Sometimes lighter. Sometimes worse. But he kept going. And slowly, painfully, he stitched himself back together.

Now, he lived with Chan. His now official boyfriend. Their apartment smelled of coffee and fresh laundry, sunlight spilling across their floorboards every morning. chan kissed him awake softly, and for once, Felix didn't startle at touch anymore.

Jisung and Minho had left Seoul, moving to Daegu so Jisung could attend the top detective academy in the country. He was thriving there, Felix could tell even over their late-night calls. He'd be back tonight—promotion party, dinner, laughter.

felix hadn't taken off the necklace, though. the thin silver wing rested cold against his collarbone every day, every night.

he didn't know why he kept it. He'd tried once—fingers trembling as he unclasped it—but it felt wrong, like something too heavy to throw away. So it stayed.

life went on.

Seungmin became the new boss of the café. He ran it with precision, his sharpness softened only by jeongin—his fiancé now, ring glittering like proof that good things still existed.

-

Now, Felix sat on the evening train home, scrolling idly through his phone. His reflection stared back at him faintly in the glass. He almost looked… normal.

He smiled faintly at a message from Chan:

chan: pick up some wine on ur way home? jisung likes red
felix: got it
chan: love u
felix: love u too

His chest warmed.

The train screeched harshly as it came to a halt, jerking slightly. Felix tucked his phone into his pocket and stood, weaving through the thinning crowd.

He stepped onto the platform, shoulders loosening—

—and then someone slammed into him.

“Ah—!” Felix yelped, stumbling forward hard enough that his palms smacked the concrete. Pain flared, sharp and stinging. His breath caught as he hissed through his teeth, shaking his head.

A few people glanced over. Then, like true city commuters, they just kept walking.

Felix pushed himself up quickly, rubbing his reddened palms with a grimace. “Tsk, fucking hell,” he muttered under his breath, spinning to snap at whoever had rammed him—

But there was no one.

The platform stretched nearly empty, just strangers in the distance heading for the exit. whoever it was… gone. Vanished like smoke.

Felix’s brows furrowed, unease prickling faintly at the back of his neck. he brushed it off with a sharp breath, reaching into his pocket to grab his phone—

Empty.

His stomach dropped.

He patted his pockets frantically. Jeans. Jacket. Bag. Nothing.

“What the—” His voice cracked. “No, no, no…”

He twisted, scanning the platform. His phone. It was gone. Gone.

Was he just pickpocketed?

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Felix muttered, frustration clawing at his chest as he raked his fingers through his hair. “Great. Just great.”

He exhaled sharply, clenching his fists.

He hadn’t even felt the phone leave his pocket.

-

“Look who finally decided to show up,” Jisung drawled from the couch, clapping slowly with a grin that was half-sarcasm ans half-genuine joy.

Felix rolled his eyes, holding up the grocery bag in his hand as he stepped into the kitchen. “Yeah, yeah—I’m the one who brought wine thank you very much.” The faint clink of glass bottles punctuated his words as he set the bag down on the counter with a soft thud.

The apartment was warm, alive with chatter and faint music from the speaker in the corner. It smelled like garlic bread and roasted chicken—Chan had clearly gone all-out for dinner. Laughter bubbled from the living room where Minho was perched casually beside Jisung, the two of them tucked comfortably together like puzzle pieces. Jeongin and Seungmin hovered nearby, bickering over where to set the extra plates.

Felix exhaled, shoulders slumping slightly. Home.

“Hey.”

He barely had time to glance up before Chan was there, crossing the space in a few steps, his brow furrowed faintly with that familiar concern. His hands came up gently to cup Felix's face, thumbs brushing instinctively over his cheeks.

"Something happen babe?" Chan asked softly, tilting Felix's face toward his.

Felix immediately leaned into the touch. "Some bastard pickpocketed me," he mumbled, voice muffled as he buried his face into Chan's chest. "Lost my phone."

Chan's hand slipped into his hair, soothing in slow strokes. "Oh, baby…" His voice was soft. "You okay? You didn't get hurt?"

Felix shook his head against him. "Just my pride. And my damn phone."

"Typical Seoul," Seungmin muttered dryly from across the counter without looking up.

"You got the wine though right?" Jeongin piped up, already rummaging through the plastic bag.

"I got red and white," Felix mumbled again, still pressed into Chan like he was absorbing his warmth.

Jeongin whistled, holding the bottles up triumphantly. "Bless you."

From the couch, Jisung smirked. "This is why we keep you around, Lix. Not for your company, for your wine."

Felix shot him a flat look over Chan's shoulder, though his lips twitched faintly. "Glad to know where I stand."

Jisung grinned wider, and Minho elbowed him lightly with a mock glare.

Felix finally let himself relax fully, sinking against the counter as Chan's arm curled protectively around his waist. His chest eased in the familiar domestic chaos—the clinking of glasses, the low hum of music, Jisung teasing Jeongin about his terrible pouring skills while

Seungmin barked at him to stop spilling it all over the damn counter.

Everyone was here.

Jisung and Minh, seated close enough to be tangled together without even noticing. Jeongin and Seungmin, sniping affectionately as they set out the drinks. Chan at his side, solid and steady, warm hand at the small of his back.

Felix inhaled slowly, letting the hum of conversation and the faint buzz of music dull the lingering unease curling in his gut.

And there, nestled against his collarbone, the cool press of the silver wing pendant was a quiet reminder. Heavy. Always heavy.

He reached up unconsciously, fingers brushing over it.

Chan glanced down, catching the motion, but didn't say anything. Instead, he pressed a light kiss to Felix's temple. "Cmon," he murmured against his hair. "Dinner's almost ready."

Felix nodded faintly, pushing the feeling away. This was fine. This was safe.

-

Laughter echoed through the apartment, glasses clinking as Jisung retold some ridiculous story from the academy that had everyone doubled over. Music pulsed low from the speaker, soft enough not to disturb the neighbors—or so they thought.

Then—
Knock. Knock. Knock.

The sound cut through the air, sharp and unexpected.

Everyone froze.

Seungmin blinked, halfway to taking a sip of his drink. "...Was that the door?"

“Probably a noise complaint,” Minho said flatly, already reaching for the remote to lower the music.

“I told you it was too loud,” Jeongin muttered, earning an eyeroll from Seungmin.

Felix sighed, setting his glass down and standing. “I’ll get it.”

Chan gave his hand a quick squeeze before letting go. “Want me to come?”

Felix shook his head, padding toward the door. His footsteps felt strangely loud in the sudden quiet, the chatter behind him softening into a hush as everyone waited.

He unlocked it and pulled it open—

A police officer stood on the other side. His uniform was crisp, hat tilted low, and in his gloved hand—

Felix froze.

“Are you Lee Felix?” the officer asked.

Felix nodded slowly, brow furrowing. “Yeah…?”

The officer held something out to him.

A phone. His phone.

Felix’s breath caught.

“This was turned into the lost and found tonight,” the officer explained calmly. “The clerk said someone dropped it off anonymously but left your name and address attached. Thought we’d return it directly.”

Felix stared at the phone, heart lurching subtly in his chest. His hands moved as he took it from the officers grasp.

“Is it yours?” the officer prompted.

Felix swallowed, nodding again. “Yeah. It’s mine.”

“Alright then.” The officer tipped his hat politely. “Have a good night.”

And just like that, he turned and walked back.

Felix shut the door slowly, the weight of the phone cold in his palm.

“What was it?” chan’s voice came gently from behind.

Felix didn’t answer immediately. His fingers brushed against something stuck to the back of the phone.

A note.

A small, square sticky note—handwritten in neat lettering.

Felix’s stomach dropped as he peeled it off.

Five words stared back at him.

'I love you, my angel.'

THE END.

Notes:

i posted a pt2 for this fic!

i hope u enjoy it, love u all bai :P